

ScrapBook

## Talk of Binns, and America Grins



### BINNS



**H**E isn't a hero booted and spurred; He hasn't a lance or a sword; He just sits at his post and passes the word.

That's to save all the hundreds aboard.

Who is he?  
Binns, plain Binns.  
Talk about heroes,  
And Binns  
Just grins.

He isn't a soldier who swoops on the foe With a cheer and the promise of glory; He just sticks to his job while the ship settles low.

And flashes the salvors the story.

By WEX JONES

And his name?  
Binns, plain Binns.  
Talk about glory,  
And Binns  
Just grins.

He isn't a picturesque person at all, To be spotted at once in a mob, But it's cheerful to know that whatever befall!

There's a fellow like Binns on the job—

That some Binns, plain Binns, Will peel off his coat when trouble begins.

Talk of Binns,  
And America grins.



**Heroism** To say, as several of our correspondents have, that and **Dignity**, John Binns, the wireless telegraph operator of the Republic, proved himself

more of a hero by refusing to exhibit himself for money than he did by sticking to his post on the sinking steamer, is wrong—by definition, as the mathematicians say. But there's no doubt that the refusal proved the possession of a much rarer, and in a way higher, quality than did the performance of a perilous duty.

Heroism, in spite of well-intended attempts to extend its meaning, is, as commonly and properly understood, largely a matter of accomplishment, and especially of accomplishment in the service of others. The chief difference between the hero and the ordinary man, who also hap-

pens to be a real man, is that the great opportunity to make his courage largely effective comes to the one and not to the other. Probably not one operator in the marine wireless service would have done less than Binns in like circumstances, yet it is not unfair that his name has gone all over the world, while that of the others remains unknown—as yet. Their turns may come in time, and then they will be heroes, too, but for the present they must be content to earn their wages honestly.

In refusing to become an object of gaping and vulgar curiosity, Binns showed that he has the delicacy and dignity which not a few real heroes have lacked. Had he accepted the offers of the would-be exploiters and coiners of his fame, he would have remained as much of a hero as ever, but he would have been vastly less likable.



### UNIVERSAL LAWS FOR THE SEA.

The introduction by Representative James Francis Burke, of Pennsylvania, of a bill to compel all ocean-going passenger vessels to be equipped with wireless-telegraphy apparatus, and the attention the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries is giving to the same subject, is the first result of the notable illustration given by the collision of the Florida and the Republic of the supreme value of the latest aid in diminishing the perils of sea travel.

In addition, that disaster will serve to call attention to work that has been going on quietly for many years looking to the same general end. In the matter of collisions there is at least the beginning of a universal code in maritime law already generally accepted. The regulations of that code pertain to steering, sound signals, lights, &c., and while these have proved their utility, the inability of that code as at present interpreted to prevent collisions may be said to have been demonstrated. The first promulgation of these regulations was in 1864, an amended code was issued in 1884, and this again was modified and revised in 1897.

The confusion at present existing in the whole subject of maritime law is probably appreciated by none but those who have given the subject special study. There is, for instance, no uniformity regarding the time within which an action for damages resulting from a collision can be brought. The preliminaries to such an action differ in different countries. Also when both ships are to blame there is a like difference as to the legal effects in different countries.

To remove these anomalies and differences and to bring order out of the present chaos has been for years the object of the International Maritime Committee. In recent years the four subjects of salvage, collision, limitation of ship-owners' liability and maritime liens and mortgages have been under examination and discussion. The first two of these, salvage and collision, were discussed at the diplomatic conference of October, 1905. The codes then submitted on these two subjects also received the approval of the conference called to meet at Venice last autumn. Conferences on maritime law have met in recent years in London, Antwerp, Paris, Amsterdam and Venice, and another called by the Belgian Government is soon to meet in Brussels. At the latter it is to be hoped a still more marked advance in the unification of maritime law will be made, and it is probable that we may at last have a universal code governing all over-sea traffic and travel.



#### WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

It has always been the lot of the human race to advance through distress and disaster to brighter life and better conditions. It took the disaster of the White Star steamer Republic to demonstrate to the world the enormous value of wireless telegraphy for the safety of ocean travel.

Marconi in 1896 produced the first wireless telegraph capable of sending and recording electric waves across long distances. In that year he could send intelligible messages 200 feet. By 1900 he had perfected the process so as to be able to transmit messages 200 miles. In 1902 his ship, the Carlo Alberto, kept in touch by wireless with a station on the coast of England at distances up to 2,300 miles. In December of that year

wireless messages were exchanged between England and Canada. In 1907 a regular trans-Atlantic wireless service was inaugurated.

There can be no doubt that in face of the service Marconi wireless telegraphy—the only wireless service that so far has proven its practicability and efficiency—on last Saturday, when the wireless messages of distress brought to the disabled Republic five ocean liners—every ocean-going vessel will hasten to provide itself with wireless instruments for intercommunication and co-operation. Travelers after the last experience will hardly be willing to go on steamers that are not fitted out with wireless telegraphy. The accident off Nantucket should mark a new and prosperous era in the development of the Marconi wireless telegraphy.

C Q D.

Anybody who has been at sea knows how big the ocean is and how small the ship. Also how lonely is the watery plain. As we sit at home and glance down the record of shipping news, with its daily tale of hundreds of ships plying (as we think) like ferryboats on the ocean highway (as we say), the mental picture is of a closely settled neighborhood of ships in a world of blue; something like the cheerful advertising posters sent out by the steamship companies; in these pictures there are always plenty of ships in sight of each other.

What has often happened, has happened again. A great floating bulk of steel, its power of propulsion and directions suddenly gone wrong, carrying a thousand human beings, wallows alone, helpless, in a fog. No lookout can see where the ship is drifting; no flag signal can be seen by any passing craft; no steam whistle can surely be depended upon to bring help. However big and stanch and well manned the ship, she is alone and unseen in the universe; relatively as fragile as a rowboat in a summer gale upon a lake, out of sight of land.

Until our fortunate time in the world, this has been absolutely true. The ship going to sea has swung off into isolation as a man lets go his life and swings off into an unknown country during sleep. He will probably wake; the ship will probably come to port. But meanwhile they are cut off!

But not now. Through the agency of MARCONI'S invention, the ship at sea can call through fog and storm. No longer is she an individual who must take her own chance of life every time she goes to sea. The resources of civilization and invention have been so broadened as to take her in.

The steamship Republic sailed from this port with 500 passengers for a pleasure cruise in the Mediterranean. She was disabled during the first day out, and lay helpless off the Island of Nantucket. But her Marconi operator sent up the ship calling sign of distress, the letters C Q D, C Q D, C Q D—straight up into the gray hollow overhead like a flock of carrier pigeons. One message went straight to the Revenue Cutter Gresham, off Cape Cod. At once the Gresham steamed at full speed to her help. Another message found the steamship Baltic, another found the steamship Lorraine; all of them started instantly to the assistance of the rammed and sinking Republic. Later wireless despatches received here say that the help came in time, and every person was taken off the Republic by the ships to whom MARCONI'S call of C Q D came dropping through the empty air.

Wireless telegraphy has been hailed as a marvel of science, but the service it has done humanity to-day sets it far higher in the people's minds. It will hereafter be considered as indispensable, a part of any steamship's equipment of safety as her charts or her navigator. It is the steamship's inviolable life line, by which the safety of her passengers is safeguarded in a degree which no traveller of ten years ago could have dreamed. It is the best of modern magic.

#### GREAT WIRELESS FEAT.

When, on Saturday morning early, forty miles out at sea, a small steamship ran into and punched an ugly hole in the side of a greater steamer with five hundred people on board, the world knew of the disaster in a few minutes. The man at the wireless key on the damaged steamer gave a few clicks on his instrument. He sounded the marine code meaning danger and distress. Then a wireless man on shore, on Nantucket, caught the signal, and all other business of the wireless was suspended. From the shore was sent a general alarm to all vessels within a radius of two hundred miles, and it was not long before replies were received from two or three boats some of them one hundred miles distant, saying they would go to the scene of trouble. And the man at the key on the damaged vessel—the Republic of the White Star Line—sat at his desk. He kept the people on shore, and thus the people throughout the world, informed as to the condition of the ship, and before he got through it was sent out that everybody had been taken from the ship in safety; and three or four government cutters were hastening to the scene. The vessel that had run into the Republic was damaged on its prow, but it managed to get near the Republic and rescue those on board. By this time another ocean steamer had reached the scene and others were close at hand, while a revenue cutter from a Massachusetts port had reached the Republic. But all danger to life was ended, and the damaged vessel was, according to the reports, able to keep afloat, while the Florida, which had caused the accident as the result of the heavy fog, started for New York guarded by another steamship.

What is of deep concern to those who travel on the sea is the fact that a few minutes after the collision other ships were told of the mishap, the people on shore knew it, and all suspense was relieved by the constant flashes sent from the Republic. It was a most remarkable illustration of the effectiveness of the wireless system. The mishap occurred only forty miles from shore, but it might as well have been two hundred miles. Fortunately the damage inflicted did not sink the Republic and, equally fortunate, the Florida was not put out of service. Even if both boats had gone down the chances are that the people on shore would have known of the tragedy and succor would have been possible for the survivors.

Wonderful as was the first use of the telegraph lines on shore, and later the Atlantic cables, their achievements were nothing compared with the wireless system used by the ships. By its use it was possible to tell other boats afloat that their services were needed, while those on land knew in a few minutes the extent of the mishap. And, by means of the wireless on the boats which caught the signals, it was possible to distribute the news throughout the entire route followed by the Atlantic steamers, by means of relay messages. The wireless system, and the man at the key on the Republic did great work on Saturday, aided by the man at Nantucket, who knew his job.

## Wireless Hero of the Republic Who Has Won Fame With Signal "C. Q. D."



JACK BINNS



CHEATED!

## A NIGHT WITH WIRELESS TELEGRAPH OPERATORS AT SIASCONSET,

### NANTUCKET

Constantly Speaking Big Liners, and Always on Alert for C. Q. D. Signal — Picked up Republic's Call and Summoned Help from All Directions.

OUR ocean liners out of sight of land followed one another in talking with the little, one-story Marconi wireless station at Siasconset, Nantucket. It was a night of coal-black darkness. The surf was splashing over the shore of the island in great whirlpools of foam. Across the Nantucket moors swept a 75-mile-an-hour gale.

The Mauretania, 500 miles eastward of Sandy Hook, was in frequent communication. La Savoie, 200 miles out to sea, had several messages for inland delivery. The Italia, a day's journey away, was persistent caller. The Teutonic and westward, was eager to get

news and to send messages. It was a busy night for the most important wireless station in America.

Just a little pitter-patter of dots and dashes those messages made as they came across the intervening turbulent seas into the 10 by 15 room. At the table, with telephone receivers attached to both ears, sat Jack Irwin, the man who first caught that famous C. Q. D. message from Jack Binns of the Republic and instantly relayed his information to the telegraph operator at Woods Hole. It was this same chubby-faced young Australian who, during that ordeal of the Republic and Baltic, remained at his post of duty 72 continuous hours.

So fresh was the memory of that interruption in the routine of life at Siasconset that a few days ago, when Herald writer and a Herald artist sat there in the little room with him, he was soon repeating the details of the episode with graphic simplicity. But presently, in the middle of a sentence, he stopped abruptly, held up his hand for silence and grabbed a pen. He be-

gan to write as calmly as though he were copying from an open manuscript before him.

"The Mauretania must be on the line again," whispered Manager Edwards.

Irwin nodded dumbly and kept on writing. Two or three yellow blanks were quickly covered with words. At last came a signature, and there was a momentary pause in the movement of the hand.

Then the operator dropped his pen and reached for the lever of an overgrown telegraph instrument. With that commotion ended, it seemed as if the storm outside took on a new life. The wind, sweeping past the windows of the little wireless station, sent back long-drawn-out howls. From the waste places on the Nantucket moors it brought pebbles and small sticks, which it showered upon the building. The windows shook and rattled until their frail panes threatened to become a thousand and one pieces. Occasionally, during a particularly violent assembling of the winter elements, the wireless station wavered and the 190-foot masts of the aerial swayed like saplings. Sometimes, over and above the howling and shrieking of the gale and the whirring of the dynamo in an adjoining room, came the thud of waves on the beach.

Irwin began to write again. The artist thought this was a good opportunity to make a sketch. He was thinking already of his title for it.

Talking with the Mauretania 500

and the snarl had been squelched.

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"Miles Away," he whispered, as he drew his chair from the glare of the stove to a corner near the operator. Presently the scratching of his pencil mingled with the scratching of Irwin's pen—those two midget sounds contrasting with the staccato wrath from the moors.

The chart on the wall to the right of the operator showed the Mauretania's course eastward. A mass of lines which crossed and crisscrossed, this chart was—each line starting from a Monday or a Tuesday or some other day in the week, and then shooting upward or downward until it arrived at another day. Here and there in the rectangles which made up the intervening space on the sheet were printed names of ocean liners. The Mauretania had sailed on Wednesday. This was Thursday evening. The chart gave the fastest steamer in the world a position about 500 miles east of Sandy Hook.

At last the pen stopped. Once more the operator's right hand moved toward the key of the sending instrument. He shifted the direction of the lever 45 degrees, until its point touched the wire leading to the insulator on the wall. Then more blue flashes, more sputterings and spatterings, more snarlings, and out into the roaring night went another great stream of electricity, broken into dots and dashes—another oscillating current of 300,000 volts as expressive as speech. In the same second of its delivery, it told the wireless operator on the Mauretania to stand by for further communication.

The moment the blue sparks subsided, the operator swept his hand over the bench until his forefinger, middle finger and thumb met the Hittitian sending key of a Morse telegraph instrument. There followed a baby clicking, and he was calling the telegraph office at Woods Hole, 30 miles across Vineyard sound. And thus was the message from the steamer 500 miles at sea relayed to the coast proper with all the no-sooner-could-than-done celerity of communication in the fairy books.

Perhaps it was an hour later when the sequel to this marvellous incident took place. The telegraph instrument on the table began its baby clicking again. Its message was an answer, by way of Woods Hole, from the man in Chicago for the man on board the Mauretania, now over 525 miles away. Things happened with wonderful rapidity. The gentle prattle of the telegraph instrument was succeeded by a ferocious snarling of the wireless apparatus. For a couple of minutes the key and wire leading to the insulator made blue sparks continually.

Then Operator Irwin wheeled in his chair, removed his double telephones and mopped his head.

"Thank heaven that message has gone on its way!" he said. "Maybe the man will be glad to get it."

Following this prompt dispatch of all messages to the Mauretania, Irwin gave her the "stand by" signal, as it is called—the code letters which told her merely to state from time to time her position.

Since 2 P. M., the Mauretania had been in communication with Siasconset. A little earlier, Manager Edwards had held several conference with the incoming Teutonic. She came within Siasconset's radius shortly after sunrise, and all day long kept that station notified of her whereabouts. She had hardly transferred her attention to Sandy Hook when the Mauretania, eastbound, had sent through the gale the pitiful call of her "S. C."—the call for Siasconset.

And then came La Savoie, the French liner, bound westward, from Havre to New York. About 400 miles her "S. C." had travelled through the storm. Her dots and dashes were the merest murmur—a faint tinkle. Her salute to Siasconset had been as suspicion of a sound; so delicate and echo-like it was with

that roar of the gale going on outside that only a trained, sensitive ear could detect." La Savoie wanted to know the hour, Washington time.

Later on, through the telephones came a prolonged series of hours, shrill dots and dashes having a semblance to the sound a saw makes when it is drawn across iron. That was the wireless station at Wellfleet beginning its evening duty of sending to all steamers within a 160-mile radius a resume of the news of the day.

Just to show, by comparison, the strength of Wellfleet's voice, Manager Edwards shifted a little lever on an indicator at the left of the table. In the hundredth part of a second the hours scrapings had gone somewhere into the night, willy-nilly, and through the telephones was flowing a most gentle hurr-hurry—another series of sounds so subtle in volume that again only the experienced ears of the operators could be sure of their existence. Manhattan Beach was talking with Fire Island. And what had become of Wellfleet?

"Oh," said the manager, "the impedance has cut them off."

Just a little clock-face piece of mechanism was the impedance—a clock face that reminded you of a compass. Only, instead of the hands of a compass, there was a group of levers, all having a common centre. An adjustment of a few points separated Siasconset from an undesired current. One moment the dots and dashes of Wellfleet had been coming through the air readily enough to the aerial of Siasconset; in the same second the movement of a lever of the impedance had eliminated Wellfleet from the map and established communication with Sandy Hook.

Another movement, a few minutes later, established a range of communication with La Savoie. Still another movement put Siasconset in touch with the Tenthonic. And a fourth brought the Re d'Italia within talking distance. Beside this instantaneous transformation of the map, all deeds of the genii in "Arabian Nights" were quite simple and uninspiring.

And by it was midnight. The gale still howled its wrath against the little wireless house and threatened even the great Oregon pines which held the aerial. It was time for Operator Irwin and Manager Edwards to go home. Their "shift" of duty was ended for the day. About the same time the door of the adjoining room opened, there was a rush of icy air, and, muffled to nose and eyes, Operator John Cowden reported for duty until 7 A. M.

It was growing late when the Adriatic sent her "S. C." through the storm-torn air to the aerial of Nantucket island. This liner was on her way from the Mediterranean to New York, and she merely wanted to pass the time of day with Siasconset, to inquire for whatever news Wellfleet had failed to give, and to send a message or two to her owners. Thereafter, from time to time, the Adriatic carried on desultory signalling with Siasconset.

In this calm of the day's work came tales out of the unwritten log of the Siasconset station. Whatever had been recorded with pen and ink was the property of the company, not to be divulged for publication, as, for most interesting instance, the log of the morning of the disaster to the Republic. But the spoken reminiscences had many startling features.

Had the messages from the Manretania, 600 miles away, been out of the ordinary in the daily history of the station? Not at all. Only a few weeks ago the station indirectly received word from the Corona, which at that time was sailing peacefully in the Mediterranean. From one steamer to another the message passed in its journey across the ocean, eventually reaching Cape Sable, whence in an instant it was flashed through the ether to Siasconset, 800 miles away—a total journey of over 4000 miles.

And then that night in February when the American fleet tried hours and hours to get into communication with Fire Island the messages sounded quite distinctly in the telephone receivers at Siasconset. Every word which the fleet sent 2000 miles was caught with as much ease as though the distance between Siasconset and the battleships was no greater than the width of the road on the moors of Nantucket Island.

But a thousand miles more or less in the journey of a wireless message ceased long ago to excite the three young men in the little room of the Siasconset station. For it is not impossible at any time, by a chance adjustment of the impedance to catch "freak" communications which are drifting around in the atmosphere—go beyond the prescribed zone of operation. Sometimes Key West intrudes itself. Frequently Cape Sable, 800 miles away, returns a greeting through the telephones. Since, however, it is the special duty of the powerful apparatus at Wellfleet and Cape Sable to deal with phenomena of thousand mile transmission and the like, Siasconset doesn't bother with them. It restricts its attention to commercial affairs.

And largely for that reason it is the most important station in America. It is located beyond the disturbing influence of land and is directly adjacent to the route of the great ocean liners. With its average daily deliver of 4000 words the Siasconset station now ranks among the larger stations of the world.

As though Nantucket itself were not far enough from the world—30 miles as the steamer sails and 90 more as the train travels from Boston—Siasconset is a seven-mile ride across a region as flat and uninteresting as a desert. In winter, when the thermometer is approaching zero and a gale is blowing at the rate of 75 miles an hour, the world is an absurd process of thought which gives Siasconset the distinction of being a desolate part of the world.

Half a mile from the beach is the Marconi Wireless Station. Here, about 50 or 60 yards from the main road, are two great poles strung with an assortment of steel cables and other wires. Between them is the one-story peaked roof house. Those poles are masts, such as might be placed on a tremendous ship, and they tower over a little deckhouse. If a gigantic hull were

there, the illusion would be complete. So high in the air go those masts that as you strive to find their tops, you get a bad crick in your neck. One pole is 199 feet in height, the other 185. That net work of steel cables and wires which is woven around and about them resembles for all the world a gargoyle spider's web.

From contrivances like horizontal trapezes which are attached to the masts there stretches a curious oval of wire undulating into the configuration of a beach loop-the-loop. In that gale, which blew so violently over the island the other day, all those antennae, as the experts designate the wires, swayed until it seemed as though the web must be torn into a million pieces. But it held fast, though powerless.

But for Messrs. Edwards, Irwin and Cowden wild nights and the possibilities of accidents are all in the day's work. If a particularly heavy outburst of the gale should down the intricate aerial apparatus, well and good, they will put on their thick clothing and go out into the barren waste and repair things. If the dynamo should behave badly, well and good, they know how to apply the effective remedy. If the 58 powerful battery cells get out of order, here are men to restore each one of them to its regulation specific gravity of 12.10.

For this is a place where routine and extraordinary duty have alike become matter of fact. Only to the layman outsider is there anything awesome in what transpires from dawn to dusk and from dusk to dawn in the bridgehead on the storm-swept edge of Nantucket island—over in the spectacle of a gale at a table of instruments listening through telephones for a delicate ripple of sound, and answering with a sharp of voltage—talking with miraculously ease to many ocean liners far out at sea—and watchful for "C. Q. D." messages.



# REPUBLIC IN CRASH AT SEA; ALL SAVED

**Unidentified Steamer Rams White Star Liner Off Nantucket—800 Lives Saved Through Wireless Message Caught by Two Big Steamers and Two Revenue Cutters—Taken Off by Italian Steamer Florida.**

## REPUBLIC REPORTED TO BE STILL AFLOAT JUST BEFORE NOON

During a dense fog early to-day the White Star line steamer Republic, which left this city yesterday for Genoa and Naples with 450 passengers and about 400 crew was run into by an unknown steamer off Nantucket.

All the Republic's passengers and crew were taken off by the Italian line steamer Florida.

Soon after the Florida appeared on the scene the revenue cutter Acushnet, which had been at Woods Hole, Mass., arrived and stood by.

The government wireless operators at Newport reported that at 11.30 a. m. they could still hear the wireless working faintly from the Republic, indicating that the vessel was still afloat at that time, but that the storage batteries which had been used for messages were becoming exhausted.

The Florida left Naples January 10. She has 900 cabin and steerage passengers, many of them believed to be earthquake survivors coming to America as a refuge. She has no wireless apparatus.

The moment that Capt. Sealy recognized his danger, wireless messages were sent out calling for help.

"Help, I'm sinking," was the gist of the call he sent out, and within half an hour two liners and two United States revenue cutters were on their way to aid the crippled ship.

### Baltic First to Be Reached.

The Baltic, of the White Star line, in-bound from Liverpool, was the first to be picked up. The Baltic was far away, but was expected to reach the side of the Republic within a few hours.

La Lorraine was found next, and she, too, started to aid the White Star ship. From Woods Hole, the United States revenue cutter Acushnet was started at once.

The revenue cutter Gresham started also from the Charlestown navy-yard, in response to a message for help, which read:

"To revenue Cutter Gresham, Boston. The steamer Republic in distress and sinking. Latitude 40.17, longitude 70.26 miles south of Nantucket."

The torpedo boat Cushing also received the news of the accident, and without waiting for orders, her commander at once started out to give what aid he could.

### Had Over Four Hundred Passengers.

The Republic had 220 first-class passengers and 215 in the steerage, many of the latter returning to their homes in Italy to do what they could for relatives impoverished by the earthquake. The Republic sailed from this port for Genoa and Naples yesterday.

It was in a heavy fog yesterday afternoon that she passed out of the Hook and the marine observer lost sight of her in a moment as she turned her nose toward Nantucket.

From that time yesterday afternoon the fog has been heavy off the Long Island shore, and she was running through it when the accident occurred.

### First Message to the Line.

Nothing more was heard of the Republic until the following message was received at the White Star line office from Capt. Sealy:

When twenty-six miles south of Nantucket lightship this morning was run into by an unknown vessel. Engine room full of water. Can remain afloat. No danger and no lives lost.

The French liner La Lorraine, from Havre, was in communication with her agent, Faguet, in this city when east of Nantucket. Her captain said:

Going to help Republic, sinking forty-five miles southwest of Nantucket lightship. Heavy fog. Our own position on chart uncertain. Will do all possible to save crew and passengers.

The captain of the Republic reported that he was twenty-six miles south of Nantucket lightship when the accident occurred. This would place the Republic about 200 miles along on her voyage.

The nearest land was Nantucket island, about seventy miles due north, but with his engine room full of water, the only thing left for the captain to do was to shed wireless waves broadcast over the Atlantic asking for assistance.

The Republic's officers are: Captain, J. Sealy; purser, J. L. Barker; chief steward, J. S. Stanyer; surgeon, A. J. Marsh, and assistant surgeon, P. Gilibert.

The bad weather at sea, which delayed the Baltic, La Lorraine and other vessels, proved providential. If the seas had been light these ships would have been too far toward port to have been of assistance to the Republic.

The revenue cutter Aenescut, which was hurried from Woods Hole to the aid of the crippled lines, was strangely enough placed at that point through the efforts of the White Star line. She is a new vessel.

As soon as the news of the wreck reached the White Star offices in this city the Merritt-Chapman Wrecking Company was communicated with and arrangements made for the tug Relief to go to the scene.

From a study of the wireless messages received up to noon it was apparent that the Republic was in collision between 6 and 7 o'clock this morning. The two big liners which received the "urgent telegraphic code call" could not steam alongside for several hours.

The first message was received from the Nantucket lightship, which reported the wireless dispatch from the French liner Lorraine. Nantucket lightship is 170 miles from Ambrose channel lightship, Sandy Hook. The message stated that the Republic had notified the Lorraine of the collision and reported herself in a sinking condition. The Republic reported herself forty-five miles southwest of Nantucket, between Montauk Point and Nantucket.

### Description of the Ship.

The Republic was built at the Belfast yards of Harland & Wolff, Ltd., in 1902, for the Dominion line, which at that time operated a passenger service between Boston and Queenstown and Liverpool. The vessel was originally named the Columbus, but after the Boston service of the Dominion line had been acquired by the White Star line the name was changed to the Republic. She is 570 feet long, 67.8 feet beam, and has a draught of 24 ft. Her tonnage is 15,378 gross and 9,742 net. She usually plies from Boston to Mediterranean ports, but during the winter makes New York her American port.

On her recent arrival at New York the Republic brought the first band of Italian earthquake refugees to reach American shores.

Owing to the Republic's great size she has always been known as a particularly steady ship. Driven by two quadruple expansion engines, she was capable of a sustained speed of sixteen knots an hour. She was equipped with complete refrigerating, electric lighting and ventilating plants.

Miss K. V. Gano	Mrs. Hedges
Miss L. G. George	Mrs. L. H. Hewitt
Fred J. Green	Mrs. L. C. Hill
Miss E. A. Giffith	H. H. Hopper
Susanna Glover	Mrs. Horner
John F. Glouche	Mrs. J. D. Ingersoll
Mrs. H. L. Griggs	Gen. Brayton Ives
Mrs. H. L. Griggs	and valet
Claude Hart	Miss Jackson
Alex S. Holt	William White
Miss M. E. Jones	Miss Margaret
Arthur Lamb	Mrs. James Mason
Miss O. Estote Lan	Miss Mason
A. R. Larkins and	Miss Alice Mason
violet	J. J. McDonnell
Miss A. F. Larkin	J. F. McCarthy
Charles Law	Mrs. McCarthy
J. E. Lilly	Miss E. McCreedy
M. V. Linwell	Miss G. McCreedy
Eugene Lynch	Miss S. McCreedy
Mrs. Lydia Lovell	Mrs. L. L. McMurray
Miss M. MacKenzie	Albert W. Mead
Miss M. Macomber	Mrs. McMurray
Mrs. Mead	Mrs. F. G. McNeill
J. S. Melcher	Mrs. W. J. Mooney
Mrs. Melcher	Miss Mooney
J. R. Miller	Miss Moore
Mrs. Miller	Miss E. P. Moore
Miss S. L. Mellon	Mr. Morris
and maid	Miss Morris
Miss M. Mermel	Mr. Morris, Jr.
Miss A. Mermel	Miss Morris
George Merrit	Miss Morris
Reuben Miller	Miss F. G. Morris
Mrs. Miller	Mrs. G. Morris
Miss Ruth Miller	Mrs. J. S. Mulligan
Mrs. A. M. Miller	M. J. Murphy
Courtney Pasolini	Mrs. Murphy
J. A. Peeples	G. Newman
Mrs. Peeples	J. W. Norris
Miss G. W. Perkins	Mrs. A. Rathbone
Mrs. A. J. Peters	Mrs. A. Sampson
Hugo Peterson	Miss A. V. Saunders
Mr. Phelps	Mrs. A. Schackford
Mrs. Phelps	Mrs. W. H. Schaeffer
C. F. Pond	Miss G. C. Schaeffer
Wm. R. Porter	Miss M. Schaeffer
Mrs. Porter	Mrs. Schaeffer
Mrs. H. D. Potter	Mrs. U. A. Severance
Mrs. E. B. Potter	Ernest R. Sharp
Wm. Prendergast	Mrs. B. F. Sherman
Mrs. Prendergast	Mrs. M. de Silva
Count Rasponi	R. N. Slater
Mrs. Slater	William Solback
Mrs. H. Smaleton	Mrs. J. L. Stack
Mrs. H. Smaleton	S. T. Stack
Mrs. Walker Smith	A. A. Testa
Mrs. M. E. Smart	S. S. Titus
Mrs. J. D. Smart	Mrs. Titus
Rev. T. A. Snively	Miss M. A. Tweddle
Miss S. Snyder	Mrs. K. V. Van Lee
Miss W. Snyder	D. E. Van Wert
Miss L. Snyder	Alden E. Viles
Robt. W. Snyder	Mrs. Viles
Mrs. Snyder	A. A. White
Dr. A. G. Wagner	Mrs. J. H. Whiting
Mrs. H. Wakefield	Miss Jean Whiting
Miss E. Wakefield	Mrs. Whiting
Mrs. Wakefield	George R. Winslow
Dr. M. E. Wakefield	Mrs. Winslow
Mrs. Wakefield	J. W. Woods
Rev. J. W. Ward	Mrs. J. W. Woods
Mrs. O. A. Washburn	Mrs. E. B. Woods
Miss K. G. Wellin	Mrs. W. T. Woodruff

# LINER SINKS 761 SAVED

White Star Ship, Republic, Rammed in Fog, Goes Down  
Off Nantucket—Strange Steamer That Hit Her Not  
Seen Since—Wireless Saved Those on Wreck

Running at reduced speed in a dense fog, twenty-six miles south of Nantucket, to-day, the White Star Liner *Republic*, bound for Mediterranean ports, with 461 passengers and a crew of 300 on board, was rammed by an unidentified steamship, and this afternoon she was reported to be completely submerged. All of the passengers were taken off safely.

The vessel disappeared in the fog after the collision. The fact that she did not stand by to give aid to the *Republic* leads to the belief that she either went down or was badly disabled.

Within a few hours after the crash several liners, half a dozen revenue cutters and the torpedo boat *Cushing*, from Newport were hastening to the scene, in response to wireless distress signals. They went to Nantucket from the four points of the compass, but none of them encountered the boat that had rammed the *Republic*.

The steamer *Nantucket*, with thirty passengers on board, while going to the aid of the sinking liner, ran on the rocks near Wood's Hole, Mass., and is reported to be in a dangerous position.

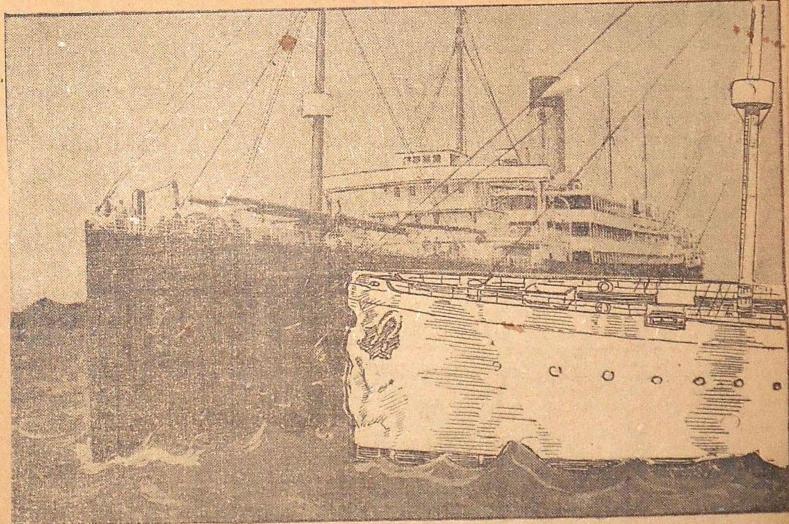
Revenue Cutter First on the Scene.

The first boat to reach the side of the *Republic* was the revenue cutter *Aeusniet*, a new craft, which started out from Wood's Hole just after midnight. It picked up one of the wireless distress signals and upon reaching the side of the *Republic*, learned that the liners *Baltic* and *La Lorraine* were hurrying to the scene. It was decided to wait and transfer the passengers to the *Baltic*.

The White Star boat was late in arriving, however, and as water continued pouring into the hold of the *Republic*, the danger of leaving the passengers on board increased. At this time the steamship *Florida*, of the Lloyd Italian line, appeared, and the passengers and two-thirds of the crew were transferred to her. The *Florida* then proceeded to New York and will reach home to-morrow.

Wireless reports received in New York and elsewhere stated that scenes of the wildest terror followed the frightful crash in the fog. All of the passengers were ashore at the time. The upper deck cabin had been up until nearly midnight at an entertainment to celebrate the beginning of a Winter cruise, the *Republic* having started out from New York yesterday afternoon.

There were two hundred and fifty first class passengers, and two hundred and eleven in the steerage. The crew numbered 216.



The collision occurred to-day, twenty-six miles south of Nantucket, while the *Republic*, outward bound, with 461 passengers, was running at reduced speed in the dense fog.

## Sent Out Wireless Warnings.

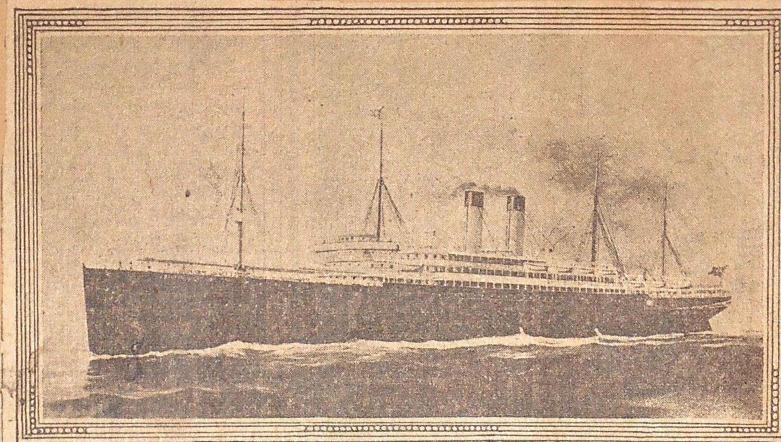
It was not long after midnight when the *Republic* encountered a heavy fog. Speed was reduced, and the wireless ap-

paratus was used to send out warnings to other boats that might be nearby.

The unidentified liner evidently was un-  
equipped with a wireless outfit, or it  
would have picked up the warnings and  
thus the collision could have been  
avoided.

# WIRELESS REPORT

## THE REPUBLIC, 400 ON BOARD, IS IN SINKING CONDITION, RAMMED AT SEA;



THE WHITE STAR STEAMSHIP REPUBLIC

Big liner crowded with passengers, many of them from New York, rammed at sea off Nantucket. The Baltic, a ship of the same line, and a revenue cutter have gone to the rescue.

Big White Star Liner Hit by Unknown Vessel Off Coast of Massachusetts.

### BALTIC TO THE RESCUE

Sister Ship Sends Wireless Report—Crippled Vessel Can Barely Keep Afloat.

### NEW YORKERS ON BOARD

Boat Left Yesterday for Cruise to Azores and Mediterranean.

# EXTRA!

### BULLETIN.

The French line steamship *La Loire* came by wireless says to this city to-day: "I am going to the rescue of steamship Republic. She is sinking forty-five miles southwest of Nantucket Light in heavy fog. Cannot go to her right away as we have to take bearings. Shoal water very dangerous. Will try to rescue passengers and crew."

BOSTON, Saturday.—It is reported here that the steamship Republic is in distress off Nantucket. No particulars are obtainable from the White Star office. The Republic steamed from New York yesterday for Mediterranean ports.

The Republic, it is understood, was rammed by an unknown vessel early today off Nantucket and at eight o'clock was in bad condition, but able to keep afloat.

The steamship Baltic, of the same line, has wireless range and will hasten to the Republic's assistance.

The revenue cutter Achusnet left Woods Hole at half-past eight o'clock for the scene of the collision.

At the offices of the White Star Line in this city it was said that the steamship Republic left here yesterday carrying 230 first cabin passengers and 211 third class. The vessel carries no cargo.

The boat is one of the company's excursion ships; her itinerary including the Azores, Gibraltar, Genoa, Naples and Alexandria.

The vessel's outward trip usually requires fourteen days. The Republic is a 15,000 ton twin screw ship, and is equipped with wireless apparatus. Captain Seabury is in command.

### LOSS OF 560 ON THE BUURGOGNE RECALLED

In a collision that occurred under somewhat similar circumstances to the crash that imperilled passengers of the Republic to-day, the French liner Bourgogne sank off the Sable Islands eleven years ago, carrying down with her five hundred and sixty souls.

The Bourgogne was crashed into by the British iron steamship Cromartyshire off Sable Island on July 4, 1888, sixty miles south of Sable Island. Of the seven hundred and thirty-four persons on board five hundred and sixty were drowned, including two hundred and six of the first and second cabin passengers.

All in the first cabin were lost and of the three hundred women on the fated vessel only one was saved. It was a tragedy stained with dishonor, for in the struggle for self-preservation, the maddened men passengers and the crew turned the deck of the liner into a shambles.

The crash came at five o'clock in the morning when, in a dense fog, the Cromartyshire struck the Bourgogne, leaving a great jagged hole in the Bourgogne's port side, through which rushed a wall of water. In the few minutes that elapsed between the shock and the sinking of the Bourgogne the greater horror of the disaster was enacted.

In an instant the quiet deck of the liner was transformed into an inferno. Women who obstructed the way of strong men to the boats were struck down with knives. The steerage had contained many Italians and, in the face of death, their weapons flashed right and left and trampled bodies marked their course. The officers, who died as brave men, were powerless to con-

trol their mad passengers and madden crew.

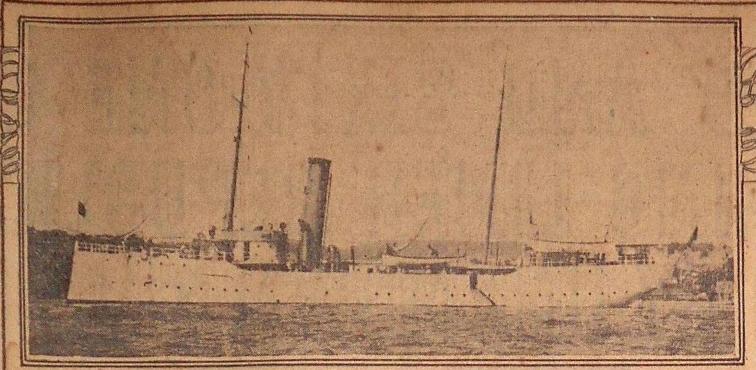
The second officer of the Bourgogne did the work of a dozen heroes, but his efforts were almost immediately set at naught by the cowardice of the frenzied men. One raft on which forty women were placed had been made fast to the ship's side. It was dragged down by the ship and all on it perished. Not one man would pause to cut the lines and give them life.

When the ship went down the few life boats that floated were surrounded by the perishing. Some women caught the ropes of one boat, not endangering the occupants and merely keeping their heads above water. In sheer madness men of the crew cut the ropes and became murderers. In other cases men who struggled to keep themselves above water by clutching the gunwales were beaten back to death with oars and boat hooks.

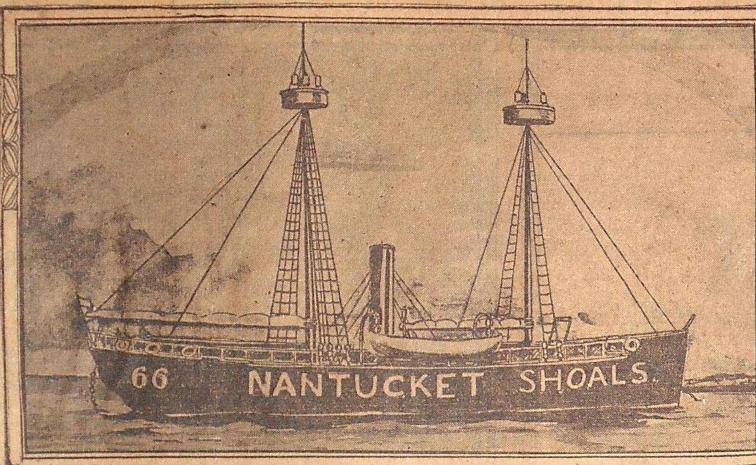
The British ship that had been in collision stood nobly by and for hours kept up the almost futile work of rescue. Then she was towed into Halifax by a liner whose course crossed that of the ill-fated Bourgogne's. Every officer of the Bourgogne went down with her ship. Five, however, were saved, being pulled from the whirlpool that marked the spot where she had floated.

The tragedy of the Bourgogne was felt all over the country, as New York, Chicago, St. Louis and virtually every big city had inhabitants aboard her.

## RESCUE CUTTER AND BEACON ILL-FATED LINER WAS ROUNDING.



THE REVENUE CUTTER MOHAWK



NANTUCKET SHOALS LIGHT VESSEL NO. 66

## Out of Black Fog.

Groping her way through a black fog of the early morning, the giant White Star liner Republic was rammed to-day and badly damaged by a vessel, up to the present unidentified, when in the open sea about seventy miles southeast of Nantucket Island.

Immediately wireless messages from the Republic began to scatter along the coast and to this port the news of her plight. Through the air flashed the signal "C. Q. D.", a general distress signal, but which literally means to convey, "Help! I am sinking!"

This message of distress was picked up here; it was caught at the Charlestown Navy Yard, in Boston, and at the naval station at Woods Hole, Mass., another at Provincetown grasped it, and in almost no time cutters were speeding to the assistance of the ocean traveller.

The French line steamship La Lorraine caught the message of distress as she was making for this port, and turned about in her course to offer succor. Following this the Baltic of the White Star line, learned from the air of her sister ship's predicament and made for the Republic's side.

## Liners Due Near Scene.

At the time the White Star line steamship Republic crashed in collision with another steamship off Vineyard Haven early to-day, more than a dozen transatlantic liners are supposed to have been in the steamship tracks in that immediate vicinity.

Most of these big liners were passenger steamships, carrying hundreds of persons bound for this port. While it is not known as yet what ship was in collision with the Republic, the names of about a dozen steamships westward bound, and, according to their schedules due in the vicinity of the collision, were learned to-day.

Among these is the Cunard line steamship Lucania, which is expected to dock at her pier here to-morrow. The Lucania is bringing a full passenger list.

The French line steamship Louisiane, which left Havre on January 9, was supposed off Vineyard Haven early to-day. According to her schedule she should have passed near the scene of the collision about the time it occurred, so as to make her pier late to-day or early to-morrow.

Another steamship which should have been in the vicinity of the collision to-day is the Farnesia, of the Anchor line. This boat left Glasgow on January 9 and is expected to dock late to-day or to-morrow.

## RESCUE NEAR AT HAND.

The frightened and fearful passengers and crew of the Republic soon made out through the mists the shapes of the approaching vessels, and as soon as it could be done the passengers were taken off the disabled ship and started for shore. The first ship to reach the side of the Republic was the Italian steamship Florida, bound from Naples to this city, and it was she that took off the passengers.

The Republic had been rammed hard amidships and her engine room was soon flooded with water. The latest reports to reach land have the Republic's crew working heroically to keep her afloat, in order that she may be towed back here for repairs. The huge liner was struck when in deep water and should she not be kept afloat there will be little hope of ever recovering her.

## UNDER DIMINISHED SPEED.

The Republic left her pier here yesterday bound for Mediterranean ports. She carried 230 first cabin passengers and 211 in steerage. That she had encountered fog from the very time she turned the Scotland Lightship is shown by the fact that she had only negotiated 115 miles off the tip of easterly Long Island when staggered by a blow from another craft.

The reports that are coming in fail to tell anything of the vessel that rammed the liner. It is the opinion of skippers here that she probably was a tramp and not equipped with wireless. It is more than likely that this ocean assailant is standing off somewhere in the fog, herself battered and bruised.

The absolute lack of information concerning this unidentified vessel leads some to believe that she may have suffered to an extent whereby she settled and went to Davy Jones' locker.

## SAYS HE CAN REMAIN AFLOAT.

The first news to be received here from the Republic was a wireless to the company from Captain Sealby, the commander of the Republic. He stated:

"When twenty-six miles south of Nantucket Light this morning was run into by an unknown vessel. Engine room full of water. Can remain afloat. No danger and no lives lost."

This was a reassuring despatch, but the messages flashed by Captain Sealby to other points were in no way so optimistic.

"Steamer Republic in distress and sinking. Latitude 40.17, longitude 70.26. South of Nantucket."

This was the cry for help that the wireless man at the Boston Navy Yard picked out of the atmospheric waves.

## DANGER TO THE LORRAINE.

The operators at the Woods Hole and Provincetown naval stations got equally alarming appeals. That the Republic's skipper was not sending very cheerful messages through the ocean spaces is shown from the message that the French liner Lorraine shot to this port.

"Will go to the Republic's assistance," flashed the operator on the big Frenchman. "Republic is sinking, forty-five miles southeast of Nantucket Light. Will try to rescue passengers and crew. Must first take bearings, as there is danger from fog and water shoal."

With this Captain Tourner put the Lorraine about and made for the scene of the Republic's misfortune. Captain Ransom, of the Baltic, was soon heard from and he, too, reported that he had been informed the Republic was sinking. He sent the Baltic full tilt for the Republic.

In response to her wireless appeals for aid there rushed to the spot where the Republic lay stunned and helpless a flotilla of craft of all description that would rival in size somewhat the ancient Spanish armada. Besides the two liners, La Lorraine and Baltic, the revenue cutters Gresham, Onondaga, Acushnet, Mohawk and the torpedo boat Cushing made for the scene.

Late reports indicate that there is a chance of saving the Republic and that she may be towed by either the Baltic or the Lorraine to Boston or else beached somewhere nearby the scene of the accident.

## BOUND FOR MEDITERRANEAN.

The Republic, a huge craft of 15,000 tons, was bound for Mediterranean ports. The 230 cabin passengers were tourists bound for their winter vacations. She carried no second class list. Of the 211 steerage passengers, forty were Portuguese bound for the Azores and Madeira, while the others were Italians rushing to their native heath to look up relatives either lost or injured in the Sicilian earthquake.

On the Republic was 500 tons of ship's supplies to be delivered to the American battle ship fleet now in the Mediterranean. These supplies were to have replaced those originally in possession of Admiral Sperry's fleet, and which were turned over to the sufferers at Messina and Reggio. The supplies were to have been discharged at Gibraltar.

One of the first vessels to reach the side of the Republic was the speedy revenue cutter Acushnet, which made the ninety some miles from Woods Hole in record time. When she arrived the Italian ship Florida was already standing by and taking off the Republic's passengers.

## LOOMED OUT OF THE GLOOM.

The officers on the Acushnet learned briefly that the collision had occurred in a heavy fog and that the lookout of the Republic had not made out the vessel that did the damage until that craft was practically right upon the huge liner.

The crew of the Republic explained that they had encountered heavy fog from the time they cleared the Sandy Hook bar late yesterday afternoon, and that they were uncertain as to their position, at least the exact position, all during the night. From the soundings taken and the location shown in Captain Sealby's despatches, it is apparent that the Republic was some miles northward of her course. As she was taking the southern, or so called Mediterranean, line, the Republic should have been some miles further south.

The following message was received by wireless on the floor of the Maritime Exchange:

"S. S. Republic reported sinking at ten A. M. Steamships Lorraine and Baltic standing by. All the passengers taken off safely."

The operators in the torpedo station at Newport, R. I., report that the

Of what great value wireless telegraphy is to mariners could not be better shown than in the case of to-day's accident to the steamship Republic. Hardly had the big liner been struck when news of her condition began to arrive at various points along the coast. Immediately the captain got into communication with the White Star dock here and sent reassuring messages. At the same time he was able to get into touch with the Charlestown Navy Yard, at Boston, and summon the aid of a government revenue cutter.

The station at Woods Hole, Mass., was picked up by wireless, with the result that a speedy cutter was soon steaming to the assistance of the damaged ship. Next La Lorraine, of the French line, was found by wireless, and she changed her course, instead of steaming on for this port the big French boat made at the best possible speed for the scene of the Republic's misfortune. In this wise the Baltic, of the White Star line, was reached, and soon was steaming to the side of her sister ship. The Onondaga, one of the speediest and largest of government cutters, was also summoned by wireless.

When the sinking of the Elbe and of La Bourgogne is recalled, it is the date before wireless, and with it was long since before even the slightest news of the accident reached shore, let alone the calling for assistance. It can be seen how wireless telegraphy has torn from the deep that uncertain mystery which hovered over the sea when ships had got beyond the limit of land signalling and which were unable to signal at all during fog except by whistle blasts.

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Most of these big liners were passenger steamships, carrying hundreds of persons bound for this port. While it is not known as yet what ship was in collision with the Republic, the names of about a dozen steamships westward bound, and, according to their schedules due in the vicinity of the collision, were learned to-day.

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# SAVED IN REPUBLIC COLLISION

## All Taken Off the Sinking Liner.

### ON WAY TO LAND

## White Star Boat in Crash Off Nantucket.

### WIRELESS BROUGHT AID

#### Quick Response to Messages from Stricken Steamship.

#### CARRIED 442 PASSENGERS

#### Nothing Known of the Vessel That Rammed Her.

The big liner Republic of the White Star company, bound out from this port to the Mediterranean with 231 saloon passengers, 211 in her third cabin and a crew of about 300, was rammed in the fog at 4 o'clock this morning off the Nantucket lightship. The name of the vessel that came out of the mist and crashed into the big liner remained unknown to those on land up to late this afternoon. Beyond this the wireless told most of the story of the accident—of how the Republic started to sink after she received the terrific blow, of how Marconi messages called to her aid her sisters of the sea and of how all the passengers were transferred to the steamship Florida of the Lloyd-Italiano line bound in from Naples.

There was some doubt expressed up to this afternoon as to where the Florida would land the Republic's passengers. The first wireless reports said that the Italian liner was making for Newport. Later word was received at the offices of the White Star line that the Florida would bring her passengers to New York. The Florida is a vessel of 6,000 tons and had, according to advices from Naples, 900 passengers on board.

Messages received this afternoon said that the Republic was still afloat at 12:15 o'clock. Nothing definite was said as to whether or not her crew had been taken off by the Florida or was standing by the stricken liner. The Baltic, also of the White Star line, and La Lorraine of the French line were in the vicinity.

A wireless message received from the Baltic at 2 o'clock this afternoon said that she had been unable to locate the Republic.

The 12:15 o'clock message, which was picked up at the Newport wireless station, as it was flashed between the revenue cutters at the scene, read:

"Steamer Florida has taken passengers from the Republic. Steamer Baltic is about forty miles away and La Lorraine is searching close by. The weather is foggy."

It was said at the office of the White Star line here this afternoon that the best information that could be gained from the latest messages was that the Florida would come direct to New York. As the Italian vessel is not a fast one it was estimated that if she came here direct she would not reach Quarantine much before midnight. It was thought that the passengers might be transferred to the Baltic and La Lorraine, which were bound in.

It was the good luck of the Florida to be the first to the aid of the Republic. The wireless call of the wounded liner had been sent in all directions over the sea and there were many responses. The big liners within range picked up the distress message and made for the longitude and latitude from which it came. From shore revenue cutters were despatched with all speed. But the Florida, with no wireless apparatus, could not be receptive of such a call and probably made her way to the Republic at the summons of the steam whistle.

There was much speculation at the Maritime Exchange as to what vessel could have been in collision with the Republic. The lists were carefully gone over, but it seemed too dangerous even to hazard a guess. There were some who thought that it might have been the Florida that struck the White Star boat and withheld the shock. That no mention was made of this in the wireless messages, however, seemed to place it beyond the possibilities.

#### GREAT ANXIETY HERE.

Intense anxiety for a time held in its grip the officers of the White Star line here when information was first received about the accident to the Republic.

Then came a reassuring message at 9:30 o'clock. It was received at the office of the Marconi Wireless Company in this city from Slasconset and was to the effect that the passengers of the Republic were all right and had been taken off by another steamer.

The message, which did not give the name of the steamship, said that she was making for Newport with the passengers.

Later it was learned that the vessel which took off the Republic's passengers was the steamship Florida of the Lloyd-Italiano line, bound from Naples to New York. It was estimated that it would take her at least six hours to reach Newport.

The Maritime Exchange received this message from Newport at 10 o'clock this morning:

"Passengers and crew of steamship Republic, before reported in collision off Nantucket, have been taken off by another steamship and coming in. The Republic is reported sinking at 10 A.M."

#### CRASH OFF NANTUCKET.

The accident occurred twenty-six miles south of Nantucket lightship, according to the message received by the line from Capt. Sealby, commander of the vessel. The Republic sailed from this port yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

The accident was caused by the thick fog. The messages gave no word of the other vessel, and it is unknown her whether or not she was also a sufferer through the collision.

### HOW THE NEWS CAME.

#### Wireless Achieves a Triumph —La Bourgogne Recalled.

Wireless messages shot here and there along the seaboard from vessel and from coast station, spread information broadcast that the Republic needed aid and needed it quickly. Various ships were set in motion—each an independent relief expedition. The revenue cutter Acushnet left Woods Hole, Mass., and the steamship Baltic went on her way to extend what assistance she could. La Lorraine had crowded on all steam in order to get over the 200 or more miles separating her from the Republic, and her wireless instruments were taking messages from the injured vessel. The revenue cutter Gresham was making all speed toward the same focal point from a point off Cape Cod. All vessels within the wireless zone were picked up one after another and sent toward the scene of distress. It was the first big sea disaster since wireless telegraphy became commercially practicable and the new system of communication had scored a triumph.

There was a slip in the messages. Each was clear and coherent. They told just what was happening off there in the fog, which lay like a shroud along the jagged outlines of the Massachusetts coast. The first message received told, the one to the Maritime Exchange, told an entire story in itself. Furthermore, it was direct from the Republic. "In distress and sinking off Nantucket," it ran.

Another followed hot upon the heels of the first. This contained information in detail. The Republic had been rammed by an unknown vessel; it was just able to keep afloat, but the revenue cutter Acushnet and the Baltic of the same line were within range of the wireless waves and were speeding toward her. After

that La Lorraine was heard from with the additional information that she expected to reach the Republic in about four hours.

The White Star line also got early word to the effect that there was no danger to life and that the Republic was talking with Nantucket.

The difference between the system of sending word by wireless and the old order of things had been strikingly shown. How marked the difference was is made plain when one harks back a little less than eleven years to the occasion of the last great sea disaster—the loss of La Bourgogne of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique.

On the morning of July 6 a messenger boy from the offices of the Allan line ran breathlessly into the building occupied by the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique carrying a crumpled telegram in his hand. He did not pause until he stood before Paul Faguet, the agent of the company. Then he stammered:

"The Bourgogne is lost!"  
M. Faguet threw up his arms "Mon Dieu!" he cried.

The boy exhibited the telegram. It was from the Western Union offices at Halifax.

There were no great poles at Nantucket then, from the top of which word was flashed through the air without the aid of wires, nor was there any such station, which is now dotted with them. M. Faguet refused to believe the boy at first. Even when the youngster extended his hand and produced the crumpled telegram the French agent was incredulous. It told in the concise phraseology of the telegraph company how the steamship Grecian was on her way to Halifax with the British tramp Cromartyshire, on board of which were those saved from the French liner. The message said that the Cromartyshire reported having been in collision with La Bourgogne off Sable Island, where the graveyard of many good vessels is located.

The news was confirmed from Halifax and M. Faguet instantly sent word to the Canadian city for a list of those saved.

There had been one of the greatest calamities in the history of the sea. It had occurred on July 4, but not until two days later was the truth known in Halifax as it fell from the lips of La Bourgogne's survivors. Out of a shipload of 638 only 184 were left to tell the story. The rest, 454 souls, were drowned.

Owing to the poor facilities for obtaining information in those days as compared with the methods of 1909 those who thronged to the offices of the French line to inquire about loved ones for whom they felt anxiety were left in suspense. The company could not give full details.

The Cromartyshire was working her way slowly toward through the grayness which shut off sight of everything about Sable Island, blowing her whistles at frequent intervals, when suddenly the huge bulk of the Frenchman sprang out of the gloom. It was then too late to avoid the collision. The jibboom of the Cromartyshire jammed against the bridge of La Bourgogne, her bows smashed into the steamship's side and ten minutes later the Frenchman sank.

The story of what happened out there off the rugged shores of Sable Island was rendered more terrible by the tales of cowardice on the part of the men among the passengers who trampled women under foot in the effort to be first in the boats and fought among each other with knives. One boat, filled with women, got away, only to sink, and all who were in it perished.

The accident happened at about 5 o'clock in the morning. There was no ship near at hand except the Cromartyshire to give aid.

La Bourgogne left this port on a Saturday bound for Havre, and the collision occurred on the following Monday. The exact location of the spot where the ships came together was about sixty miles south of Sable Island. The captain of the Cromartyshire said that his vessel was travelling at the rate of about 5 knots an hour when a hoarse whistle was heard from the French liner appeared at the same instant. The board which met later to determine the question of responsibility exonerated the Cromartyshire's captain and crew, but found that La Bourgogne was steaming ahead at a high rate of speed and that she was out of the course she should have followed.

The only woman passenger the Cromartyshire took into Halifax was Mrs. La Cassie of Plainfield, N. J., whose life was saved by the efforts of her husband. The two, with a number of others got upon an improvised raft to which scores of the drowning wrecks in the water tried to cling, but they were drawn down in the vortex created by La Bourgogne as she was immersed.

When the fog lifted the watchers on the Cromartyshire caught sight of two boats filled with men. These were taken aboard. Three hours later the Greician of the Allan line was encountered and she convoyed the Britisher into port.

#### SAVED BY WIRELESS.

The great value of wireless in a marine crisis was demonstrated in the manner in which the news of the accident was received and aid sent to the steamship. In the neighborhood when the accident occurred were the Lorraine of the French line, the Baltic of the White Star line, both of which started immediately to the liner's assistance. These vessels were both bound for this port, and under ordinary conditions would have arrived before the accident occurred. They were delayed by bad weather and fog.

#### THE "C. Q. D." DISTRESS CALL.

Also by wireless were summoned the revenue cutters Gresham and Acushnet, the former from Cape Cod Bay and the latter leaving Woods Hole, Mass. The wireless distress signal, the letters "C Q D," flashed through the air in all directions from the Republic's wireless room soon notified all vessels within a radius of 200 miles of the accident.

When the "C Q D" call comes into a Marconi Wireless office, whether ashore or afloat, the operator gets busy. The "C Q" is notification to all steamships within range to come to the spot from which the message is issued. The "D" means danger and is added to denote the great urgency of the summons.

#### THE FIRST NEWS OF THE COLLISION.

The collision occurred at about 4 o'clock this morning. The first wireless message was received at the Maritime Exchange here from the Nantucket station, saying:

"The Republic was rammed by an unknown vessel of Nantucket early to-day and is just able to keep afloat. The revenue cutter Acushnet left Woods Hole, Mass., and the steamship Baltic of the same line is in wireless range and has gone to her assistance."

#### REPORT FROM CAPTAIN.

Soon afterward a message from Capt. Sealby reached the White Star line offices: "Ship in collision twenty-six miles south of Nantucket lightship. Unknown vessel rammed us. In communication with Nantucket. In communication with Baltic. No danger to life."

Capt. Ransom of the Baltic soon after this reported by wireless: "7:15 A. M. Returning to Republic. Fifty miles away from scene of disaster."

#### "HURRY" CALL SENT OUT.

The French line received a wireless from Capt. Tournier of the Lorraine, saying that his vessel was hurrying to the assistance of the Republic. A subsequent message from the Republic requested all vessels to make the best possible speed.

"Able to keep afloat—engine room full," was another message flashed by the sinking liner.

The Lorraine was figured to be about forty miles east of Nantucket at the time the accident occurred, and it was thought she would reach the Republic in something over two hours. The Baltic was 115 miles east of the Ambrose Channel when the collision occurred, according to later messages, and was expected to reach the Republic in about four hours.

#### CALL REACHES THE LUCANA.

The inward bound Lucania of the Cunard line also received the Republic's summons for aid as this Marconi message received from her captain this afternoon at the Coroner's office shows:

"Am sixty-five miles east of Nantucket lightship at noon to-day. Will reach Republic to render assistance about 4 P. M. Weather very hazy."

#### SPREADING THE NEWS THROUGH AIR.

There were many instances of how the news of the accident was spread by wireless. One message was received at the Charlestown navy yard, Boston, via Cape Cod, at 8:30 o'clock. It said: "Steamship Republic in distress and sinking. Latitude 40 deg. 17 minutes, longitude, 70 deg. Twenty-six miles south of Nantucket." The wireless station at the Charlestown yard immediately communicated with the revenue cutter Gresham, which was cruising in Cape Cod Bay. The Gresham left for the scene shortly before 9 o'clock.

The White Star line offices were quickly besieged by those who had friends on board the Republic and telephone calls asking for information were continuous. Vice-President P. A. Franklin and General Passenger Agent Jeffreys were busy assuring those who inquired that there had been no loss of life.

A later message from the Republic said through the Siasconset station: "Can remain afloat. Sea calm and foggy."

Nantucket Lightship is about forty miles south of the island of Nantucket, and the collision therefore took place about sixty-five miles from the nearest land. Newport is about 110 miles distant from the lightship.

#### HIT AMIDSHPNS?

In giving a theory as to where the Republic was struck officers of the line thought it must have been about amidships. Their idea was that the liner was struck between No. 1 hold and the fire-room, if reports as to the vessel being in a sinking condition were true, and considering that her engine room was full of water. This is the largest section of the vessel between watertight bulkheads.

Although usually on the Boston-Liverpool service, the Republic was making a winter cruise to the Mediterranean from this port. With 230 saloon passengers aboard she sailed yesterday bound for the Azores, Madeira, Gibraltar, Genoa, Naples and Alexandria. The Republic was a single funnelled liner and made a speed of 17 or 18 knots. She carried a crew of about 200 men and consequently had on board about 740 persons when rammed.

#### COLLISION IN FOG.

A dense fog prevailed at the time of the accident, according to advices from along the coast. A despatch from Woods Hole said the weather was very thick when news of the accident came. The revenue cutter Aquahnet got under way immediately, Capt. Johnson saying he would go to the Republic's assistance at top speed.

The position in which the Republic reported herself to be, in latitude 40 deg 17 min. and longitude 70 deg., is slightly to the north of the regular steamer lane, but near the place where outward-bound vessels change their course a little north of east in order to make the great circle route to the Mediterranean.

When the news of the collision reached Newfane, Mass., the operator there promptly notified the commander of the Baltic. Capt. Ransom of that vessel answered immediately that he had changed his course and was proceeding to the assistance of the Republic under forced draught.

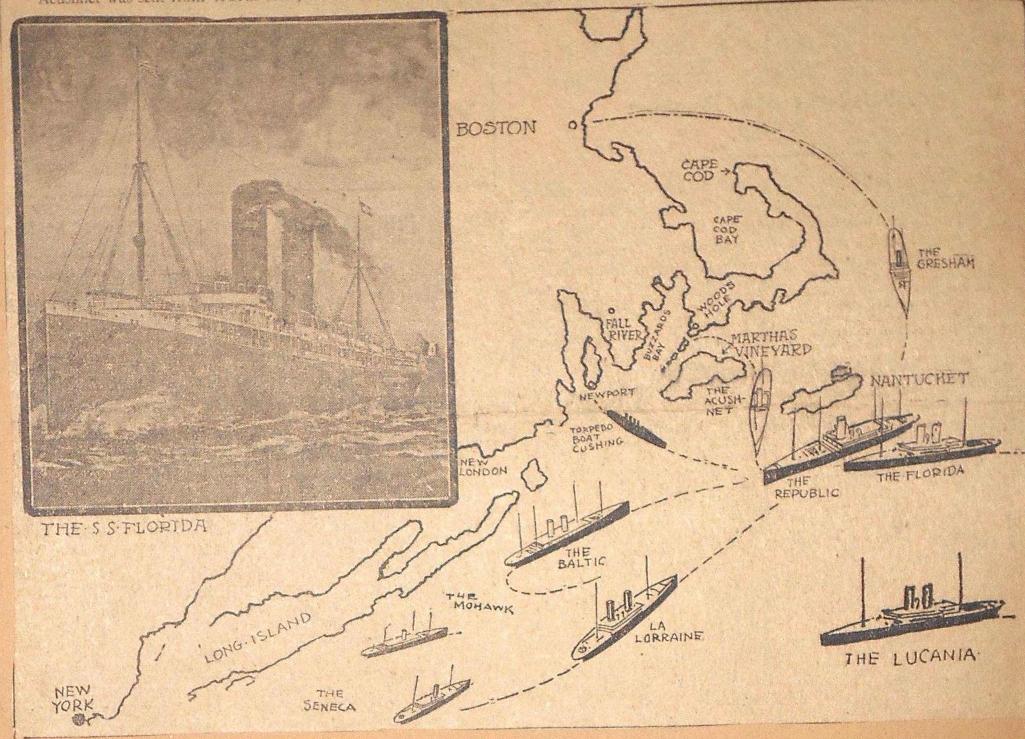
As to the identity of the vessel which rammed the White Star boat, it was thought by shipping men that it was probably some coastwise vessel. All incoming liners seem to have been a considerable distance away when the smash occurred.

The Republic carried 231 first-class passengers, and 211 third cabin passengers.

Her officers were: I. Sealby, commander; R. L. Barker, purser; J. S. Stanyer, chief steward; J. J. Marsh, surgeon, and P. Gilberri, Italian surgeon.

## Vessel That Rescued Republic's Passengers, and Diagram of Boats Called by Wireless

"C. Q. D." was the code message, the ambulance call of the sea, flashed by wireless from the sinking liner after the collision, and caught by shore stations and wireless ships within 100 miles. The liners Baltic, La Lorraine and Lucania got it and turned to the rescue; the revenue cutter Seneca, looking for a derelict forty miles away, got it, as did the cutter Mohawk, steaming off shore, while the cutter Acushnet was sent from Woods Hole, the cutter Gresham from Boston and the torpedo boat Cushing from Newport.



The Republic was known as the largest and fastest ship in the White Star line's Boston trade. She is a steel vessel with twin screws, 370 feet in length, 67.8 feet beam, 24 feet draught. Her gross tonnage is 15,378 tons. She is only 5 years old, having been built by Harland & Wolff, the great Belfast shipbuilders, in 1903.

The Republic was put but recently on the Mediterranean winter route. Previous to this she plied between Boston and Liverpool. She was the holder, when travelling over that course, of the record for speed between Boston and Queenstown town.

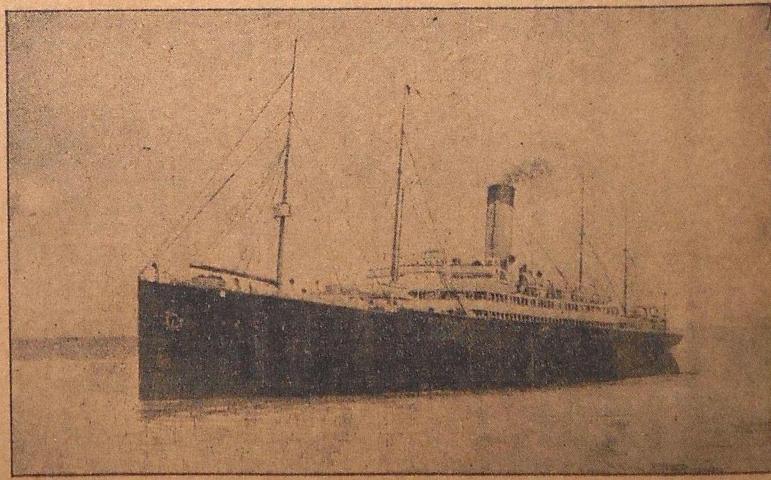
The Republic was fitted out with unusual elegance. Her dining saloon was constructed to seat not less than 200 passengers. It was finished in polished hardwoods of the lightest colors, applied in an ornamental scheme of paneling. Overhead was constructed an unusually large and light dome.

The Republic carries a number of special features above for the comfort of first-cabin passengers; one of them is a "lounge," a sheltered spot specially fitted up on the promenade deck as an outlook point for ladies. The vessel has an elaborately fitted smoking room and a big library, and is altogether what the veteran tourists know as a comfort ship, preferred for agreeable surroundings and quarters.

The Republic's speed was 16 knots an hour.

The Republic was built not only with an elaborate watertight compartment system, which greatly reduces the danger of sinking in collision, but with a cellular double bottom, which makes her safer than many vessels of her time and class. She was as nearly unsinkable in theory as a vessel could be made when she was designed.

### THE WHITE STAR LINER REPUBLIC.



# OPERATOR STICKS AT POST AS SHIP IS SINKING

"We'll Keep Afloat About an Hour Longer,"  
Flashed from Republic by Binns, Who  
Has Been in Many Disasters.

The latest wireless news from the sinking White Star liner Republic was received at Vineyard Haven this afternoon from the Gunard Lucifer steaming westward in the direction of Nantucket, and about three hours' run from the scene of the collision.

The Lucifer with her powerful dynamos working, was able to project her message to a much wider area than that available to the Republic, on which the wireless current was supplied by storage batteries.

According to the Lucifer's message, the wireless operator of the Republic, sticking to his post until the very last, sent out word at about 1 o'clock that the helpless vessel could not keep afloat much more than an hour longer.

At that hour the only persons remaining on the Republic, outside the wireless operator were the officers and a few picked men of the crew. The passengers and the rest of the crew were on the Florida, which was standing by. The wireless operator reported as

messages consisted of the letters "C. Q. D." which in the wireless code notifies all ships in the wireless zone that some ship is in danger.

As this signal is recorded all business is suspended in every wireless office it reaches. After a time there is a lull, and then, in response to an answering signal, the cause of distress and location of the vessel in danger are sent out.

This was the course pursued by the commander of the Republic. He announced to all within the reach of his wireless electrical arm that his ship was filling with water and helpless in latitude 70.10, longitude 40. This message reached the Baltic and La Lorraine at sea and was received in the wireless offices at Charlestown Navy-Yard, Boston, Newport, Woods Hole, Siasconset and Vineyard Haven.

## MANY BOATS TO RESCUE.

The revenue cutter Acushnet started out from Wood's Hole, the revenue cutter Gresham started from Boston, the torpedo boat Cushing started from Newport and the revenue cutters Mohawk and Seneca picked up the message somewhere along the coast and headed out in the general direction of latitude 40, longitude 70, south of Nantucket lightship.

The fog was thicker up there even than the fog that smothered down on this city like a blanket, and the vessels bound for the Republic were obliged to proceed with caution, because that section of the Atlantic is thickly sprinkled with ships. It is right in the line of travel between New York and all European ports.

## ENGINE ROOM FLOODED.

Capt. I. Sealby, commander of the Republic, notified the White Star offices in this city of the collision in a brief wireless message. He said his vessel had been rammed by an unknown ship, that no lives had been lost, that the engine room was flooded, but that the ship could keep afloat until assistance reached her.

Other wireless messages received during the morning were not so assuring. The captain of the French liner La Lorraine, for instance, sent to his agents the following wireless despatch:

"Am going to the rescue of the steamship Republic, which is sinking southwest of Nantucket. Heavy fog. Cannot go to her right away, as we have to take bearings."

At about the same time this message reached the French line offices Capt. Ransom, of the Baltic, sent a wireless stating that he was on his way to the rescue of the Republic. The Baltic, steaming westward in the fog, had reached a point 112 miles east of Sandy Hook and off the easterly end of Long Island when the news of the collision reached her commander.

The vessel was instantly sent around in a wide curve and headed back toward Nantucket. The Baltic and Republic had passed close to each other and exchanged messages only a few hours before.

The revenue cutter Acushnet, after two hours' search through the fog off Nantucket, located the Republic and ran alongside.

## LITTLE CUTTER ALONGSIDE.

So far as was known up to that hour the little revenue cutter was the only ship within reaching distance of the disabled liner.

It was believed by mariners that the collision occurred as the Republic was about to turn Nantucket Lightship, although that beacon was some distance away. The position in which the Republic reported herself to be, of latitude 40.17, and longitude 70, is slightly to the north of the regular steamer lane, but near the place where outward bound vessels change their course a little north of east, in order to make the great circle route for the Mediterranean.

Besides her passenger list of 441 the Republic carried a crew of 250. She had no second-class passengers. The steerage passengers numbered 171 Italians and 40 Portuguese. From the fact that the engine room of the liner was flooded it is plain that the force of the collision was most strongly felt in the steerage, and there was undoubtedly a thrilling panic in that part of the ship.

## SAVED BY WIRELESS.

The wreck of the Republic is the most marvellous story of the sea in recent years. By the use of the modern invention, wireless telegraphy, she was enabled to notify the shore and other ships of her dangerous plight, and the 700 souls aboard owe their lives, it is likely, to this fact.

# IN COLLISION OFF NANTUCKET WITH UNKNOWN CRAFT

French Liner Lorraine and the Baltic,  
Both Bound for New York, Turn  
Back and Rush to the Rescue  
With Two Revenue Cutters, U.  
S. Cruiser, and a Collier.

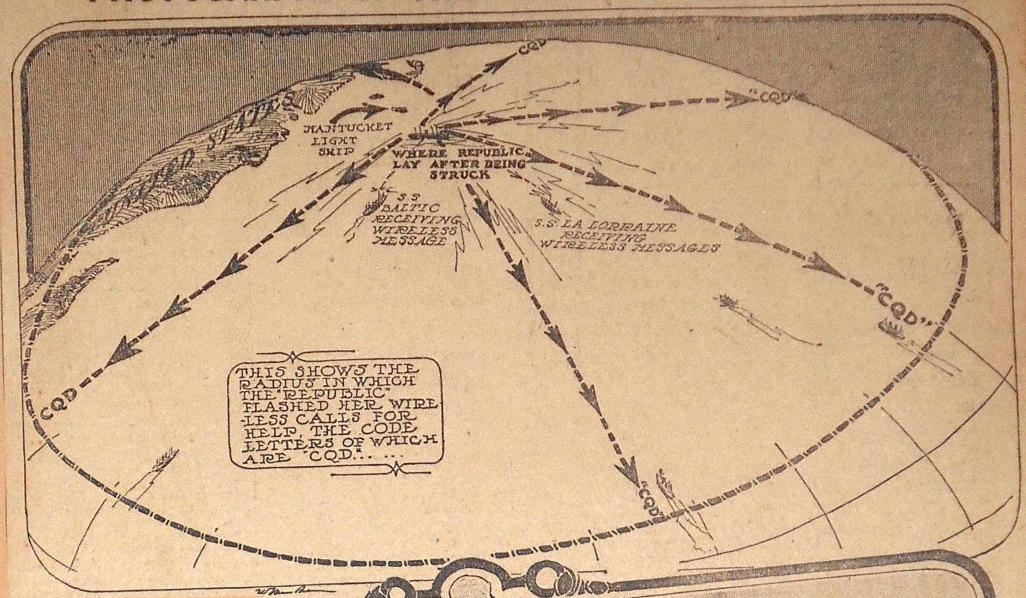
## ENGINE ROOM IS QUICKLY FLOODED, CAPTAIN WIRES

The Republic Left New York Yesterday With 460 Passengers Bound for a Cruise in the Mediterranean—Many Prominent Americans on Board—She Also Had Supplies for Sperry's Fleet.

The great White Star liner Republic, with 701 souls aboard, 460 passengers bound to the Mediterranean for a winter cruise, and a crew of 301, was rammed in a dense fog off Nantucket Lightship early to-day by an unknown craft and sunk. The other vessel in collision vanished in the fog.

All the passengers and most of the crew of the Republic were taken off by the liner Florida of the Lloyd Italiano Steamship Company, and brought to Newport. The remainder of the crew with the officers stood by the doomed vessel till the last and then were transferred to other ships that were at hand. These vessels included the Baltic of the White Star Line, the Lorraine of the French Line, the revenue cutters Gresham and Acushnet, the United States collier Lebanon, and the scout cruiser Seneca, all of whom had been rushed to the scene in response to the wireless call for aid that had been sent broadcast by the Republic's captain and picked up by a dozen or more craft and many land stations.

DIAGRAM SHOWING POSITION OF CRIPPLED LINER,  
PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE VESSEL AND HER COMMANDER.



The Republic managed to keep afloat for several hours, but at 12.30 P. M. a message reached Vineyard Haven that the ship could last for only two hours longer. At that time her wireless could be heard in Newport working faintly, and it was evident that the storage batteries aboard were about exhausted.

#### THE RUSH TO THE RESCUE.

The Lorraine and the Baltic were both bound for New York and miles this side of the spot where the collision occurred. Their skippers put about, however, and under a full head of steam headed back through the fog to find the stricken craft. At noon the government wireless station at Newport was advised by the revenue cutter Acushnet that the Lorraine was continuing the search, and that the Baltic was forty miles away, but hastening to the Republic's assistance. The Acushnet had stopped to aid the Sound liner Nantucket, which had gone ashore near Wood's Hole.

It was dangerous work in the fog, and the wireless was the only guide, for with the Republic's engine room flooded she could sound no whistle to show where she lay rolling in the trough of the sea. The other vessels got alongside in time to take the captain and the few who had remained with him.

The first report of the collision came to Boston by wireless to the navy yard, as follows:

"To Revenue Cutter Gresham, Boston: The steamer Republic in distress and sinking. Latitude, 40.17; longitude, 70.26 miles south of Nantucket."

The Gresham, however, was at Wood's Hole. She got a similar despatch, however, and at once put out. Then the wireless call reached the other liners, and the race to help began.

Meanwhile the Florida, on her way to New York, just happened to sight the Republic. The former has no wireless, and it was only by chance that she picked up the founders craft.

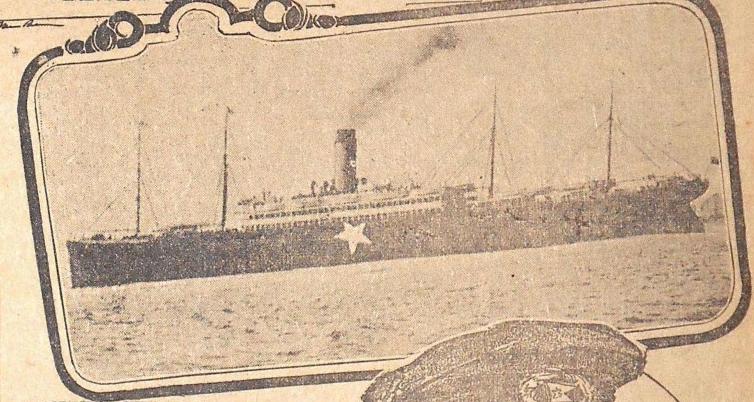
#### LORRAINE SENDS WORD.

Although the White Star Line officials denied that the Republic was sinking the following wireless message was received by the French Line agents here from Capt. Tournier of the Lorraine:

on her way to New York to render help:

"SS. Lorraine, via Siasconset:

"Going help Republic, sinking 45 miles southwest Nantucket Lightship."



WHITE STAR LINE S.S.  
REPUBLIC Star shows  
where she was struck...



# REPUBLIC NOT SUNK; ALL SAFE

Florida, Which Rammed Her,  
Bringing Passengers  
to New York.

## CONVOYED BY THE BALTIC

White Star Liner in Collision Off Nantucket—Crew Are Still on Board.

Siasconset Got the First News of the Disaster by Wireless and Sent a Call for Help—Ship Bound on a Mediterranean Cruise—Many Well Known Persons on Board—Passengers at Once Taken to the Florida, Which Though Injured Was in No Danger—Baltic to Take Them on Board To-day if the Weather Permits—Little Fear Republic Will Go to the Bottom.

The Republic of the White Star Line, cut down in the fog by the Italian steamer Florida, early yesterday morning fifty-six miles from the nearest land, flashed out a call for help while she was sinking that brought to her all the transatlantic racers within 150 miles, sped up and down the seaboard and over the world. She had on board 742 persons.

Holpless and alone in the black fog except for the crippled Italian, with the sea pouring into her crushed side, the Republic managed to tell her story so briskly and clearly that within a few hours after the collision of Nantucket lightship the world knew that all was well with her people.

By nightfall the wireless has sent the news that those on the Republic would be brought to New York to-day aboard the vessel which cut her down, the Florida, with the big Baltic standing by.

### MAY TAKE OFF PASSENGERS TO-DAY.

The weather was clearing, so the last wireless ran last night, the wind has brushed away the fog and it looked as if the Baltic would be able to tranship those aboard the Florida some time this evening.

There was the danger that the fresh wind might stir up a heavy sea, in which case the Baltic could do no more than stand by the Florida.

The Florida, with her steel and timber bow crushed like the nose of an egg jammed hard against a plate, broken nosed and crippled, has aboard of her all of her own passengers and all of the Republic's, perhaps 2,000 people in all.

She is in good shape, the last news received by the White Star and the Italian line officials last night assured them, but overcrowded. The Baltic, a ship big enough to load up a young city, is merely waiting for a favorable turn of weather to relieve the Italian boat.

The Florida is coming along toward New York at an eight knot pace and the Baltic is reined in to keep with her. They should be here by 5 o'clock this afternoon, according to the steamship officials, provided no further accident delays them.

At midnight last night the news was received definitely at the White Star offices in Bowling Green that the Republic, while low in the sea and with a great hole in her starboard side, was in danger of sinking.

Capt. Sealy and her crew are still aboard of her, and La Lorraine is not far away in case her services shall be needed.

### PART THE WIRELESS PLAYED.

Ten years ago, before ships could talk to each other and to the land, before the wireless established news routes on the ocean, the Republic, alone in the fog and dark, might have gone to the bottom without the world knowing of the disaster for days. It was two days after La Bourgogne was sunk that the story of the catastrophe became known.

But the Republic, still reeling from the shock of her collision with the Florida, with the sea pouring into her hull, her passengers in fear of death, was able to tell her plight to the land within ten minutes after she had been cut down. Her calls for help reached the big Baltic, La Lorraine of the French Line, the Lucania and half a dozen other steamers bound for this port. She drew them to her as fast as powerful engines could bring them, and her passengers knew they were coming, relieved of the terrible uncertainty and of the fear that the ship would sink without the possibility of help arriving.

In the absence of accurate details it is impossible to tell just how much the Republic and her passengers owed to the wireless, for her passengers were taken off by the very steamship which rammed her, the Florida; but this much is certain, the wireless brought to the Republic all of the ships from a half circle of the sea 100 miles in its diameter, and brought them in time to insure the safety not only of the Republic's people but of the passengers and crew of the Florida.

### GOOD NEWS SOON FOLLOWED BAD.

It was the wireless flashing the news here at 7 o'clock in the morning that the passengers had been saved, although the ship was settling, that relieved the dread of thousands of persons, relatives and friends of the people aboard the Republic. The crowd which had besieged the White Star offices at 9 Broadway early yesterday morning soon melted away. The incessant calls by telephone received by the officials of the line from this town and a dozen cities in the East were lessened by half.

In short, four hours perhaps after the Republic was struck the world knew that no lives were lost, no matter what was the fate of the vessel herself.

### FLORIDA MAY HAVE RAMMED HER.

And all through the day until late last night the wireless kept whispering more and more of what was going on away out in the fog off Nantucket—fragments of news, shreds of fact and surmise, shrewd guesses—that it was the Florida that drove her bow into the starboard plates of the Republic, how the passengers scrambled aboard the Italian boat as best they could, how the Republic settled lower and lower in the water, how her captain and officers stayed on board, how the wireless operator—Binns, his name is—stuck to his key, receiving and sending, sending and receiving, how the big liners searched for the two troubled ships, how the little revenue cutters and a torpedo boat, drawn by the wireless from the coast of New England, sped through the fog walls and called cheerily that they were about Uncle Sam's business.

### THE REPUBLIC BOUND ON A CRUISE.

The Republic, comparatively a new steamship though not a particularly fast one (she can make seventeen knots when her captain gets excited), dropped away from the White Star Pier on Friday afternoon for a winter cruise in the Mediterranean. She had 231 passengers in her first cabin, folks from New York city, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia and other Eastern cities and from the West, who were booked for the pleasure cruise.

She was due at Punta Delgada in the Azores January 29; Gibraltar, February 2; Genoa, February 5; Naples, February 7, and Alexandria February 11.

Gen. Brayton Ives, one time president of the Stock Exchange; James B. Connelly, writer of sea tales; Prof. John M. Coulter of the University of Chicago; Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, the writer; Samuel Capples, a rich merchant of St. Louis; James Cockcroft, an author and publisher of this city; Mrs. Herbert L. Griggs, the wife of a New York banker, were a few of the first cabin passengers.

In the steerage the Republic carried 211, of whom 100 were homeward bound Italians whose relatives had suffered from the earthquake. They were going to Sicily and Calabria. Not a few of them were making the trip to learn if mothers and fathers or sisters and brothers had been left alive by the calamity which overwhelmed south Italy. Most of the others in the steerage were Portuguese bound for the Azores and Macao, with here and there a Slav, rattling money in his pocket, who was returning home to be a great fellow in his own town while the money lasted. There were no second cabin passengers.

The whole cruise was to have lasted about two months. On her Gibraltar stop she would have discharged 500 tons of stores for our battleship fleet to take the place of those given to the Italian sufferers.

### IN A FOG FROM THE START.

From the time the deckhands cast off the lines and the big Republic struck her stern out into the North River she was in the grip of the fog. There wasn't a clear road at any time to the open sea. It required no wireless from the waters off Nantucket to know that Capt. William L. Sealy must have used such precautions as sea captains are driven to when the fog blanket drops. In this era of communication without wires the one thing that chills the heart of the man who is responsible for the lives of passengers and the safety of his ship is fog, which puzzles the keenest ear while it completely blinds the sharpest eye. When the sun is on the ocean the skipper of these days isn't much afraid of anything, but when the face of the waters is covered with wet, gray mist he misses sleep and fears anything.

### LEFT PORT AT HALF SPEED.

The Republic, once outside the Hook, took the common road of the liners, the course that swings them around to the southeast of Nantucket lightship and starts them on the long stretch across the Atlantic. She steamed at the rate of from 7 to 11 knots an hour on the average, pretty much of a loaf for a lady like the Republic, who can light out at 17 or 18 if she is pressed for time.

Whether Capt. Sealy had the watertight compartments which divide a big vessel into so many little vessels, each independent of the other, closed when the Republic reached latitude 40°17' longitude 70°, about the place where outward bound vessels change their course a little more to the east in order to make the great circle route to the Mediterranean, or whether he closed them in the instant's warning that the fog gave him, could not be told last night. In all probability, following a general rule, the compartments were electrically locked when the Republic found herself deep in the fog.

At all events the system which segregates a section of the ship which has been punctured and holds up the vessel herself while the injured part fills must have worked satisfactorily, since there was time enough even in the sudden collision and the scare which resulted to save the passengers. And after the immediate danger was past the Republic managed to keep afloat, although the short, sharp messages, which trickled through told of the fear of her captain and officers that she would go down at any minute.

### CRASH CAME ABOUT 4 A.M.

It was in the neighborhood of 4 o'clock in the morning, maybe a few minutes before, maybe a few minutes after—that the Republic met the crushing blow that all but sank her. The bow of some great ship, blurred by the mist, lifted itself out of nothing and struck the Republic.

From the course of the two boats it is almost certain that the blow came on the Republic's starboard side. There could not have been half a minnie's warning of the danger that the fog concealed. The wireless told that much of the story in two words.

What happened then can readily be surmised. Capt. Sealy gave the call to quarters, and the call was obeyed with the discipline of a man of war. Every man, from the first officer to the Italian steersman, jumped to his place. The boats were lowered, the men were told off to get them. Officers and steersmen took up the task of getting the passengers out of their cabins and assembling them on deck with the least possible delay and confusion. Of how frightened the passengers were or of how much of a panic resulted no word has come from the sea, but of order the wireless spoke eloquently in the one word "discipline."

### THE SHIP THAT RAMMED HER.

There is little doubt that it was the Florida of the Italian Lloyd's line, with 800 Italian immigrants and at most forty first cabin passengers, that drove her steel bow into the Republic's side. She is little more than half as big as the Republic, but there was plenty of force behind the bow which cut into the White Star liner's side. She was coming to New York with her immigrants from Naples and was due here this morning. The wireless gave no explanation of what brought about the collision nor was one needed. The fog, that was enough. Groping blindly in the dark, feeling their way along in the thickness, the two ships stumbled blindly upon one another. The Florida, luckier than the bigger ship, hit low, while the Republic was mortally hurt.

Apparently the submarine signals which indicate the proximity of submerged bells of the lightships and are meant to sound warnings when other metal bottoms are too close for comfort failed to speed a hint of the approaching Florida to the pilot room of the Republic. The little iron tanks placed on either side of the Republic's bow should have recorded the approach of the Florida and telephoned a warning automatically to the bridge. But whether the submarine signal worked or didn't work there was no time for Capt. Sealy to sheer off his big ship from the ramming Italian.

### PASSENGERS HURRIED TO THE FLORIDA.

The Florida apparently stuck to the Republic long enough for most of the latter's passengers to be shepherded on to her as hastily as possible. Perhaps some of the Republic's people were taken off in the boats and from them put aboard the Florida, but seemingly the transfer was made speedily and in excellent system. Already well served by her crew and her own passengers the Florida must have been crammed with people when all of the Republic's passengers managed to get aboard of her. Altogether before the giant Baltic nosed them out through the fog and relieved the situation the Florida was taking care of nearly 2,000 people in quarters designed for half that number.

### PEARS FOR THE FLORIDA TOO.

Then came the fear—the irritating consists wireless told that part of it that the Florida herself would go under. When her captain, Voirol, yanked her back from the crushed Republic her bow was broken like the nose of an egg that had been jammed hard against a plate. The bow of one of these Atlantic liners is virtually a solid timber and steel ram for twenty feet or more back of its nose. It may be crushed and broken and even, but it protects the more vulnerable part of the ship back of it. In the case of the Florida the bow was shattered, but the force of the collision was not enough to break the bulkhead and sink the ship. It was however, that she could stay afloat indefinitely and was in better shape than the Republic, which had a great hole in her side.

All of these things took place, it must not be forgotten, in a fog so thick that Capt. Sealy could not see the bow of his ship from the altitude of the bridge; in which both vessels were merely blots on gray paper; in which men and women had to grope and stumble their way to safety. And all the while there was certainly present the fear that a third ship might blunder through the fog and finish the work that the Florida had begun.

Sealy and his officers stuck to the Republic when they had got their people safely off. They had work to do, they and Binns, the Marconi man. Ten minutes after the collision they had got the first word of the accident to the Siasconset operator, who buckled to his work and helped them call up the ships at sea. This business went on for hours, a sort of desperate feeling in the dark for a lantern. The Florida having no wireless apparatus was dependent for news of any kind upon the ship she had struck down.

### THE BALTIC'S PROMPT ANSWER.

First of all to answer was the Baltic of the White Star Line. She was perhaps 150 miles east of Sandy Hook when her wireless man picked the Republic's call out of the air. Capt. J. B. Ramsay promptly sent the Baltic to the right about 17 minutes and longitude 40° degrees. He was the first to reach the two cripples, although it took him hours to locate them in the fog.

### CUTTERS TO THE RESCUE.

While the liners were turning on their heels and steaming toward the Republic, the operator at Siasconset was the busiest man on the Atlantic seaboard. He tapped out the story of the Republic to New York, to Wood's Hole, to Newport, to Charlestown, to a dozen points where assistance might be summoned for the distressed vessel. He got the news to New York at about 7 o'clock this morning. The torpedo boat Cushing sped away from Boston, the revenue cutters Gresham and Acushnet steamed out to sea, the former from Cape Cod Bay, the latter from Wood's Hole. Other revenue cutters at points along the coast, steamers that had caught the appeal by their wireless, tugs hired by the White Star Line here in New York and at Boston, all converged upon the bit of fog covered sea where the Republic and the Florida were in danger.

By the late afternoon, although the reports from the various sources were sometimes contradictory, just a sentence here and there hastily thrown out, it seemed altogether probable that the rescued passengers of the Baltic would be brought here this morning on board the Florida, which was able to make her own way. The big Baltic was convoying her.

The Lorraine of the French line, seventy-five miles from the Ambrose channel, nearly into port, caught the cry of the Republic, slowed down and whirled around, the politest of French ladies. It took her some hours to discover the location of the Florida and the Republic, but when she found them she stood by in case her help was needed. The Lucania was another of the big transatlantics that the Republic reached in her hour of need. The Cunarder was speeding to New York and was sixty miles east of the Nantucket lightship when the sounder of her wireless clicked out the tale of the Republic's danger. Her captain obeyed the call instantly, flashing the news to his company's offices that he would get to the Republic at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

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### REPUBLIC ONCE THE COLUMBUS.

Built for the Dominion Line—Popular Mediterranean Boat.

The Republic was originally named the Columbus after her launching from the yard of Harland & Wolff at Belfast in 1903 and was intended for the service of the Dominion Line between Boston and Queenstown and Liverpool. After the Dominion Line became a part of the White Star service her name was changed to the White Star scheme of nomenclature which requires all its vessels' names to end in "ic." She has been plying on the Boston-Mediterranean and Boston-Liverpool routes several years. Occasionally she went to the Mediterranean via both New York and Boston. She made a regular winter cruise from this port to the Azores, Madeira and the Mediterranean and always carried a large number of passengers. She was equipped as some of the best twin screw up to date liners, having besides wireless submarine apparatus to tell her commander almost exactly where he might be in dense fog when in the neighborhood of a lightship fitted with submarine bells.

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The Republic was the biggest ship in the Boston service. She was 570 feet long; 67 feet beam and drew 24 feet when laden. She measured 15,678 tons gross. Her twin screws, driven by two sets of quadruple expansion engines, gave her a speed of about 16 knots. She was usually an eleven day ship to Naples when her only stop on the route was Punta Delgada in the Azores, but on her winter cruise she took her time. She was due at the Azores on January 29 and at Gibraltar on February 2. She had aboard 500 tons of provisions for the battleship fleet, which she was to have transferred to the supply ship Culgoa at Gibraltar.

The Republic was constructed at a cost of about \$1,000,000 and was insured for that amount. It is the policy of the White Star Line to put aside for the insurance of its vessels from a half to a third of their value. In the case of the Republic nearly half the insurance was carried by the line itself and the rest was divided among various companies, including Lloyd's.

#### COLLIER TO THE RESCUE.

The Lebanon Starts From Boston to Find the Republic.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—At the request of the White Star Steamship Company the naval collier Lebanon at Boston, awaiting an opportunity to start for Buzzards Bay, has been sent to the scene of the accident to lend assistance. Early this morning when the first report of disaster reached the Department the Lebanon was ordered by wireless to the scene of the collision. Several hours later the master of the Lebanon reported to the Department that the fog was so dense that he would probably be unable to reach the Republic in time to be of any assistance. In view of this fact his orders were countermanded.

Later this afternoon however, the White Star Line advised the Department that the Florida, which is supposed to have been the steamer that rammed the Republic and later took off the Republic's passengers, was herself in bad shape from the collision. The orders to the collier were accordingly released. On account of thick fog, however, the Lebanon will probably have some difficulty in locating the Florida. She probably left the Boston navy yard late this afternoon.

The Republic had on board a stock of food and supplies intended for the Atlantic battleship fleet valued at \$61,000. Admiral Sperry, commanding the fleet, will be instructed to purchase whatever supplies the fleet requires at Gibraltar, as it will be impossible to send food and provisions to reach Gibraltar before the fleet starts across the Atlantic for Hampton Roads.

#### NOT ROOM ON THE FLORIDA.

Agent of the Line Says She Couldn't Accommodate the Refugees.

The Florida is a comparatively new steamship of the Lloyd Italiano fleet, all of which are named for States of the United States. She is a steel twin screw boat with a sharp, straight stem and is about half the gross tonnage of the Republic. She has two funnels and two pole masts and can make about fifteen knots. She sailed from Genoa on January 8 and reached Naples the next day with about 900 steerage passengers, all Italian immigrants or Italians who have become American citizens and are returning from a visit, due to the industrial depression of last year, to their native land. G. B. Richards, the American agent of the line here, said that there probably were also some earthquake survivors among the steerage passengers.

She entered only a few voyagers in her cabin, which have a capacity for only ten persons. Mr. Richards said there were not provisions or room enough on the Florida for all hands from the Republic.

## NEWS THAT CAME BY WIRELESS

### First Word of the Wreck at Siasconset at 4:10 A. M.

### OPERATOR STUCK TO POST

#### All Day Meager Messages Told of the Sinking Ship and Her Passengers.

The Call of "C. Q. D." That Summons All Ships Within 200 Miles the First News of Disaster—Then Came Word That the Laitte Had Started for the Relief—French Liner La Lorraine Adds Her Message and the Cunarder Lorraine Soon Joins in the Hunt—Messages From the Injured Vessel Grow Slowly Fainter and Fainter.

A man sat in a room in a little shack down on a sand spit that points out into the Atlantic Ocean beyond the village of Siasconset on the south shore of Nantucket Island. He fingered a key and the flashes of blue light that jumped from the hammock of wires high over his head outside streaked the blackness of the downpawne. This man—A. H. Gimman is his name—was talking with the ships beyond where the waves piled up on the sand spit. That was his business.

Suddenly at 4:10 A. M. through the telephone receiver harness clamped around his head and over his ears there sounded an interrupting chatter. It was this:

"Ta-a tat-ta-tat—tat-tat-ta-tat—tat-tat."

That meant these three letters, "C. Q. D." In the Continental Morse code used by ships and Marconi stations these three letters mean what three nines mean to Chief Croker of the city's Fire Department; what the collision signal means on a battleship. Those three letters are absolutely imperative.

When this operator caught the sense of those three letters instinctively he reached for his key and sent for 200 miles on every side of him, landward and seaward, a message that travelled at the rate of 180,000 miles a second. The message read:

"C. Q. D. Here Sc. G."

This means "Distress signal received at Siasconset wireless station. Go ahead."

Then in a minute came another message to the operator at Siasconset. It was:

"We were struck by an unknown boat; engine room filled; passengers all safe; can stay afloat; latitude 40.17, longitude 70. Republic."

#### THE FIRST CALL FOR HELP.

As soon as the operator had put down the final word he reached for his key again. The regulations of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America are that whenever an operator shall receive the C. Q. D. signal of a ship in distress he shall immediately upon ascertaining her locality and the extent of her damage send out to every ship and station that may be in the zone of 200 miles radius about his station word of distress, even though ships may have caught themselves the original message from the crippled ship to the shore.

So Gimman prefaced his message with the C. Q. D. of alarm, then carefully repeated the message that had come to him from the Republic. That done he sat back and waited.

This all occurred in less time than it takes to read these paragraphs. It was the first word from the White Star liner, Mediterranean bound and twenty-five miles south of Nantucket lightship. Only the time that was occupied by the swift movements of the operator's finger at Siasconset station held the electric message on its flight from ship to shore and from shore to other ships.

There was a ship at sea that was filling with water. Aboard her an operator named Bimms had sat and tapped a key at the dictation of the captain. More than forty miles away Gimman, the operator at Siasconset on the sandsip had heard and with the greater force of the batteries away in his shack he had sent the message out again.

The operator at Siasconset did not have long to wait before messages from the shoreward side and from ships began to drum into his ears. First came messages from Charleston navy yard, Newport, Boston, Vineyard Haven and Woods Hole, all of which stations had caught the alarm sent out from Siasconset. Woods Hole

said that the revenue cutter Acushnet had started to the rescue. From Boston came the report that the revenue cutter Gresham had the news and was leaving. The Mohawk and Seneca, revenue cutters, cruising along the coast, told Gimman that they had picked up his flash and were off for Nantucket light.

#### THE NEWS SENT TO NEW YORK.

Before the wires over Gimman's head had ceased their landward conversation another message came from the Republic. This was from Capt. Seely, her commander, and was addressed to the White Star offices in New York. It was simply a duplicate of the message that had come to the Siasconset operator after the first startling "C. Q. D." This message was put on the land wires to New York and reached the White Star offices at a Broadway long way before they were opened.

Later another message sifted in. This read:

"Baltic, 115 miles east of Ambrose Channel, going to assistance of Republic."

The message which was signed by Capt. Ranson was put on the wires by the Siasconset operator and a messenger boy ambed into the White Star offices within five minutes after Vice-President P. A. S. Franklin of the International Mercantile Marine Company had received the telegram from the Republic.

Soon again the hammock of wires over the head of the operator on the sand spit began to catch the code out of the air. The dots and dashes that sail through the magnetic detector and into the earpiece clamped to the side of Gimman's head were from Bimms on the Baltic. What ever might have been happening on board the sinking liner, Bimms stuck to his seat in the wireless room, and whether he had got his power from the energy generated by the donkey engine or by reserve storage batteries on the boat he was sending, evenly, calmly. This message was addressed to the White Star offices and read:

"Ability to keep afloat—engine room full." Somewhere out in the fog was La Lorraine of the French Line, steaming seaward. She had caught the alarm sent out by the Republic, and again the warning message from Siasconset. Capt. Tournier sent a wireless to the office of his company here: "Am going to the rescue of the Republic, which is sinking off Nantucket. Heavy fog. Cannot go to her right away, as we have to take our bearings."

As the morning advanced and the operator at Siasconset picked up the messages that were flying from the rescuing boats to the Republic he could trace upon his map the movements of the various liners away out there in the fog waste. The Lorraine, which was due in New York this afternoon, was the last to swing into line. At noon this message from Capt. Warr flashed from the ship to Siasconset, to be put on the land wires for the Cunard offices, at 24 State street:

#### WORD FROM THE LUCANIA.

"Sixty-five miles east of Nantucket. Hope to reach Republic at 4 P. M."

Once near the middle of the morning Gimman, who had been giving to the anxious folk on land news from the fog outside, tried the call for the Republic. "Ck—Ok—Ok" was the code summons he tapped off on his key and there was no answer. Finally he got the answering call. Bimms was still at his key.

"Power off, have to use storage batteries." Ok, was the word that came down from the wires overhead. After that there was a long silence. Here in New York the people who know about wireless gathered in a little knot in the office of the Marconi Company at 27 William street and tried to construct the situation that had hampered the talking wires. With the influx of water into the fire rooms and the shutting off of the power that drove the ship's dynamos, they said, the

only way that the Republic could keep her wireless going was by starting up the donkey engine on the forward deck and thus supplying power to the dynamos or by substituting storage batteries carried in reserve. Either of these makeshifts would shorten the radius of her zone of communication by at least half. Other ships near at hand might talk to her after her wireless waves had failed to reach the land station at Siasconset.

That the rescuing boats were rapidly drawing near and that they themselves were able to communicate with the Republic was proved at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when Siasconset got a flash from the Baltic for transmission to the White Star managers here. The message said that the Baltic was nearly by the side of the Republic, which still floated, and that all of the latter's passengers had been removed in safety to the Italian steamer Florida.

#### FIRST NEWS OF THE FLORIDA'S CONDITION.

The first rumor that the Italian steamer Florida was herself damaged, whether through collision with the Republic in the morning or subsequent disaster, came to the Marine Exchange from the operator at Siasconset about 5 o'clock. It had come from another boat, since the Italian was not equipped with wireless, and it was hazy and inconclusive.

Then at 6:45 o'clock came this to the White Star offices, which threw the first light upon the situation out beyond the fog curtain's edge. The message read:

"Florida in bad shape; steering for

New York in need of assistance. La Lorraine and Lucania searching for her. Handicapped by lack of wireless on Florida. Baltic nearing Republic, which is still afloat and directing Baltic's steering."

The last three words of this message proved that the Republic still could send messages from her mast wires to guide the steamer that were bearing down in her direction.

A later message, sent from one of the searching ships at 7:50 and received at the Cunard Line pier office, said that the Lucania and Lorraine were searching off Nantucket for "disabled steamer." This message was taken to refer to the Florida, which, unequipped with the talking wires as she is, could well be an object of search by boats so close together as that comfortably with each other over their wires.

About 7:40 there came also a message from Capt. Ranson of the Baltic to the White Star offices which showed that the hunt for the Florida and the Republic had been successful. The message said: "Have found Republic and Florida. Am standing by."

An hour later a second message came over the wireless to Siasconset from the White Star people. In this Capt. Ranson reported that he was getting ready to transfer the Republic's passengers from the Florida to the Baltic. The Florida's bow was crushed in, the message stated.

A despatch was received at the French line offices at 9:45 o'clock from Capt. Tournier of La Lorraine and read as follows:

"Woods Hole, Mass.—Republic passengers have left by Florida. Baltic remains. We have been asked by Republic to follow Florida. Will arrive at Sandy Hook daylight. Will not telegraph Paris anything."

#### TODAY.

At 10 o'clock last night the White Star company posted the following bulletin in its office:

"The Florida is heading this way at eight knots an hour. No 1 hold is filled with water. She will probably arrive in the harbor at 4 or 5 o'clock to-morrow afternoon. She is being convoyed by a steamer, either the Lorraine or the Baltic."

A wireless message received later in the evening said that the crew of the Republic had been transferred to one of the ships standing by at 6 o'clock and that the Republic was sinking.

#### PRASE FOR THE WIRELESS.

"Wireless? Why, it is the greatest safeguard against accident at sea that the world could have."

Thus Mr. Franklin, the vice-president of the International Mercantile Marine Company, expressed his relief as he sat in the office of the White Star company yesterday afternoon reading the yellow strips of paper that bore messages from Siasconset.

"It might have been as bad as the Bourgogne had it not been for the wireless," he added. "Not only has it enabled the Republic to call aid to her within five minutes after she was put in jeopardy but the thousands of people on shore who have friends on board of her can know as much as anybody does know about what is going on and how the passengers are being rescued. This is the most perfect test of the value of wireless since the invention was made."

John Bottomley, vice-president and general manager of the Marconi American Wireless Company, spoke of the discipline which had made possible all day long the almost instantaneous transmission of messages from the ships to the shore.

"The strictest rule of the company is that no matter what may be the press of commercial traffic when the danger signal C. Q. D. is given everything is dropped and the operator receiving it immediately instantly tries to ascertain the position of the ship so signalling, then to give word of her plight to other ships in the zone. This is done almost automatically this morning as we are pleased. We are pleased also that Bimms, the operator on the Republic, kept his head and stuck to his job until the end."

#### THE STEEL BULKHEAD AND THE WIRELESS WAVE.

When before yesterday was there ever a capital disaster to a great steamship at sea without a marked impairment, for some time thereafter, of confidence in the safety of the ocean passage and a strong accentuation in the public mind of its possibilities of peril?

It is a notable thing that such consequences are unlikely to follow the loss of the Republic, a vessel of fame for qualities that endear her memory to thousands. The legacy that is left by the rammed Republic and the lesson taught by her fate consist mainly of encouragement and reassurance to the ocean traveller.

Until science can banish fog or surround the hull of the fog hidden ship with a zone impassable without adequate warning, there must always be the possibility of accidents like those which destroyed the Oregon, La Bourgogne and now the Republic. In this last case, however, there has been a triumphant demonstration of the efficiency of the two greatest factors of human safety at sea under modern conditions, namely, the watertight compartment and the wireless telegraph. The trustworthiness of each and the special value of the two in combination in time of need have never had so signal an illustration.

This demonstration is something to be grateful for—apart from those larger reasons for profound gratitude which are so obvious as to render commonplace the expression of them.

# LINER REPUBLIC RAMMED AT SEA; FOUR LIVES LOST?

Florida Hit Her in Fog Off Nantucket While Her 461 Passengers Were Asleep.

## SURVIVORS ALL TAKEN OFF

Transferred to the Florida, Then to the Baltic, Which Heads in at 1 A. M.

## REPUBLIC ADRIFF HELPLESS

A Whole Company of Mighty Ships, Called by Wireless, to Her Aid.

## SKIPPER TRIES TO SAVE HER

But Is Reported to Have Left Her Early This Morning—The Rescued Will Be Here To-day.

### THE BALTIMORE REPORTS LOSS OF LIFE.

By MARCONI WIRELESS TELEGRAPH TO THE NEW YORK TIMES.

Steamship Baltic, via Siasconsett, Mass., Jan. 24, 1 A. M.—The steamship Florida collided with the Republic 175 miles east of the Ambrose Lightship at 5:30 A. M. on Saturday. The Republic's passengers were transferred to the Florida.

The Republic is rapidly sinking. It is doubtful if she will remain afloat much longer. The Baltic is now taking all the passengers aboard. The Lucania, Lorraine, and Furnessia are standing by to render assistance and convoy the Florida to New York.

It is reported on board that four passengers on the Republic have been killed.

The weather is threatening, and the Florida is seriously damaged. We hear that assistance is coming from New York.

MARCONI OPERATOR.

Out in the fog-hidden waters of the Atlantic, some 250 miles from this city, and 26 miles southeast of the Nantucket Lightship which guards the Nantucket shoals, the White Star liner Republic, outward bound from this city for Mediterranean ports, and laden with 461 passengers and supplies for the United States battleship fleet, met in collision early yesterday morning an incoming steamer, known to be the Florida of the Lloyd Italiano Line, bound for this port from Italian waters.

Fifteen hours or so later Capt. William L. Seaby of the Republic still stuck to his ship with his crew, but every one of the Republic's passengers had been transferred to the steamer Florida, still afloat, although her bow was caved in. It was this damage to

the Florida which soon afterward decided Capt. Ransom of the White Star liner Baltic, which had arrived at the scene in response to wireless appeals from the Republic, to remove all the passengers from the Florida into his own boat, including in the number the Florida's contingent as well as the men and women who had been transferred to her from the Republic.

### Transferring the Passengers.

A wireless message from Capt. Ransom, received at the office of the White Star Line here at 11:40 last night, said that only the desperate condition of the Florida had persuaded him to the move and he added that he had begun the work of transfer with twenty boats, each capable of carrying ten persons besides the crew that manned it.

The message stated also that the vessels lay about a mile apart, and it was estimated for this reason, that the Baltic could hardly accomplish the transfer of all the passengers before morning. The Baltic had on board 90 first-class passengers, 150 second-class passengers, and 220 steerage passengers. This number was far below her capacity, and Capt. Ransom wired that he would have no difficulty in caring for the 210 first-class passengers of the Republic as well as the 250 steerage passengers and the contingent from the Florida, which brought the total number added to his own list up to 1,242.

In the same message Capt. Ransom stated that the Republic was still afloat and had drifted sixteen miles nearer to the Nantucket Lightship, lying then about ten miles southeast of the Nantucket Beacon. Survivors on Baltic—Republic abandoned.

The transfer of the passengers to the Baltic was accomplished speedily and without incident, and shortly before 1 o'clock this morning both the Baltic and Florida started for this city. If the Baltic proceeds at her usual speed, not delaying for the Florida, she should reach here this afternoon.

A wireless message from the Baltic at 2 o'clock this morning, after many contradictory reports about the Republic had left her condition very much in doubt, said that she had been abandoned and that Capt. Seaby and his crew were aboard the Baltic. This was the news which reached this city in a series of fragmentary wireless messages yesterday and last night, and seafarers men declared that had it not been for this same wireless the story of the accident, when it finally reached this city, might have been far different.

The collision occurred at 5:30 in the morning when many of the Republic's passengers were still in their berths. Capt. Seaby was on the bridge. Ahead and upon all sides was an almost impenetrable fog. The Republic was coasting slowly along. She was a little off the beaten path for ocean liners, having turned a little north to get a start on the long sweep into the Mediterranean.

Suddenly there came a dozen quickly repeated blasts on a fog siren, apparently close at hand. Almost at the same instant a hazy shape loomed up in the mist bearing down on the Republic. There was no time to stop or reverse the engines. The oncoming steamer crashed into the Republic, hurling her over to one side as the sharp prow of the colliding vessel gouged through the iron plates into the engine room of the White Star liner. Then the vessel pulled away, righted herself, and staggered off into the fog.

In a moment Capt. Seaby had called his crew to quarters and had the collision bulkheads closed down, shutting off the engine room from the rest of the ship. All that he could do himself had then been done, and he turned to the last hope that remained, the wireless instrument. The operator needed no orders. Already his fingers were pressing the key, and out from the masthead leaped the ambuscade call of the sea, the signal, "C. Q. D." which, translated from the code, means, "All ships. Danger."

### Call for Help Heard.

Then message after message was flashed away from the stricken vessel, carrying the word that the Republic had been in collision, that she was in danger, and that she lay in latitude 40°17', longitude 70°. On the steamer Baltic, on the French liner Lorraine, at the Nantucket wireless station, at the naval stations at Newport, Woods Hole, and Provincetown the message was picked up.

Each ship which got the message turned in her tracks and sped toward the stricken ship. The revenue cutters Acushnet and Gresham started toward the scene, and the Lucania, incoming, notified from the shore, also turned off her course to hunt the Republic.

These messages were exchanged with the shore. Capt. Seaby got into communication with the White Star offices in this city, notifying his owners of the incident, but conveying the welcome news that there was no danger to life, and that his vessel would float for some time at least.

(With the sending of these messages all that could be done on board the ship had been done, and there remained to Capt. Seaby, his passengers, and his crew, nothing to do but wait until they could be transferred to the Florida, which was quickly done.

Whether or not the Florida was the vessel which struck the Republic cannot be told certainly. The vessel has no wireless apparatus and communication with her was impossible. It was generally accepted, however, that it was she who first drove the Republic, which was quickly done.

A late wireless report from Capt. Ransom stated that No. 1 hold on the Florida had been found to be filled with water.

Prior to the discovery of this fact it had been agreed that the Florida, which had already taken off the Republic's passengers before the arrival of the Baltic, should carry them to this port, the Baltic standing by as a convoy.

### Story of the Disaster.

Crash Came in Thick Fog When Passengers Were Asleep.

Full details of what occurred aboard the Republic when out of the fog off Nantucket the Florida, as it is supposed, smashed into her engine room bulkheads were not being given, as only was known when her passengers arrive here, probably to day. Here is the story of the collision as it appears from the facts reported in brief wireless dispatches and from a knowledge of conditions aboard the liner.

The Republic, out-bound, with her 250 cabin and 211 steerage passengers asleep in their berths, was groping slowly along through the dense fog about twenty-six miles east of the Nantucket Lightship, in the early morning. From out of the muck ahead came the little Florida, only half the size of the big White Star liner.

If she sounded a warning on her whistle it was too late. The officers on the Republic's bridge saw the other vessel coming in the mist ahead, bear down upon them, and the next moment they were struck amidships on the starboard side.

There must have been a terrific roll to port, as the Republic's side plates were torn asunder by the sharp prow of the colliding steamer. Iron and wood were rent apart, and the steel-had bow of the Florida bore'd its way into the White Star liner's engine room, immediately to back out again and stagger off out of sight into the fog, while tons of water plunged through the hole, putting out the fires.

### Engine Room Flooded.

The engine room forced itself up the ladders to the decks, cracked, gasping, and frightened. From the bridge the crew were called to quarters, and the collision bulkheads closed. With the vessel between seventy and eighty miles from the nearest land—for the Nantucket Lightship is fifty miles from shore—with water enough in the hold to sink the steamer with its cargo of human beings unless the bulkheads held, the wireless apparatus was then called upon to find the means of safety.

The operator had stuck to his post—he was sending a message when the collision occurred—and soon from the masthead of the Republic a message went out telling all who could understand within 200 miles, as concentric circles of little waves spread from a spot in the water in which a stone is dropped, that the Republic needed aid.

### Response to Wireless Call.

The passengers who hurried on deck when the crash came were told to prepare to take to the boats if necessary, while being assured of the Captain's belief that the watertight compartments would hold and prevent the Republic from sinking. And it was soon seen that the bulkheads were performing their work while the wireless was sending out the distress call, which no ship would heed.

It was not many hours before it was known that the Baltic, 100 miles from Sandy Hook, had turned in her tracks and was making for the stricken Republic at full speed; that the Lorraine, 75 miles away from Ambrose Channel, was also coming full speed ahead through the fog, and that all there was to do was to wait.

The vessel rolled in the seas, powerless to turn this way or that. The engine-room bulkheads still held, and there was now little doubt of the safety of all on board.

### A Rescuer Appears.

Presently a steamer hove in sight through the mist. She was believed to be the Lloyd's Italian liner Florida, with her bow smashed in. Evidently since she had run aground, she announced herself able and willing to take the Republic's passengers, and the transhipment was begun.

It was 12:30 o'clock when the last of the passengers left the stricken ship. Still Capt. Seaby and the crew stayed, hoping to save the vessel, now sinking lower and lower in the water.

Capt. Seaby and the crew stuck to the wrecked vessel through the afternoon. At 7:30 P. M. the Baltic found the Republic and stood by her and the Florida, on which were the rescued passengers. The Republic's crew were transferred, but still Capt. Seaby refused to leave his vessel.

## HOW WIRELESS SAVED A SHIPLOAD OF SOULS

Thrilling Story of the Rescue Call That Turned Other Liners to the Republic.

### C. Q. D. MEANS HELP QUICK

A General Ambulance Call of the Deep Sea to Which Probably Some 750 Owe Their Lives.

This is what happened in the Marconi wireless service when the first news of the accident to the Republic flashed across the ocean at 7 o'clock yesterday morning:

The steamships Baltic and Republic of the White Star line, Pennsylvania of the Hamburg-American line, incoming from Hamburg; the Furnessia of the Anchor Line, from Glasgow; the French liner Lorraine, from Liverpool, and the Atlantic Transport liner Minneapolis from London were all within the wireless zone of the shore stations along the coast.

The Lorraine and the Lucania were furthest in, and with the Republic, were holding communication with the station at Siasconsett; the Baltic, some ninety miles in toward New York, was just passing into the zone covered by the station at Sagaponack.

Each ship has an individual call letter. K. C. for the Republic, B. C. for the Baltic, L. L. for the Lorraine, and L. A. for the Lucania. The land stations take messages in order of priority. To avoid a babel of messages the land station in communication with the vessel calls the particular vessel it wishes to receive from or send a message to, and this call gives that particular vessel the "right of way." The others are tuned alike, keep silent and listen to the messages, or when needed, pass them along to others farther out at sea.

The Republic was in commercial communication at the time of the accident. She had been "talking to the station," and A. H. Gimman, the operator, was clicking off a message to the vessel. He was well under way, and everything was in working order, in spite of the fog, when suddenly a call came on the Republic broke in sharply, and there began to come into the station the letters "C. Q. D." This is the signal of the wireless code meaning that something important has happened and that all other shore stations and vessels in the wireless zone must instantly stop sending and give attention.

Instantly the operator on shore stopped his message and waited with some anxiety for the next flash. On each ship the operators were watching, for something of moment had plainly happened to cause the operator on the Republic to violate the etiquette of wireless and break in thus on the sending man ashore.

### "C. Q. D." Out of the Fog.

There were just a few seconds of waiting and then the Republic began to send in haste, repeating over and over again the letters "C. Q. D."

The added "D" meant danger, and the three letters together are a cry for help—general ambulance call of the deep sea. "C. Q. D." called the wireless out of the fog, and then came the Republic's identification, leaving out the wireless instrument ashore and on the other steamers began to deliver this, the first message telling of the accident.

6:40 A. M.—Rammed by unknown ship 29 miles south of Nantucket. Latitudes 40°17', longitude 70°.

At 7:30 P. M. the shore operator sent out another "C. Q. D." call, and then repeated the message, letting all other vessels within the zone, some 200 to 300 miles from the station, know what had happened and the steamship's need for help. The shore instrument is capable of covering a greater zone than the Republic, and could reach other vessels which might not have heard the call of distress from the Republic. It was an indirect appeal to every steamer within reach to make for the scene of the collision without delay.

### First Response from Baltic.

At this moment the Baltic was in communication with the Sagaponack Station on Long Island, some hundred miles west of Siasconsett. It was from the Baltic that the first answering message came. She sent word that she had picked up the Marconi wireless message and began to sound off a message telling both shore and ships that she was turning back on her course, and would increase her speed to find the Republic in the fog.

"Then from all the other vessels strange—the Lorraine, the Furnessia, the Baltic, the Marconi stations notice to the shore that they had heard the message and were also turning toward Nantucket to help. Then came the cutter Mohawk, the gunboat cutter Service, just made Woods Hole a cutter station. As soon as Gimman heard the message from the Baltic he forwarded it to the cutter Aspinwall there. She at once got out and steamed away in the fog.

The gunboat cutter Mohawk was on the scene on a derelict search. She, too, caught the message and hastened away. At 8:30 P. M. the time to find the Baltic, the wireless stations again message to the rescuing ships from the revenue cutter Acushnet, which got first to the Republic and an hour and a half later the Baltic. The hours went on and the batteries on the Republic began to fail from the ship herself, and the crew were forced to get aboard the Florida, herself partly disabled, and that there was a rescue fleet around doing all that could be done.

Later in the night the wireless messages from the Republic seemed to have failed, the White Star line received a wireless message from the cutter Mohawk telling that the Lucania and the Baltic were within reach of the Republic and she was directing their movements by her wireless.

This was the last message to be sent out only within a limited area.

### The Value of Wireless Shown.

"The accident," said John Bottomy, Vice President and General Manager of the Marconi system, last night, "has demonstrated the working of the Marconi system in case of danger. We are much pleased with the way the affair has been managed and the saving of life. We have sent a letter to A. H. Gimman, the operator at Siasconsett, thanking him for his promptness.

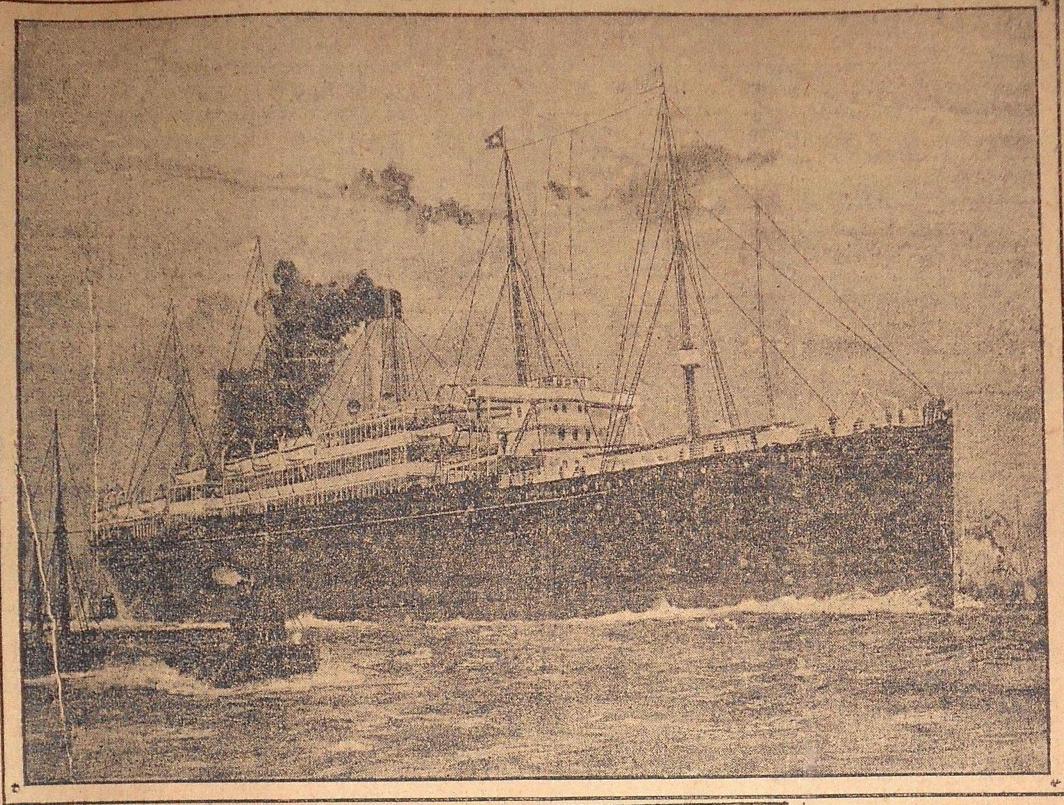
Mr. Bottomy said that the Marconi Company had recently given to the United States Government the call letters of all the 150 vessels equipped with its system. Special attention has been called to the C. Q. D. call which is only used in case of emergency. All 150 stations are equipped with long distance apparatus, which will reach 2,000 miles from high power stations.

## THE FLORIDA A NEW SHIP.

She Is About Half the Size of the Boat She Rammed.

The Florida belongs to the fleet of the Italian line. She is a new ship, about half the size of the Republic. She was built at Genoa, Italy, in 1903. She is described in the Record of American and Foreign Shipping for 1903 as a steel screw steamer with square-rigged rigging. She is 281.4 feet in length, 43.8 in breadth and 25.7 in depth. Her tonnage is placed at 3,221. She is equipped with two three-cylinder triple-expansion engines, 42 x 72, by 10 with 376 nominal horse power. She was docked for repairs two years ago. She runs between Naples and New York.

## The White Star Liner Republic.



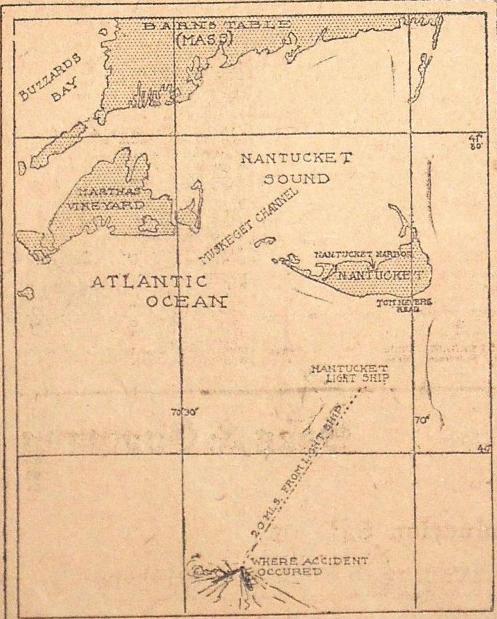
THE RESCUE OF THE REPUBLIC.

The rescue of the passengers and crew of the White Star steamer Republic is a signal triumph for the wireless telegraph. That invention has given man one more potent weapon in his fight to control the forces of nature. In bridging space, penetrating the pall of the fog and patrolling the wastes of the ocean it has greatly reduced the perils of travel by sea and narrowed the opportunities for great sea disasters.

Under conditions prevailing up to a few years ago the Republic would probably have been unable to summon assistance in time. Struck in the dead of night and drifting helplessly in a dense fog, the big liner might have lingered, as she did for a few hours, and then gone down without getting into communication with the shore or with any passing ship. Her passengers and crew would have suffered a fate only too common in the history of the dangerous route from Sandy Hook to Cape Race. But the wireless telegraph has happily transformed the conditions of ocean travel. If a damaged vessel happens to be near shore or near a generally traveled ocean lane it can communicate its plight to many possible rescuers. To keep afloat for half a day is to make rescue fairly certain.

Thus the Republic's messages quickly reached the shore stations from Newport to Portsmouth and were caught by the Baitle, the Lucania and the Lorraine, and concerted efforts could be made to effect a rescue. Whatever part the Florida may have played in connection with the accident, it was mere chance that the passengers could thus be transferred to a vessel without the wireless apparatus. But if she had not been by, it is clear that the ships summoned from afar would have arrived in time to effect a rescue. The complete success of these efforts will be hailed as the sign of a great deliverance from the terrors of the past by the thousands who travel the Atlantic. It will help to eliminate a dread only too well founded in harrowing experiences and to increase man's confidence in his ultimate ability to overcome the destructive elements in the world about him. On the fog laden sea, where he long seemed so utterly helpless and isolated, he has now the grateful assurance of neighborly communication and assistance.

The remarkable contrast between the happy rescue of all the passengers and crew of the Republic and the fate of the ship's company of the Bourgogne, in 1898, gives a striking measure of progress in ten years.



Scene of the Collision.

### NAVAL STORES LOST.

Admiral Sperry May Have to Get Supplies from Relief Ship.

The Republic carried stores for Rear Admiral Sperry's fleet, which were valued at \$61,000. These it is feared will be a total loss.

The stores were to be taken to Gibraltar by the Carnatic, but for some reason this plan was changed, and they were sent on the Republic. This comprised immense quantities of fresh and smoked meats, turkeys, potatoes, sugar, butter, and eggs. It will be impracticable for the navy to start a fresh cargo in time to meet the battleship fleet at Gibraltar before it departs for the United States, and the Admiral may purchase his meats and other supplies from those aboard the Celtic, which has been sent to Italy for the sufferers, the money to be paid for them being used for other relief purposes.

### REPUBLIC A HANDSOME SHIP.

Flagship of the White Star Boston Service—Only Four Years Old.

The White Star liner Republic was commissioned in 1904. She has been regarded as "the finest liner in the White Star Boston European service, of which she was the flagship. Since she took her place in the service she has several times been used in the New York-Mediterranean service in the Winter season. The voyage that ended so disastrously off Nantucket yesterday was one of these extra assignments.

The Republic was of 15,400 tons displacement. For several years she held the record for the fastest passage between Boston and Queenstown. She was

luxuriously equipped for the saloon passenger trade, and her second-cabin accommodations, which were not used in this trip, compare favorably with the second-cabin equipment of any liner afloat.

The finest apartments on the liner were the dining saloon with its seating capacity of 200 diners; the library, the smoking room, and the lounge. The dining saloon was finished in ornamental wood. The upholstery was of rich texture, and the wood carvings were done in the finest taste found on any vessel afloat. The great dome that formed the principal decorative feature of the ceiling of the dining saloon was another much admired fixture. The library and smoking rooms were equally well equipped.

The lounge was put on the promenade deck and was perhaps the most popular apartment on board with the first-class passengers. Suites for saloon passengers and the cabins de luxe were splendidly furnished and appointed.

The Republic was a single funnel ship, 570 feet long, 67.8 feet wide, and 24 feet deep. She had twelve water-tight compartments, each divided into two sections. The largest single compartment was that amidships, containing the engines. She was built at the John Brown & Company shipyards in 1903, and was commissioned in the following year.

The only previous collision in which the Republic was figure was a slight one on Sunday, Feb. 16, 1907. While entering the harbor of Naples the Republic and the Central America, a double-decker liner,撞到了一起。No one was hurt, but the passengers of the Republic were alarmed. Both ships were considerably damaged.

On her first trip from Boston to Liverpool the Republic had the distinguished company of the Royal Artillery Company of London at the conclusion of their tour of the United States as the guests of the American and British Toy Company of Boston. On her last trip to New York the Republic brought the first refugees from the Sicilian and Calabrian earthquake to land on American shores.

After the acquisition of the Dominion Line by the White Star Line, the renamed vessel was placed in the newly established Boston-Mediterranean service, together with the Canopus and the Cambria, also purchased from the Dominion Line. Later the Republic was transferred to the New York-Mediterranean service.

### THE REPUBLIC COLLISION.

The reports of the collision of an unknown vessel with the outgoing steamship Republic, with 40 passengers on board, near the South Shoals yesterday morning prove once more the utility of the wireless telegraph as a means of saving life at sea. Wireless messages from the damaged steamship quickly summoned to its aid vessels enough to insure the safety of its passengers.

Collision in a fog and fire at sea are now almost the only dangers to be dreaded in an ocean voyage. The construction of the modern ships and the discipline observed on them have minimized the danger of fire, while collisions such as that which damaged the Republic are never likely to occur except when a vessel is near the coast. In the open sea the peril is never great.

Most of the cabin passengers of the Republic were bound on pleasure trips in Southern Europe and the Orient. Their pleasure has been sadly marred by the shock they experienced and a few hours of apprehension, and also by an expensive loss of time, if not of all their luggage. Probably many of them, when they get home, will stay there and defer their European trips until the weather is more propitious. With the Sicilian earthquake and the wreck of the Republic, projects of pleasure travel have been much marred this Winter.

The news of the collision caused great excitement throughout the country yesterday, but the fears of a terrible loss of life were soon allayed. The rescued passengers have the consolation of knowing that their lives were never actually in danger. Steamships and revenue cutters quickly responded to the wireless appeal. The only gratifying feature of the incident is the proof it affords that the newest of man's inventions has greatly decreased the danger to human life at sea.

## REPUBLIC CAN BE SAVED

IN NO IMMEDIATE DANGER,  
THE LINE HEARS.

Story of the Accident as It Came by Wireless to the Office Here—Ship Struck Amidships and Engine Room Wrecked—Tugs Are Hurried to the Rescue.

This is the story of the disaster told by a White Star Line official based on wireless despatches received and sent by that office:

The first intimation that the company had of an accident to the Republic was a wireless message which was delivered at the company's office at 8:10 o'clock yesterday morning. It was from Capt. Seaby. It did not have the time on it. It said that the Republic had been rammed by an unknown vessel, but was able to keep afloat. This was sufficient to let the officials of the company know that the accident was serious. Later, about 9 o'clock, a message was received from Capt. Ranson of the Baltic, dated 7:25, which said that he had been in communication with the Republic, had learned that she had been in collision and asked for help. It was thick off Nantucket then, according to him, and the Baltic, which started back at once to find the Republic, could not place her. He said that the steamers Lorraine and Lucania, which had also been in touch with the Republic, were seeking for the disabled vessel.

After the first message there were more received from the captain of the Republic, but Capt. Ranson of the Baltic was in constant communication with the office and later notified the company that the passengers of the Republic had been transferred to the steamer Florida.

The weather was so thick that it was impossible for those on the searching steamers to find the disabled vessel, but they were at times able to get in communication with her, and the news learned this way by Capt. Ranson of the Baltic was transferred to the company in this city. In this way it was learned that the Republic had been struck amidships and that the engine room was full of water, but all watertight compartments were closed, and so the vessel was able to keep afloat. The Republic is a modern vessel and has sixteen watertight compartments. There is a longitudinal steel bulkhead which divides the engine room. She has twin engines, and one is in each compartment. If only one compartment had been flooded it would have been possible for the vessel to have come back to port under one engine, but both were put out of business, and Capt. Seaby was using a donkey engine to pump out water and to work his wireless outfit.

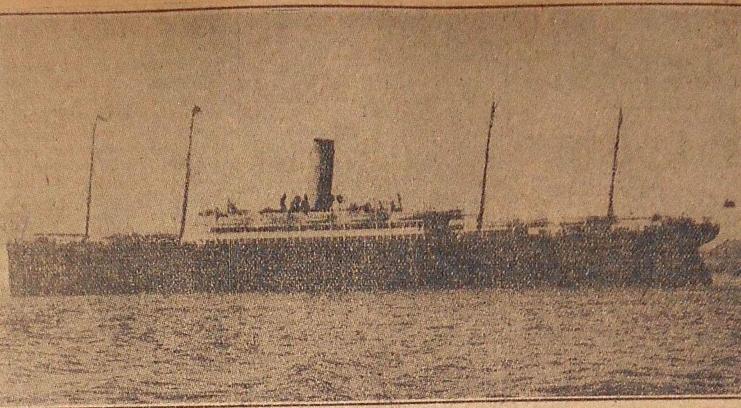
Only recently the company had storage batteries put on board the Republic for the wireless. These batteries were not strong enough to enable her to send a message a long distance, but were probably powerful enough to send a few miles, and in this way Capt. Seaby was able to communicate with Capt. Ranson and the commanders of the other ships that were searching for the disabled vessel.

It was impossible to state the position of the Republic accurately, as there had been a thick fog for several hours and no opportunity to get a sight, so that to find the vessel was a difficult job, as it was only known that she was about twenty miles south of the Nantucket Shoals lightship.

In the company's office the experts got to work on the information and figured that even if six of the compartments were filled with water the vessel would still keep afloat and as the sea off Nantucket was very smooth the chances of saving her were very good indeed.

The fact that both engines were out of business and that both compartments were filled with water told that the Republic had been rammed hard and that either the vessel that struck her had gone through the longitudinal bulkhead or else had driven one engine through into the compartment on the opposite side of the steamer.

It was also figured that the Republic must have been struck on the starboard side about amidships. The Republic was steaming east and the Florida was heading this way. She was probably standing in toward Nantucket in order to be reported, and heading west by north or northwest would have struck the Republic at a sharp angle. That she was struck on the starboard side, if it be true, was fortunate, as on the Republic all the first class staterooms on the main deck are on the port side.



THE WHITE STAR LINER REPUBLIC.

## WIRELESS TOLD WORLD

CALL FOR AID O'ER SEA  
AND LAND.

How Land and Ship Stations, Scores  
of Miles Apart, Told,  
the News.

Early in the evening another message told that the Baltic had at last found the Republic and that she was still afloat, but that her engine compartments were full of water. The passengers were then on the Florida. Capt. Ranson did not give any details as to how the accident happened, but he did say that not a life had been lost and no one was injured. He asked for instructions.

The company sent him word that to save life was his first duty. It suggested that the Florida should proceed to this port with the passengers on board and that the Baltic should convoy that vessel and if possible transfer the passengers to the Baltic so as to make them more comfortable and land them quicker.

At 9:55 Capt. Ranson sent a message which said that the Florida had started for New York and was making about eight nautical miles an hour; that she would probably arrive off Sandy Hook between 4 and 5 o'clock this afternoon, and that the Baltic would convoy the Florida, and if the weather was fine in the morning he would take the passengers from the Florida.

The Florida at her best can make about fifteen miles an hour, but could not make more than half that speed under her present condition. If the passengers were transferred to the Baltic that vessel, being able to make sixteen miles an hour, would land them here much earlier.

According to Capt. Ranson the weather had then cleared, but the wind was coming from the east which, at this season of the year is likely to kick up a nasty sea and so hurt the chances of saving the Republic.

Capt. Realby and his crew were still on the disabled steamer then and were waiting for the help that had been ordered. As soon as the tugs arrived it was the intention of Capt. Seaby to head for the nearest port and should the weather become bad to have the Republic beached on Nantucket or some other shoal and feot.

At 11 o'clock another wireless was received by the White Star Company from Capt. Ranson. This said that he and Capt. Realby were still in communication and consulting about the advisability of transferring the passengers on the Florida to the Baltic as the Florida was in bad shape and a strong wind was coming up. At the same time a message was received which said that the two revenue cutters had reached the disabled Republic and that attempts would be made to get that ship into port or to beach her if necessary.

The White Star Line's offices were kept open all night and will be open all day to-day, so that those who are anxious about passengers on the Republic can learn the latest news about them. The telephones in the offices, and there are many of them, were kept busy all the afternoon and until late in the evening with inquiries. In each case the facts as they were known were given, and the telephone number of the inquirer taken so that later news could be given as soon as it was received.

## WIRELESS TOLD WORLD

CALL FOR AID O'ER SEA  
AND LAND.

How Land and Ship Stations, Scores  
of Miles Apart, Told,  
the News.

It was in the neighborhood of 4 o'clock when the Republic and the unknown steamer crashed into each other. It was two hours later that Captain Ranson, after a thorough examination, decided that the Republic's passengers must leave the ship as soon as possible. At 5 o'clock, four hours after the shock of collision, the following message went a thrill through the receiving operator at the United States navy yard at Charlestown, Mass., 150 miles from the disabled steamer:

"To revenue cutter Gresham, Boston: The steamer Republic in distress and sinking. Latitude 40:17; longitude, 70."

The engine room of the Republic was flooded, but her wireless apparatus was equipped with a storage battery system, and with this at his command Binne, the wireless operator, sent his call for aid continuously out into the night. It reached the Siasconset wireless station, seventy-five miles away, and Siasconset took it up.

"C D 2" was the warning that carried through 150 miles of black fog, and every wireless operator on ship or on shore in that zone sat up and in turn sent out the call, until it became an endless chain of air waves, spelling "Republic in distress and sinking. Latitude 40:17; longitude 70."

Station after station took it up, and it reached ship after ship. Ship after ship took it up, and crowded on full steam ahead and forged into the fog wall. The cry of the Republic sounded within a radius of from sixty to one hundred and fifty miles of the spot where she was to go down. Highland Light got it, 120 miles away, and passed it on. Newport got it, 108 miles away, and flashed the warning out. New Bedford, 105 miles away, caught it, and the United States ship Seneca, in the harbor there, started to the rescue. The revenue cutter Mohawk, cruising 135 miles away, received the call, and turned her prow for the designated latitude and longitude.

## BALTIC AND LA LORRAINE HEED CALL.

Westward bound, the Baltic, sister ship of the Republic, and La Lorraine were pushing cautiously into unending gloom. They were hardly more than ten miles apart, the Baltic being about seventy-eight miles from the scene of the collision, when simultaneously the message bearing waves struck their wireless masts. On the instant courses were changed. The wireless feelers of these two vessels then stretched out into the night and fog, and soon there was an answer from the Cunarder Lucania, likewise westward bound.

Then began one of the strangest and weirdest scenes recorded in the annals of modern seafaring life. Bound for the same spot, unable to get their bearings, almost feeling their way, unseen, unheard, yet constantly talking to one

another as though side by side, were three huge greyhounds of the Atlantic and four United States revenue cutters, the Seneca, the Mohawk, the Acushnet and the Gresham. Collision threatened them, and the fate that had overtaken the Republic lurked for them in the fog. They kept on. "Have you found her?" "Are you talking with her?" they asked one another.

The nearest of the government cutters was three and a half hours' run away. One was at New Bedford, one at Watch Hill and one off Cape Cod, while the derelict destroyer Seneca was cruising off shore searching for a wreck at a point about forty miles away from the place

where the Republic was thought to be still foundering. The big liners were twice that distance away.

The Republic's dry battery was losing its power, but it continued to do noble service. "Still afloat," it called, and "She's still afloat" was passed around from ship to ship of the fleet hunting for the helpless one in the unfurling fog, from station to station on shore.

"When twenty-six miles south of Nantucket Lightship this morning was run into by an unknown vessel. Engine room full of water. Can remain afloat. No danger and no lives lost."

This was the wireless message transmitted by telegraph received at the White Star Line offices in New York at 10 o'clock.

At 9:45 a. m. a wireless message reached Vineyard Haven saying that the passengers and crew of the Republic had been taken off by another vessel. A wireless message, transmitted to the White Star offices, reported the revenue cutter Acushnet alongside the Republic just before 10 o'clock.

The government wireless operators at New-York reported that at 11:30 a. m. they could still hear the wireless working faintly from the Republic, but there were indications that the storage batteries were becoming exhausted. The same operators at 11:50 a. m. heard from the revenue cutter Acushnet, then somewhere off Gay Head, that she had picked up messages stating that passengers on the Republic were being transferred to another steamer, that La Lorraine was searching for the Republic, and that the Baltic was forty miles away, hastening to the Republic's assistance.

Thus each step in the hide-and-seek game in the fog, every measure of success that was being taken and the assurance of the safety of the passengers were flashed by wireless from station to station, from ship to ship, and, transmitted by Morse code and instruments, told all the waiting, anxious world of the fate of the steamer and her human freight.

The Republic's instrument in its dying breath told New York that the Florida was taking off the passengers and crew.

At 12:30 p. m. the Cunarder Lucania reported that the Republic would soon sink. The Lucania's message said that wireless communication with the Republic at that hour was nearly perfect. Not only had the Lucania caught the warning from the sea-sept messages, but a message first sent by wire from the office of her line told her to look out for the damaged vessel.

Having told of the transfer of the passengers to the Florida, the magic wireless told of a new danger. Word was sent broadcast over sea and land that she was displaying signals for assistance. It told thereafter of every step in the closing act of this sea drama; how the Baltic found the Republic and started with the Florida for New York, and how the Republic plunged to the bottom when all had left her.

## FIRST GREAT TEST OF WIRELESS SAVES 761 AT SEA

*Continued from Preceding Page.*

telegraphy was put to a full test. It told promptly of the danger, summoned aid, and then kept the ever-changing situation fully before the eyes of the enthralled world.

The wireless told of the transfer of the passengers from the sinking Republic to the steamer Florida, and then that it was the Florida which had rammed her. It told of the Florida standing by to aid the crew, herself in some distress, and then of the arrival of the liners that had hastened to the rescue, and even unto the last act, when Captain Sulby, of the Republic, the last to leave the vessel, stood by in his gig to wait for his ship to disappear forever into the graveyard of the liner and the tramp—the best of the ocean.

### CAPTAIN'S MESSAGE:

"NO DANGER TO LIFE."

The first flash of the wireless, the danger signal, picked up from the air came at 6:40 yesterday morning. The wireless operator at the Siasconset (Mass.) station, looking out upon the gray fog bank that hid the sea, was aroused by the faint calling of some steamer using the Marconi call of distress.

It proved to be the Republic calling, and the message was that the Republic was in distress and was sinking.

Quickly, the operator got into communication with other stations and reported the news. There was a long pause before the next message came. It read:

"Republic was rammed by an unknown steamer, twenty-six miles east of Nantucket. No danger to life."

The Republic was sending her way through the heavy fog, sounding her siren, sounding her fog bell, using her submarine for signal and occasionally sending out wireless flashes to the port of other liners, using every precaution known to silence to prevent an accident.

But suddenly there was a black blur where the fog had shown gray—a blur that grew larger and was suddenly wiped away to reveal the fainter blur of a line of lights. The Republic ducked hard down upon her.

Before a touch of the hand could send a signal to the engine room to sound a belated alarm, the unknown vessel that had come out of the rolling gray mist plunged into the Republic almost simultaneously and tore a great hole in her side.

### TWO GIANTS STRIKE, THEN DRIFT APART.

The two vessels drifted apart and the unknown steamer disappeared, while the doors of the water-tight compartments of the Republic were being closed with a clang and every urgent measure taken to prevent her sinking.

It was in this state that the operator in the wireless room of the liner flashed out his message to the world at large for assistance.

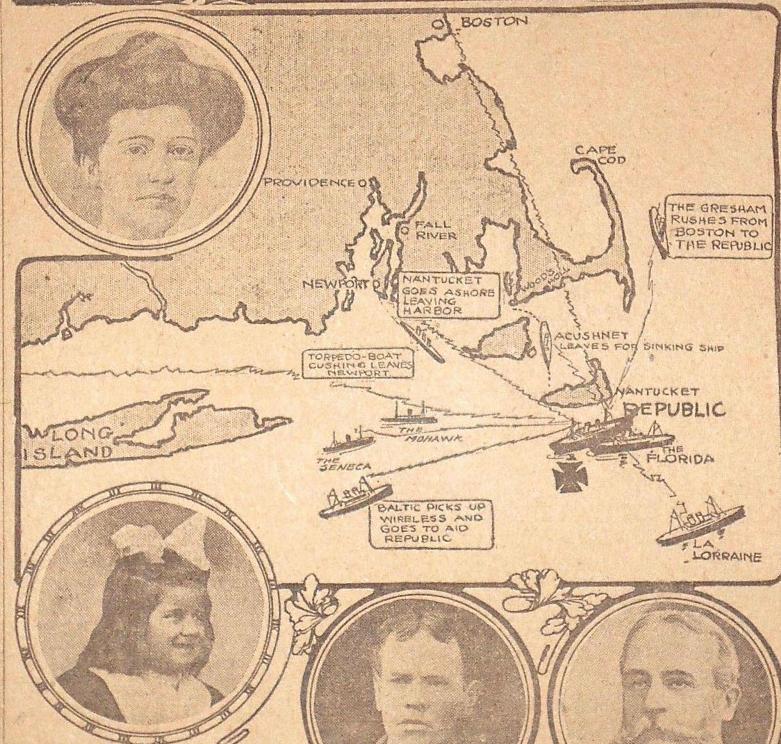
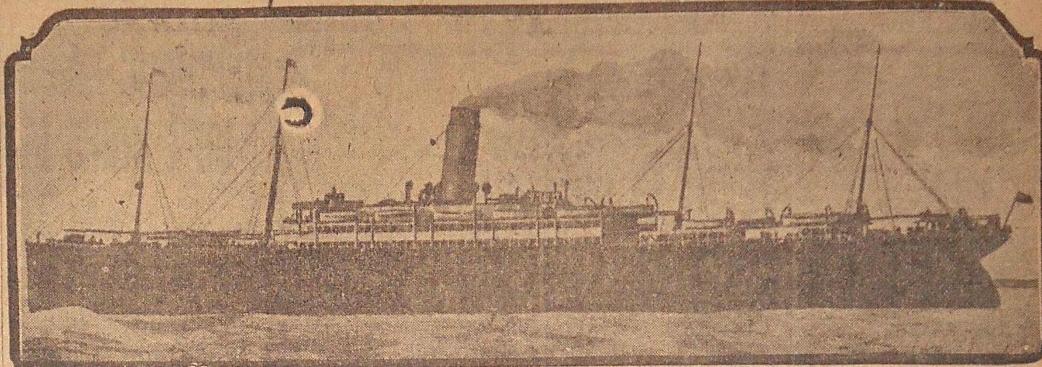
There was a long and distressing pause before the wireless operator began to speak again after the first call of distress. But the fragmentary message from the vessel in distress had been so clear that he could follow along that Eastern coast and back out to sea, even over the very hull of the disabled ship, so that her own wireless instruments responded to his pulsations. Messages were changing the fog-laden air.

Quickly came responses from these messengers of alarm, as though all the liners were life guards on patrol and only awaiting the signal to act. The first to respond was the Mohawk, which was the first to catch the signal and respond. She was eastbound to New York, on the home-stretch to port, and during her watch came along in the fog. She was off Montauk Point when her wireless instruments began to pulse and record the fact that the Republic was in distress.

### BIG BALTIC STOPS. THEN TURNS, A HERO.

As soon as the message was delivered to the Captain on the bridge, giving the approximate location of the sinking Republic, he dictated a hasty reply. It stated simply that he would go at once to the aid of the distressed ship. And so the big liner, which had been the slow-jogging liner, was almost instantaneously transformed into an active agent of rescue. The passengers wondered at the big liner's sudden change of heart, and her propellers began to churning faster and faster, until they were churning at full speed, and the big liner was sloshing straight into the fog.

## Liner That Was Rammed, Diagram Sketch of Disaster, and Four Prominent Passengers



Above the diagram is Mrs. John T. Davis, sister-in-law of Senator Elkins, and below is Miss Hallie Davis.

### J. B. Connally, MOHAWK GOES AGROUND; NANTUCKET IN TROUBLE.

All started to the aid of the Republic, but in her haste the Mohawk ran fast aground and the Acushnet, a coastwise steamer, which had gone aground off Nantucket, was driven upon the rocks and sank. The passengers from the Nantucket were taken off and put ashore in boats.

But with this small fleet in motion, the one of "C. & D." the wireless signal of distress, was still flashed out to sea, no definite word had not been received from the Republic and the two ships which had responded to the first call had run three to four hours run distant from the Republic.

While addressed to the Gresham, the message was for the most part blank and the ship which read it were the revenue cutter Acushnet, on her way out of Woods Hole, Mass., the revenue cutter Mohawk, off New Bedford, and the Seneca, off New London.

### General Brayton Ives.

The evening Leavening of the Coast Guard, at 12:30 in the afternoon that she was three and a half hours run from the Republic and proceeding with all speed to the rescue. From eight to ten hours.

The men from all points of the compass of refugees from Messina, escaping from the sea, began to arrive. They were welcomed with the unseen danger of the wireless, and the unknown of the accident, and the officers of the Florida had a difficult task to quiet their own passengers and take a hasty survey of the scene.

The Captain had no time in sending a reassuring message about the condition of the vessel, but gave no word of the damage before groping through the fog to find and assist the vessel she had rammed. The Florida is said to have been off her course to account for the collision with the Republic, as given by the company. The cargo, light because of her being a passenger steamer, is worth between \$100,000 and \$200,000.

### AND FLORIDA HAD OVER \$1,100 ON BOARD.

The Florida is not equipped with wireless, and it was one chance in a million that she would find the half-submerged Republic in the fog especially as the Republic had been raised or her own location, which would turn her and seek the Republic.

The evening Leavening of the Coast Guard, at 12:30 in the afternoon that she was three and a half hours run from the Republic and proceeding to the rescue. Then the Captain came to the message of the timely appearance of the liner, and of the removal of passengers from the Republic to this vessel.

The brief messages gave but meager descriptions of the scenes above the water line, but it was not until after 7 o'clock at night that the Baltic came in sight of the Republic and the Florida, which was standing close by. La Lorraine and the Lucia waited for further communication from the Baltic before attempting to get closer.

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When the Republic left the New York Harbor, she had run into a thick blanket fog which had been hanging over the Atlantic coast for the past two or three days. She lagged behind the Seneca.

Hook lightship before passing the South-west Spit, as though to determine whether it would be advisable to proceed in the fog. La Lorraine, which had been the first signs of its lifting, and the vessel proceeded on her way. Evidently she had her way through fog for the 200 miles lying between Sandy Hook and Nantucket.

No immediate demonstration of the value of the wireless telegraph service in its relation to safety at sea was so striking as that made by Captain Sealy, of the steamer Republic. It was the first practical application of the system, and the first vital application of the system since its perfection by Marconi. Had it been in this service no one would have heard of the accident, and the vessel might well have been left to sink, with perhaps never a word to tell relatives and friends of the fate which she had met.

#### FIRST GREAT TEST OF WIRELESS A SUCCESS.

As it was, from the very first, communication was established between the

injured liner and ships hundreds of miles away and the shore. When the complete chronological catalogue of the messages from the Republic is made up it will stand as one of the most dramatic pages in maritime annals.

The first message came to the operator at the Boston Navy Yard, sitting in his observatory, gazing out into the fog-bound waters of Massachusetts Bay.

It read:

The steamship Republic has been rammed in lat. 40°47' long. 70° Badly hurt. Need immediate assistance.

It was this message that went everywhere.

Then came this:

To Revenue Cutter Gresham, Boston. The steamer Republic in distress and sinking. Latitude 40°17'; longitude 70°26' miles south of Nantucket.

The captain of the Baltic also wired the New York offices of the company as follows:

Received message from Republic of ramming. Will proceed to her assistance. Reach her at all speeds. Now 115 east of Ambrose Channel.

Next came the message from Captain Sealy, to the White Star office in the city:

A message from the captain of La Lorraine, which came through the wireless station at Siasconsett, was as follows:

Going to help Republic sinking southwest of Nantucket Lightship. Heavy fog. Your instructions on distress signaling will do all possible to save crew and passengers.

The inward bound Lucania of the Cunard Line also received the Republic's summons for aid as this Marconi message received from her captain quickly showed:

"An sixty-five miles east of Nantucket Lightship at noon to-day. Will reach Republic's assistance about 4 p.m. Weather very hazy."

For eleven years great ocean liners have been remarkable for their safety record. The last serious accident on the American coast was the sinking of the French Line steamer Boulogne, a rammer of Calais, which the ship Cromartyshire. She went in the bottom with the loss of almost every one on board. Previous to that the Cunarder Oregon was rammed off Fire Island in the early eighties by an

#### A Triumph for Wireless.

The most signal triumph yet scored by wireless telegraphy comes in connection with the disastrous collision between the steamers Florida and Republic on the Massachusetts coast Saturday morning.

By its mysterious means the doomed vessel

was able to give New York the news of the wreck

at once, was able to report to the anxious ones

on shore the progress of the breathless events

on board, the transfer of passengers from the more

damaged to the less injured ship, was able to sum-

mon a number of other steamers and relief ships

from various points on the ocean to the aid of

the endangered thousands on board.

Does this sound commonplace? Imagine for a

moment what it would have meant to the people of the vessel which had rammed them. It was believed to have been worse than

of half a century ago. Had the fathers of their own by those aboard the Republic, but out of the fog, with her bow

middle aged men of today been told that through twisted and broken, crawled the Florida.

the air for hundreds and thousands of miles elec-

tric intelligence could be exchanged; no wires, no Florida. The strength of the bulkheads of the watertight compartments

poles, no subterranean method of communication was under a severe strain, but Captain William J. Sealy and his crew re-

simply the harnessing of the atmosphere to fuse to the ship. The Florida would not proceed without them, and

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All went aboard the Florida except Captain Sealy and the crew of his

indifferent and become unappreciative of the new gig. They waited until the Republic sank out of sight, a fortune to be

agencies being constantly broken to their conven-

ience.

Strange and wonderful enough in the abstract,

wireless telegraphy takes a new importance when,

in the case of Saturday's disaster at sea, it

comes to the rescue of imperiled men, women

New York safely and started on the 200 mile journey before midnight.

and children and directly contributes to their

safety. It is in such an instance that society

first signs of distress to take over the passengers of the Republic and

for a moment realizes what this occult force called Florida. It is expected that the Florida will reach New York about 7

o'clock to-night.

# REPUBLIC RAMMED AT SEA; 1,900 ON 2 SHIPS IN PANIC; ALL SAVED

Florida, in Fog Off Nantucket, Strikes  
White Star Giant Death Blow, Then  
Crawls Back to Rescue Passen-  
gers as Wireless Summons Aid.

## CREW STANDS BY SINKING SHIP TILL HOPE IS GONE

Great Vessels Catch Aerograms and Race to Aid.

Baltic Guards Quivering Florida as She Starts  
on 200-Mile Journey to N. Y.—Notables Aboard.  
All Due Here To-day.

After more than fourteen hours of great suspense, from the time the wireless telegraph aboard the White Star liner Republic reported early in the morning that the ship had been rammed and was sinking about twenty-six miles southwest of the Nantucket lightship, the last word from the scene of the disaster was flashed by wireless late last night that the Republic had been abandoned and gone down.

The Republic was eastbound from New York to Mediterranean ports and was groping her way at half speed through the fog when, without warning, the Florida, of the Lloyd Italian Line, westbound from Naples to New York, loomed up in the bath.

A moment later the Florida struck the Republic a crushing blow almost amidships, and when the vessels parted the sea poured into the hold of the Republic. Promptly the watertight compartments were closed, and the science of modern ship building held true, for the Republic was kept afloat for many hours and not a life was lost as the result of the collision.

### 1,900 in Panic on Two Ships.

On both ships the officers and crew had a difficult task in calming the passengers who were thrown into a wild panic by the crash of the vessels while most of them were still in their berths. In all there were 1,900 souls aboard the two vessels, and their fate was in jeopardy until the extent of the damage was learned.

The Florida almost immediately disappeared in the fog. The Republic, with her boiler and engine rooms flooded, was helpless, and those aboard did not even know the identity of the ship which had dealt their vessel a death blow in the dark.

Sole dependence for aid rested upon the wireless, and the operator sent broadcast his appeals for aid. There were responses from many sides, and was only a matter of a few hours for some of the vessels who had heard the call to reach the side of the Republic.

But the black fog hindered and harassed them, and even with the guidance of the wireless, and the further aid of the submarine fog bells, another harrowing invention with which modern liners are equipped, they groped helplessly and at great peril to themselves for hours in a vain effort to locate the sinking Republic.

### Out of Fog Crawls Florida to Rescue.

In this hour of peril succor came from an unlooked-for source. The fate of the vessel which had rammed them was believed to have been worse than of half a century ago. Had the fathers of their own by those aboard the Republic, but out of the fog, with her bow

middle aged men of today been told that through twisted and broken, crawled the Florida.

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comes to the rescue of imperiled men, women

New York safely and started on the 200 mile journey before midnight.

### Wireless Gives Graphic Report.

A disaster of the fog-bound sea, one of the fearsome mishaps of the unmarked paths of travel, where two great liners, freighted with sleeping passengers, collide and are left crippled or sinking, was for the first time yesterday graphically reported by wireless telegraphy.

Fragmentary messages first told that the White Star steamship Republic, one day out from New York, had been rammed and was sinking. It was the crippled ship that first reported her own misfortune and sent a thrilling call for aid.

The Republic said that she was rammed by an unknown steamer. She reported herself as sinking and gave no intimation of the fate of the other ship.

On the Republic, one of the modern giants of the ocean, were 731 souls. Of these 250 were first cabin passengers, leisure tourists on their way to the sunny countries of southern Europe; 211 steerage passengers, most of them returning for a visit to their native countries, and 219 of crew and officers.

For more than an hour the fog-cloaked sea held the fate of these souls, and as many more as were aboard the other vessel in the collision, an impenetrable mystery.

### Big Liners Race to Wounded Vessel.

Then came another message that all were safe. Again and again, at intervals, the mysterious messages came out of the great bank of fog off the Massachusetts coast, telling a fragmentary but comprehensive story of the stirring drama being enacted far out at sea—of unexpected succor at the hour of urgent need, and of other ships hearing the call sent out to the four winds and hastening to the aid of the sinking vessel.

In this race of the three big liners to the aid of the wounded Republic, as yet unaware of the fate of those aboard, was furnished the most exciting side of this thrilling marine disaster, when for the first time the wireless

## Ships That Heard Wireless Calls of Republic and Went to Her Aid

The Baltic, of the White Star Line—100 miles away.

La Lorraine, of the French Line—75 miles away.

The Lusitania—150 miles away.

Revenue Cutter Gresham—At Provincetown, 100 miles away.

Revenue Cutter Acusnot—At Woods Hole, 100 miles away.

Torpedo Boat Cushing—At Newport, 60 miles away.

Revenue Cutter Seneca—150 miles away.

Revenue Cutter Mohawk—150 miles away.

### MARVELLOUS WORK OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

#### ROBS THE DREADED SEAS OF THEIR TERRORS.

Over and above every other feature that signal comes flashing its thrilling message down from the upper air. The operators, in suspense, wait until their answering signal is responded to. Then the location of the vessel and the cause of the distress are sent out.

Distress Signal Came from Sea. And this was yesterday, at 6:45 A. M., the Marconi operator at the wireless station at Siasconsett, Mass., was startled by his experiences in the earthquakes on Jamaica and in Italy, had taken his post to click out the magic letters "C. Q. D." which sent out through the air for hundreds of miles in every direction the warning of a disaster.

For "C. Q. D." in the wireless code is the urgent notification to all ships in the wireless zone that some ship is in danger.

All business is suspended in every wireless telegraph office as soon as

the ship was in dire distress, having been rammed by a steamer the identity of which had not at that time been ascertained. The collision, the operator en-

the Republic said, had occurred while the vessel was proceeding slowly in a dense fog about twenty-six miles south of Nantucket lightship, in latitude 40° 47' longitude 70°. The extent of the damage, the operator said, had not been fully determined, but it was known that the engine room was full of water. But by means of the water-tight compartments the boat could remain afloat some time.

Call Goes Far and Wide.

The Republic's broadcast call by wireless for help was dispersed all over the eastern part of the Atlantic. It was heard by the Baltic, her sister White Star ship, hurrying home from Europe. It was heard by the operator on board the French liner La Lorraine, also bound to New York on her westward trip.

All vessels within range of the mysterious pulsations were asked to hasten to the scene. Aid was also asked of the United States Government which resulted in the ordering there of four revenue cutters and the naval collier Lebanon. The call for help with which the Republic was in touch was first received at the New London Navy Yard at 8 o'clock in the forenoon. It said:

"The revenue cutter Gresham, Boston. The steamer Republic in distress and sinking. Latitude 40° 47' longitude 70°, twenty-six miles southwest of Nantucket."

The Gresham was not at the navy yard, but had intercepted the appeal in Provincetown Harbor. She started immediately for Nantucket. Other wireless messages came in, including one message, and in a short time the cutter Acushnet was on her way out from Woods Hole. The Lawrence and the revenue cutter, which started from New Bedford, and the Seneca had been ordered out from New London, Conn.

Mohawk Soon Runs Aground.

The Mohawk soon got underway, while the Acushnet did not get outside of Vineyard Sound, and later came back to assist another vessel in distress.

The American liner Marconi off in the fog-shrouded ocean stopped every ship within 200 miles that had a Marconi wireless outfit aboard.

The Baltic and La Lorraine had both passed the Republic a few hours earlier and were speeding west. The Yorks, those on board whom in the anticipation of soon hearing of the Republic's sinking had been prepared for the worst. The message from the Republic came with a terrible thrill, and as quickly as possible both ships turned about and back toward the scene of the disaster.

Beyond the bare announcement of the collision and the fact that all on both ships were safe, the Marconi did not say what had happened. What did it come all day—as to what took place on board the crashing vessels at the time? In the meantime, when everybody not on watch was supposedly in bed, it was not easy to picture the frightened panic that must have ensued as the Republic sank, and was smashed in as by a vast iron hand, was smashed in as by a vast iron hand.

All that those in this city and on the vessels hurrying to the rescue could do was to wait and hope, and wait for some further and more definite news of the details of the disaster.

#### Snowy Work.

It was slow and the old way still had to be worked for the way through the fog toward the disabled steamers. They ploughed through the still water, with the fog so dense a dead calm soon as they descended, but it was several hours before the Baltic got within sound of the submarine bells. The ship was rolling on in deep and measured notes through the water, sounded like a funeral knell by the operator in charge of the wireless. The approach of other vessels, tuned as they were to record the distance from which the sounds were coming in such muffled, sombre measure.

The Baltic was the first to reach the scene, and at a little before noon came to the rescue. The first thing to be done was to ascertain whether the Republic had found the Republic. La Lorraine was only a little bit behind the Baltic, though she did not make an appearance until the White Star boat to extend first aid to her damaged sister. Then it was learned here, from the Baltic, that the collision had been amidsthips. Further details also came briefly. The Republic's engine room had been almost immediately flooded, so that the captain and cadets had had to flee for their lives. The big ship quickly became helpless.

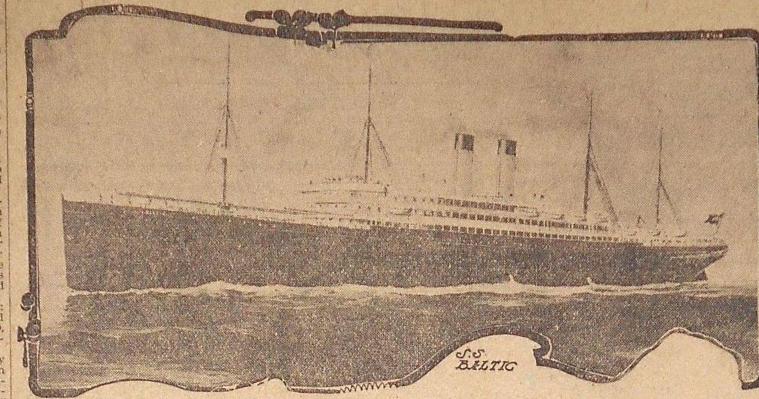
#### Wireless Equipment Not Damaged.

Fortunately, her wireless equipment had not been disturbed by the great shock of the collision, and the disabled ship was well supplied with storage batteries. These were used for more than six hours, until they gradually became exhausted. After that the officers of the Republic turned their attention to their submarine bells, another new invention, by means of which the location of ships can be told in a fog or during a gale, without might interfere with the transmission of the wireless signals through the air.

Though the wireless operator on the Republic had been able to bring out the record of the fact, those here and in all the wireless stations on shore or on the rescuing ships made no intense search for the Republic on the Florida, too, during the long hours that intervened between the collision and the transfer of the survivors from the Republic to the smaller Italian vessel already well loaded with her 900 immigrants from Sicily and Calabria.

With the arrival of the Baltic near the scene came the reassuring news by wireless of the transfer of the passengers from the Republic to the Florida, accomplished during the middle of the forenoon. Though the sea was calm the water was very cold, and the work of taking the passengers from the Republic, men, women and children

## WHITE STAR STEAMER WHICH IS BRINGING THE RESCUED PASSENGERS TO NEW YORK.



was not accomplished without a very considerable share of danger. No accidents, however, occurred during the transfers.

#### Baggage All Lost on Board.

Only human beings were taken in the life boats that made the passage between the two vessels. All the baggage went down with the ship.

By noon, according to wireless telegram from the Baltic, she and the Lorraine of the French line were close to the scene of the accident, but had not actually come in sight of the two damaged vessels. The submarine bells, though, were distinctly heard and the continuous communication between the Republic and the Baltic enabled those on the latter to get a clear idea of the disaster.

The message from the Republic came with a terrible thrill, and as quickly as possible both ships turned about and back toward the scene of the disaster.

Beyond the bare announcement of the collision and the fact that all on both ships were safe, the Marconi did not say what had happened. What did it come all day—as to what took place on board the crashing vessels at the time? In the meantime, when everybody not on watch was supposedly in bed, it was not easy to picture the frightened panic that must have ensued as the Republic sank, and was smashed in as by a vast iron hand, was smashed in as by a vast iron hand.

At 4 P. M. the Baltic and La Lorraine, and the giant Cunarder Lucania, were in sight of the scene of the disaster, all three in the collision zone, and were searching for the Republic with some danger to themselves owing to the almost impenetrable fog.

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# REPUBLIC, BIG WHITE STAR LINER, RAMMED AND SUNK OFF NANTUCKET; 701 SAVED.

Vessel, Believed to be the Italian Emigrant Steamship Florida, Westward Bound With Nearly 1,000 Souls on Board, Crashes Into English Ship on Way to Mediterranean With Many Rich Americans.

## GREAT LOSS OF LIFE AVERTED BY THE WIRELESS TELEGRAPH.

"C. Q. D." the Call of Crippled Boat for Help Hurries Liners and Revenue Cutters to Her Aid—They Stand By All Day and Till Liner Goes Down at Night—Florida on the Way to New York with the Rescued Passengers.

Late last night the White Star officials received a wireless message that the Florida, with all the Republic's passengers safely on board, was on its way to New York.

This was followed by another message from Capt. Ransom of the Baltic saying he would keep in company with the Florida to New York.

As the Florida in her crippled condition can only about eight knots an hour, it is figured that the two vessels will reach this harbor about 7 o'clock to-night.

Good luck—and wireless telegraphy—robbed human history of an appalling disaster early yesterday, when the big White Star steamship Republic, her cabins laden with rich and pleasure seeking Americans bound for a Mediterranean cruise, was smashed amidships off Nantucket, Mass., by another vessel, believed to be the Italian Lloyd's emigrant steamer Florida, heading for this port, with 900 souls aboard. The Republic had on board 701 persons, including passengers and crew.

That not a life was lost on either ship was due in very large part to that most wonderful of recent discoveries, wireless telegraphy, which found in yesterday's collision a splendid chance to open a new chapter in the great drama of ocean life. Hereafter, shipping men agree, the sea will be robbed of half its terrors.

### Big Liners Standing by Crippled Vessel.

At 8 o'clock last night a wireless was received direct from Capt. Ransom, on the White Star liner Baltic—which, with La Lorraine and the Lucania, had been reached by wireless and had gone off their courses to her assistance—stating that the Republic was still afloat.

He announced that the Florida, with her own people and most of those from the Republic aboard, close to 2,000 souls in all, was near by, and that the Baltic was near the scene, standing by in readiness to extend aid.

The steamers La Lorraine and Lucania, Capt. Ransom said, were also in the vicinity, and the Republic, through her wireless outfit, was directing the movements of the ships of rescue.

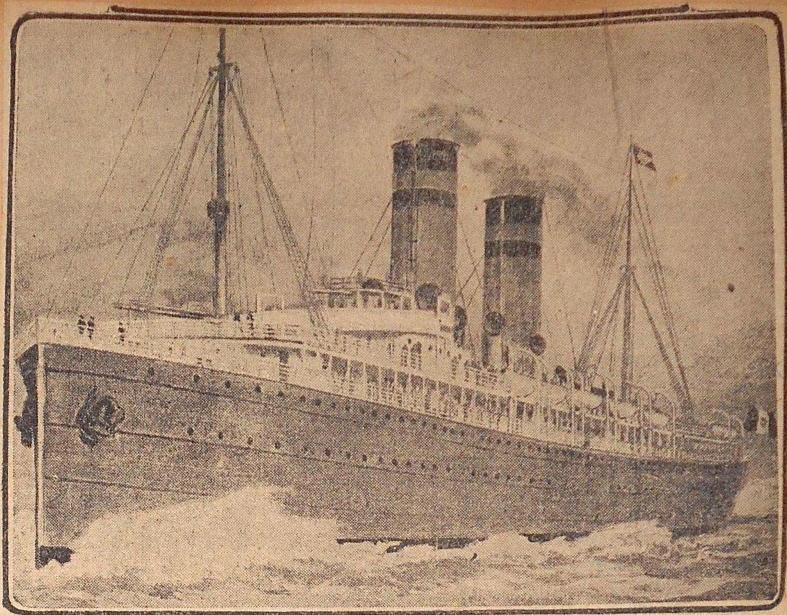
The Florida has her bow crushed in, it was stated last night by wireless messages.

The fog was still heavy late last night all along the Nantucket stretch of watery waste.

At 9 P. M. came word by wireless that the captain and the rest of the crew had left the Republic and she had been abandoned. This was taken here to indicate the Florida, with the Baltic, was proceeding to some port.

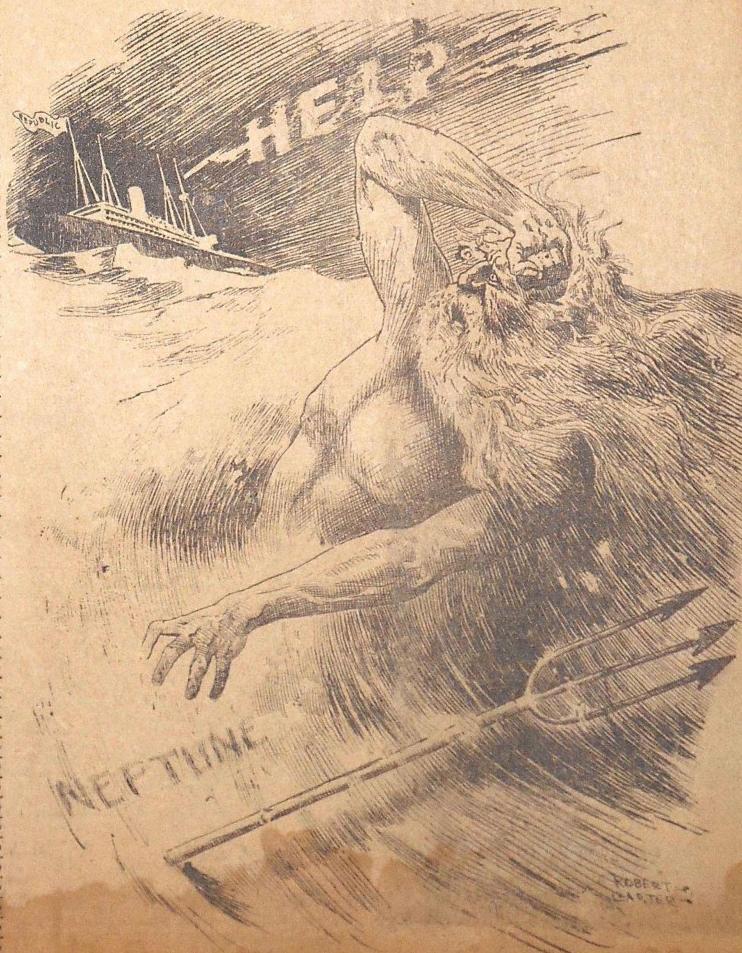
When the Republic started to go under, Capt. Seally launched his gig. Instead of rowing to the Florida immediately he remained a short distance from the Republic, until she disappeared under the waves. Then he rowed to the Florida and was taken on board.

The Florida, with one of her compartments full of water, then started, presumably for New York under convoy of the Baltic. The Florida is capable of making about eight knots an hour, and should arrive in New York Harbor about 7 o'clock to-night.



*The Italian steamship Florida, which first rescued the passengers from the disabled Republic.*

## BAFFLED



ROBERT LESTER

# WHITE STAR LINE QUICKLY PLANS TO AID PASSENGERS.

Arranges for Special Train at  
Newport, Craft to Go to Sandy  
Hook, and for Landing  
Here Without Delay.

## OFFICES FLOODED WITH INQUIRIES FAR AND NEAR.

Vice-President Franklin Pays  
High Tribute to Captain  
of the Disabled Ship.

The first report that the Republic had been in collision with another vessel reached the offices of the White Star Line, No. 3 Broadway, soon after the opening at 8 A. M. yesterday. From that hour until early in the evening there was a constant stream of visitors inquiring as to the safety of relatives and friends who had sailed the day before on the unfortunate boat.

Immediately after the receipt of the first bulletin Vice-President John Lee and Vice-President P. A. S. Franklin of the International Mercantile Marine Company called a consultation of other officials in the office of the latter, the result of which was an order that newspaper representatives be admitted to the office at every hour of the day and that they be kept fully posted as to every bulletin as it arrived. Clerks likewise were told to inform inquirers of the latest news.

While the officials tried to conceal their apprehension over the safety of the Republic's passengers, and announced from time to time that every one had been saved and there was not the slightest need for alarm, the day's notices in the papers showed that about 8 o'clock last night. Then there flashed through the air a wireless message from Capt. Ranson, commander of the Baltic, to the same office, from a Slascomett and Woods Hole, Mass., read:

"I have located Republic and Florida; none standing."

"Thank goodness! Now we know we know there is no further cause for alarm," said Mr. Franklin, as he passed the joyous message to those assembled around him.

Until the receipt of Capt. Ranson's reassuring message the officials of the steamship company were as much in the dark as to the true condition of affairs on the ocean as any one else. To see all bulletins were optimistic, but from satisfactory.

### The First Message.

The first wireless of the day came from Capt. Seelye of the Republic. It said she had been disabled and had run aground by an unknown craft, and that he could keep afloat for several hours. Little later came messages from La France, the French liner, and from the Republic's sister ship, the Baltic, telling of the accident. Then there was a message from the Florida, saying the Republic's passengers had been transferred to the Lloyd Italian liner, Florida, and that all were safe.

Vice-President Franklin and his assistants immediately got into their maps and charts. They figured that the Florida would take the Republic's passengers to New York, and that they might be brought direct to New York. With this conjecture the Merritt & Chapman writing the Republic was ordered to the aid of the Republic from Providence, and the Mary F. Seelye from Providence.

After the first message, it was impossible to get any wireless messages to the belief that the engine room had been flooded, and the wireless battery failed. While the Republic was trying to come in from other vessels, however, to the fog around the Republic, and from other sources confirming the information that every one was safe, the company's officials could not understand how the vessels were able to get this information. Finally it was figured that the Republic was using some batteries in sending wireless messages, but these were not powerful enough to drive the wireless farther than to the ships which surrounded her.

**Orders for Assistance.**  
When the sinking tugs were gotten under the Vice-President, Franklin entered the steamer General Putnam alongside the company's pier at the foot of West Eleventh street, intending to steam for Sandy Hook. However, this morning, Mr. Franklin had also gone into communication with the Naval Bureau in Washington over the long distance telephone, and informed the Government under the derelict destroyer Seneca to the assistance of the Republic, also a vessel from the Newport station.

This followed a message from the Baltic via Woods Hole, that the Florida, on which are many rich passengers, had a badly damaged bow and had sent up signals of distress and whistles for help. It was explained that the main engine of the vessel, any of the vessels, the Lorraine, Baltic and Lorraine, to locate the Republic or the Florida.

When the report came that the Florida was also disabled much of the mystery that had surrounded the identity of the boat that struck the Republic was cleared away.

"There is no doubt in my mind that it was the Florida that rammed the Republic," said Mr. Franklin. "The figure must account for the fact that Capt. Seelye had slowed down his speed and possibly had stopped his engines entirely while the collision took place, which would account for the terrific damage that the Florida, only a 5,000-ton vessel, inflicted upon the Republic, a vessel of much smaller tonnage."

"One thing that has been established beyond doubt is that the Republic's passengers are the survivors of the steamer Florida. Had it not been for this great invention it would have been impossible for the Republic to have come into the harbor without the fog keeps up as it has for the past two days, we might never have known the fate of the two boats."

"While the Republic is seriously dam-

aged, we have every hope of saving her. According to our figures, five or even six thousand persons are still afloat, and these men might be floated, and she would still remain afloat. Capt. Seelye is one of the most competent commanders on the Atlantic, and we are sure that he will not desert his vessel until the last hope of saving her has disappeared."

"It is an impossibility to state whether the Republic is able to proceed to New York or not, or whether the weather will permit her to be transferred to the Baltic. We realize that they are in crowded and totally inadequate quarters aboard the Florida, and we are sure that Capt. Seelye will do his best until the last hope of saving her has disappeared."

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Not knowing whether the boats would be able to proceed to New York or not, Mr. Franklin has arranged with the New York Central Railroad to bring the rescued passengers from Newport to New York. This train is now ready at New Haven, and it is expected that the boats will proceed to this port, the General Putnam will go down the river and out to Sandy Hook early this morning. If the Republic can be brought aboard the Baltic if it is possible to do so without endangering life.

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She had run on that route only a short time when the White Star line decided to conduct a service between New York and the Mediterranean, and she was transferred to the White Star line and her name changed to the Republic to correspond in terminology with all the other ships of the line.

Mr. Franklin held a consultation with Capt. Clarence Smith, of the New York Central Railroad, and Col. Edward S. Fowler, Collector of the Port, early in the evening, and it has been arranged to expedite the loading of the Republic at the docks of South Convey and Deputy Collector Conroy, together with several custom houses in New York, and do what they can to get the Republic off again as soon as possible.

She has brought a large number of Italians to this port, carried away alien of the steerage returning to their old homes. Her full capacity, made successful cruises to the Mediterranean by way of the Suez Canal, and with 400 passengers, 42½ m. and 57 inches in diameter, with a 60-inch stroke. Her official owners are the Oceanic Steam Navigation Co., Ltd., Liverpool, Imray, Lumis & Co., managers.

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## WRITER OF SEA STORIES RESCUED FROM REPUBLIC



J. B. CONNOLLY

York for Europe during the present week.

## REPUBLIC FIRST CALLED COLUMBUS.

Name Changed When White  
Star Took Her—Florida  
Is Owned in Italy.

The Republic, which was christened the Columbus at her launching, was built by Harland & Wolff, Limited, of Belfast, official shipbuilders for the International Mercantile Marine Company.

The Republic is 15,373 tons gross, 14,301 tons under deck and 3,742 tons net. She is 570 feet long, 67 feet 8 inches beam and 24 feet deep. The Republic has quadruple expansion engines with 1,000 h.p. 42½ m. and 57 inches in diameter, with a 60-inch stroke. Her official owners are the Oceanic Steam Navigation Co., Ltd., Liverpool, Imray, Lumis & Co., managers.

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## The Florida Crashes Into the Republic During Fog, Then Rescues Passengers

Accident Happens in the Early Morning Twenty-Six Miles South of Nantucket, the Vessels Being Wrapped in Dense Blanket of Mist.

### 461 PERSONS, ON THEIR WAY TO EUROPE, WILL BE BACK IN NEW YORK THIS EVENING

DURING the prevalence of a dense fog off Nantucket in the early hours of yesterday morning the steamship Republic, of the White Star line, was rammed by the Florida, of the Lloyd's Italiano line and so badly damaged that she was later abandoned.

All the passengers, many of whom were wealthy Americans bound for winter resorts on the Riviera, were transferred to the Florida, which was somewhat damaged. They will arrive in this city to-day.

Although the Florida stood by her stricken sister ship, the use of wireless telegraphy and of submarine bells, with which the White Star liner was equipped, summoned to her aid two other liners and several revenue cutters and insured the safety of the seven hundred persons aboard her.

### PASSENGERS BEING SENT TO THE BALTIC AS A HEAVY SEA IMPERILS THE FLORIDA

INSPICIAL BY WIRELESS TO THE HERALD.  
SIASCONSETT, Mass., Saturday, 11:30 P. M.—The passengers of the Republic are now being transferred from the Florida to the Baltic.

Captain Ransom, of the Baltic, on noticing that the fog had lifted and a strong northeasterly wind had come up deemed it advisable to transfer the passengers to the Baltic. The company had instructed Captain Ranson to use his judgment in the matter.

Effort is being made to get in wireless communication with the steamship New York, which is due in the vicinity of Nantucket at two o'clock on Sunday morning, and to request her to stand by the Florida and Baltic.

Contrary to earlier advices which stated that the captain and crew of the Republic had abandoned that vessel and taken refuge on the Florida, it is now learned that Captain Sealby and his crew are still aboard the damaged liner, which has now drifted to a point about ten miles south of the Nantucket light.

Two revenue cutters are standing by the Republic and a Scully tug is being sent to the vessel with the object of taking her in tow and beaching her.

### HOW THE 461 PASSENGERS ON THE SHIP WERE SAVED THROUGH BELLS AND WIRELESS

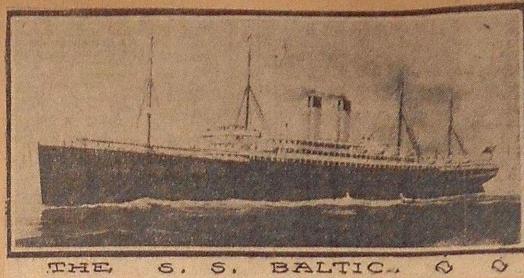
Rammed in the fog early yesterday morning when about twenty-six miles south of Nantucket, the Republic, of the White Star Steamship line, was so badly damaged that at nine o'clock last night she was abandoned by her crew and was momentarily expected to sink.

The passengers, numbering 461, were saved by the Florida, of the Lloyd Italiano line, bound for New York, the vessel which came into collision with the unfortunate liner, which was on her way to the Mediterranean ports.

The Baltic, of the White Star line, inward bound, was in the neighborhood, probably about eighty miles away, as were the French line ship the Lorraine and the Cunarder Lucania, both bound westward. All these vessels were apprised of the disaster by the wireless telegraph system in use on all the White Star ships, and in addition the Lorraine, which at the time of the collision was fifty miles distant, was warned by the submarine bells with which the Republic, like all her sister ships, is equipped. The two inventions of the twentieth century were the means of attracting aid that saved the lives of the passengers, this being the first instance in which the submarine bells had proved their usefulness in time of shipwreck.

#### CRASH IN THE FOG.

As nearly as can be learned the collision took place at about half-past four



o'clock while the Republic was threading her way slowly through a dense fog. The nose of the Florida crashed through her side and tons of water poured into her engine room, rendering her utterly helpless.

Realizing that safety for the passengers and the crew of nearly three hundred men could only be had by calling for aid, the captain of the disabled vessel set the wireless apparatus at work in every direction, calling on Boston, Newport and New York for help and upon any ships in reach to come alongside.

The response was immediate and within a few minutes three ocean liners and as many revenue cutters were on their way. The messages sent out by Captain Imman Sealby at first indicated that the Republic was sinking and that her passengers and crew were in imminent peril. Later despatches were to the effect that she would not go down for at least several hours.

First of all to reach the side of the stricken ship was the Florida, whose crushed bow and general appearance of distress indicated that it was she who had hit the Republic the blow that may end her career on the sea. Fortunately the sea was quiet and it was a comparatively short time before the entire complement was taken aboard the Italian ship.

Alarm over the prospect of what seemed to be certain death had given way to confidence, and the 461 passengers went aboard the rescuer without disorder. Later in the day the Baltic caught up and stood by both the crippled steamship and the "first aid" vessel, while the Lucania and the Lorraine were in hot pursuit, following the clews furnished by the mysterious waves of the wireless apparatus.

#### CRY FOR HELP HEARD.

Across the ocean miles in each direction went the signal "C Q D," the Marconi code sign which means to all mariners, "I am in serious trouble; come to my aid."

It was this signal that caused the three liners to turn about in their courses and seek the vessel which had sent out the cry for aid.

Other messages were sent to the mainland in a few minutes, the first one being received at the Navy Yard in Boston at eight o'clock, in which the revenue cutter Gresham was asked to hasten with all speed to the side of the ship.

"The Republic in distress and sinking," this message ran, "latitude 40° 17', longitude 70° 26' twenty-six miles southwest of Nantucket." At that time the Gresham was at Provincetown, but she had "caught" the message and in a moment was under way. Other wireless stations had likewise received the call and the cutter Acushnet was soon on her way from Woods Hole, while the Mohawk started out from New Bedford on the mission of mercy. Neither of the latter vessels got far, however, the Mohawk going aground and the Acushnet putting back to assist another vessel in distress.

As the day wore on the wireless was worked with untiring energy and constantly messages were sent from the injured ship calling for help or notifying the agents of the line of her condition and of the progress of the work of rescue. Just before noon came a message which reassured the friends of the passengers in this and nearly every other city in the land that the Republic was in no immediate danger of sinking and that in all probability there would be no loss of life.

#### THE REASSURING MESSAGE.

"When twenty-six miles south of Nantucket lightship," said this despatch from Captain Sealby, "was run into by an unknown vessel. Engine room full of water. Can remain afloat. No danger. No lives lost."

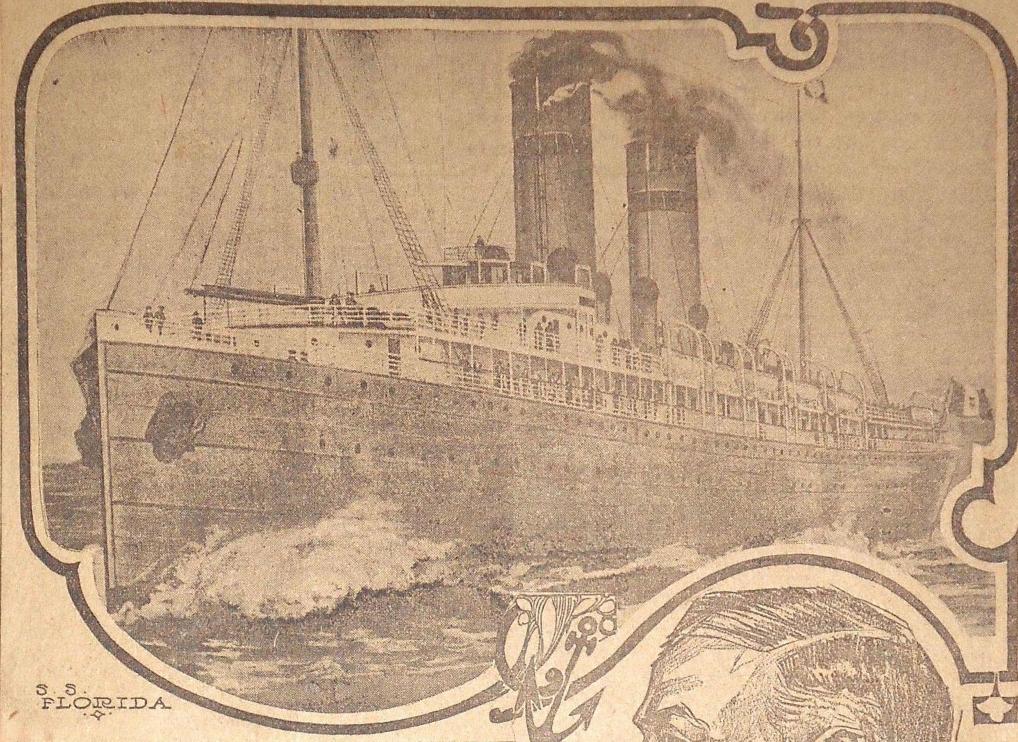
Later came the report that the Florida had come alongside and was taking off the passengers in lifeboats. Only human beings were taken off the ship, all baggage being left behind. A despatch that came late in the afternoon stated that the Republic was still afloat and that her watertight bulkheads were holding well, although under a terrific strain. Fears were expressed, however, that she could not long resist the tremendous pressure and that she was likely to go down at any moment.

As nearly as the limited description of the accident furnished by Captain Sealby could explain the collision, it seems that the bow of the other vessel struck the Republic squarely amidships, crashing into her engine room so as to stop her and flood her fires and render her utterly helpless.

Naturally this put her dynamo out of commission and would have destroyed the efficacy of her wireless plant except for the fact that she carries a storage battery system of great power. It was upon this emergency plant that she depended, and it was kept working at full speed until it gradually became exhausted, nearly eight hours after the accident.

The energy displayed by Captain Sealby and his assistants in working the wireless under such discouraging conditions was responsible for the prompt appearance of the relieving squadron of liners and for the safety of the lives of the passengers.

LINER THAT TOOK OFF REPUBLIC'S PASSENGERS, HER CAPTAIN AND DIAGRAM MAP OF SCENE OF COLLISION.



**CRASHED IN FOG.**

*The Florida Stood By and Took Off Passengers.*

While picking her way out to sea on the east-bound transatlantic track to the Mediterranean in a thick fog early yesterday morning, the White Star liner Republic, with 761 souls on board, was struck by the Florida, of the Lloyd-Iranian Line, which suddenly emerged from the fog, when the steamships were about forty-three miles south of Nantucket Lightship. The collision is reported to have occurred about 4 a.m. None of the wireless messages gave any details of the collision, but it is thought that the Republic must have been hit, and hit hard, on the starboard side, just aft of amidships. The Florida, which was inbound, with 900 steerage passengers and a crew of 160, is thought to have been out of her course end, not being equipped with the submarine bell system, was unable to get her bearings from the bell signals from the Nantucket Lightship.

The impact of the vessel that struck the Republic was terrible, as it ripped up big steel plates and let a flood of water into the engine rooms, making her helpless. The fact that she was able to send word of her plight was due to the fact that the wireless equipment did not depend wholly upon the electrical current from the dynamos in the engine room. A powerful storage battery in the room of the wireless operator on the boat deck supplied sufficient

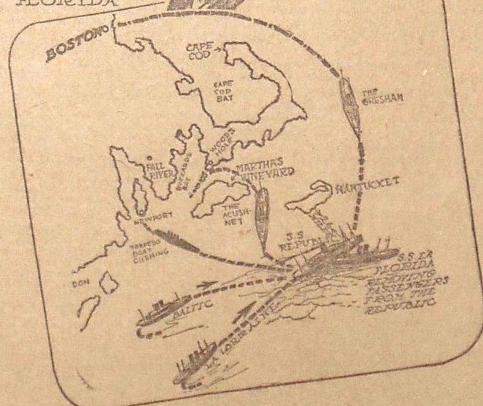
current to send messages to Nantucket, a distance of about forty-five miles.

Realizing that his vessel was in a bad way Captain Seaby sent out a wireless message, which was received at the navy yard at Charlestown, Mass., Nantucket, Vineyard Haven and Newport, and subsequently sent broadcast from these stations to various points from whence relief boats could be sent to the disabled liner. The first message sent by Captain Seaby announced that he had been hit by an unknown vessel in the fog, in latitude 40°17', longitude 70°. The message was sent with a twofold purpose, primarily that assistance might come to him, and incidentally to inform the local office of the accident. The message stated that the engine room was flooded, but that he could keep afloat. Later messages announced that the steamer Florida had taken off her passengers, that there was no danger, and that there had been no loss of life.

The storage battery which was sending the messages from the Republic held out well, and according to the wireless operator of the government station at Newport the waves from the Republic's antenna could be heard distinctly up to 11:30 a.m. The vibrations then became weaker and weaker, and within fifteen minutes ceased. The failure of the Republic's equipment to work further gave rise to the rumor that she had sunk.



CAPTAIN  
G. VOLTOLIN  
of the  
FLORIDA



# REPUBLIC'S PASSENGERS SAFE ON THE FLORIDA

Wireless Messages Report She Has Sunk--White Star Denies It.

## WIRELESS SUCCOR BY LAND AND SEA

Over a Thousand Souls in Peril When Florida Rams Liner in Thick Fog Forty Miles from Nantucket Light.

Wireless messages from Nantucket state that the steamship Republic, of the White Star Line, has sunk after being abandoned, and that her passengers and crew, taken on board the steamship Florida, which gave the Republic a deathblow, in a collision yesterday morning, are proceeding to this city.

At 11:30 o'clock last night the White Star Line office in this city declared this to be untrue, asserting that the Republic had not been abandoned and was still afloat; that the Republic's passengers were on the Florida, which, with the Baltic, was standing by the Republic.

The White Star liner Republic, outward bound for Naples, was rammed and sunk yesterday, about forty-five miles south of Nantucket. Through the agency of wireless telegraphy assistance was sent to her through an almost opaque fog blanket, and not a single soul of the 761 on board was lost. The big liner, which is only five years old and was built to be proof against the heaviest storms of the Atlantic, was sent to the bottom by the Lloyd Italiano steamer Florida, a vessel about a fifth of the Republic's tonnage. The little vessel which sank the Republic took on board the latter's passengers, numbering more than four hundred, and when the Republic was abandoned started for New York with the rescued and her own nine hundred passengers and crew of 130. The Florida is being convoyed by the White Star liner Baltic, which arrived on the scene of the wreck, being summoned by wireless telegraphy. The two ships will arrive in New York Bay about 7 o'clock this evening.

The collision occurred in the fog about 4 a.m. Within two hours the Republic's passengers were transferred to the Florida, which stood by after sustaining a buckled bow and disabled machinery. Within four hours the plight of the Republic was known all along the Atlantic Coast, and help was not only sent from shore, but transatlantic liners within a radius of one hundred miles started for the scene.

The Baltic, of the White Star Line, inbound from Liverpool, was one hundred miles to the eastward of the Republic when the plight of the latter vessel was made known through the receipt of a wireless message from Siasconset. The Lucania, of the Cunard Line, and the French liner La Lorraine, both westbound, were both informed, and they sent messages to New York announcing that they would look for and stand by the Republic.

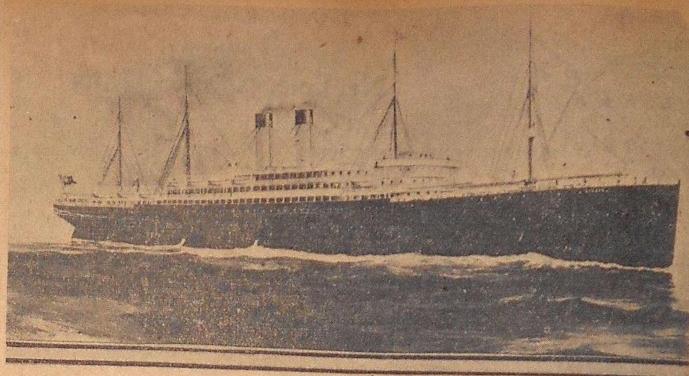
The Baltic got to the Republic first.

The Republic was abandoned by Captain Sealby and his crew at 9 o'clock last night. The captain sent his crew aboard the Baltic, and, getting into his gig, he stood by the wrecked vessel until she sank. Then he consented to board the Baltic.

Captain Sealby, who is considered one of the ablest commanders of the White Star fleet, was on his proper course when the Florida hit him. He knew his latitude and longitude and reported his exact position, but the Florida was some thirty miles off the westward lane, taken by the Mediterranean fleet.

The Florida hit the Republic on the starboard side, aft of the midship section. Tons of water poured into a big hole, and the engine room was flooded. Had the positions of the vessels been reversed, the Republic, it is believed, would have cut the Florida in two. The Republic kept afloat for about fifteen hours, but the pressure of the sea in the rent made by the Florida was too great for her to withstand, and one by one her watertight compartments gave way to the sea. She sank where she was struck.

The Florida started for New York after Captain Sealby was taken aboard the Baltic. The Baltic steamed alongside the Florida, acting as convoy. A wireless message received at the White Star office in this city last night from the Baltic said that the Florida and the Baltic were steaming at about eight knots, and would arrive here about 5 o'clock this evening if the weather remained favorable. The Florida was damaged chiefly in the bow, and one of her watertight compartments is filled with water.



THE BALTIC, WHICH IS CONVOYING THE FLORIDA TO NEW YORK.

## Sinking of the Republic, As Told by the Furnessia

STEAMSHIP FURNESSIA, via SIASCONSET, Mass., Jan. 25.—After a search during the night of dense fog, the Furnessia arrived alongside the Florida at 7:50 o'clock on Sunday morning, eleven miles south of the Nantucket light vessel.

The Baltic was already there, and had the Republic's passengers, who had been transferred from the Florida to the Baltic. The Baltic then continued her search for the Republic.

After ascertaining that the Florida needed no assistance, the Furnessia proceeded at 8:45 o'clock to search for the Republic, and at 10:15 o'clock in the morning sighted the Republic with the Baltic lying close to.

The Furnessia came alongside the Republic at 10:30 o'clock. The Baltic then started for New York, and the Furnessia stood by. The Republic had the Marconi wireless system on board still working faintly, which helped the operation greatly.

The Republic had been run into on her broadside, but floated in good condition for towing. At noon the Furnessia sent a boat alongside the Republic, but officers from the cutter were then aboard her.

At 12:30 the Government revenue cutter

Gresham arrived and made fast ahead of the Republic. The Furnessia made fast astern. A move was then made, proceeding very slowly. At 2 P.M. the Government cutter Seneca arrived.

At 6:22 P.M. towing was again begun, but the stern hawsers were carried away at 6:55 P.M., so it was necessary to stand by.

On the Captain and Chief Officer of the Republic were then on board. All the crew had been transferred to the Gresham during the afternoon.

The alert watch on deck, on a small light on the Republic's bridge being visible from the Furnessia. There was not a sound of any kind from the Republic, and at 8:40 o'clock, the Republic disappeared in thirty-five fathoms of water.

It was only when the Gresham reported that the Republic sank and searchlights flashed around that one could believe she had disappeared. The captain and chief officer were on board when the sinks, and when it was felt that they had gone down, but a boat from the Gresham picked both up.

After cruising about to see that all possible had been done, the Furnessia proceeded on her way to New York.

## Wireless on Both Boats Would Have Averted Crash

Had the Florida been equipped with the Marconi wireless system the collision with the Republic would have been avoided.

In foggy weathers, all liners equipped with Marconi apparatus, and in touch with one another constantly, keep each other advised of their position, speed, identity, and condition of weather. When the signals from an approaching ship become unusually strong, showing the vessels to be in close, the operators call up the bridge on their ships, speed is reduced and sirens sounded until all chance of a collision has passed.

The wireless transmitter on the Republic was operated from the electric light mains of the ship, and the range with this sort of power was about two hundred miles. In addition ships are fitted with an auxiliary storage battery for just such an emergency as occurred on Saturday off Nantucket Shoals.

### Method of Communication.

The Marconi instruments are placed in a cabin especially built for the purpose and usually located on the boat deck. This cabin is fitted with a comfortable birth, writing desk, locker and instrument table, and here the operator lives and works.

Each marconi ship and shore station is supplied monthly with a communication chart.

This chart shows at a glance what ship or shore stations should be within range.

The cabin is fitted with direct telephone to the bridge, by means of which the captain or chief officer is kept in

close touch with all that goes on. The marconi operators are classed as officers and are directly under the command of the captain.

The transmitter equipment of the Republic consisted of a ten-inch spark coil, operated from ship's power, a Morse key being placed in the circuit to make and break thus forming the Morse code. For instance, the now famous call of C. Q. D. If printed in Morse (as used to be the case with the older wireless receivers), would easily be understood by an operator.

But in the modern apparatus where the receiving is done entirely by means of telephone receivers, the incoming current would come as a series of buzzing sounds corresponding to dots and dashes. When the operator presses the key the current from the aerial wire which runs from the aerial wire through the cabin roof to the mast head travel out in all directions and spread out in a fan, and wherever they fall open an armature is caused to a wireless receiver they produce sounds corresponding to the Morse characters and the tones attached to the receiving instrument.

At this extremely high pressure the current leaps across an air gap, thus making a spark and setting up other waves a wire attached to one side of the spark gap, the other side of the spark gap being connected to earth. These waves which are set up in the aerial wire which runs from the spark gap through the cabin roof to the mast head travel out in all directions and spread out in a fan, and wherever they fall open an armature is caused to a wireless receiver they produce sounds corresponding to the Morse characters and the tones attached to the receiving instrument.

The marvelous little machine that is delicate enough and capable of detecting waves traveling more than a band of iron wires kept turning by a clockwork, passing through a bobbin containing two windings and flanked by a pair of strong permanent magnets.

### THE VANISHING SEA PERIL.

With the behavior of all concerned so admirable it is not strange that congratulation rather than commiseration is present in the comment on the Republic disaster. Discipline comes in properly for praise. It is very fine to think of the firemen, when the water was rushing in, calmly and methodically drawing their fires and thus obviating the risk of explosion. Equally fine was the behavior of the crew coolly debarking the passengers and of the captain and engineer staying with the ship until she went down in the night. Silence is also a hero, for aid came in response to the messages of distress that a new invention scattered on the waves of the impalpable ether. And likewise sympathy is laurelled, and quick and eager was the response of a fleet of vessels to the call that came to them out of the air. Great is the contrast between the present news and that which came in 1898, when the La Bourgogne went down, and out of a company of 735 but 164 were saved.

Yet, despite all that has been done, much remains to be done if peril is to be taken from those who go down to the sea in ships. There was a collision, and the query naturally arises as to why the ships were unaware of a dangerous propinquity. A function of the wireless is to locate other sea travellers. The explanation is that one of the ships was not equipped, and thus could neither give nor receive warnings. Thus one lesson of the calamity is the desirability of international regulation requiring every steam vessel to have electrical antenna. On the same principle that ships are compelled to carry lights so ought they be compelled constantly to display electrical signals, stating their location. In time doubtless the oceans will be charted into squares, each vessel at reasonable intervals proclaiming which one it occupies. This application of the block system to ocean travel is a development soon to be expected.

Furthermore, it appears that there is need of greater care in the making of the compartments which are supposed to make a modern vessel unsinkable. The Republic had compartments, yet she sank, and if the vessel had been in remotest waters, even though the engulfment was delayed, there might have been no reliance except on open boats. The naval constructors may not assume that they have reached a finality in the making of bulkheads.

Nevertheless, it is more than ever susceptible of statistical proof that travelling on the sea is safer than travel on land. There is a smaller percentage of lives lost on the steamships than on the railway trains—especially the railway trains of this country. With such men as manned the Republic, with the wireless at their command, there is little need of writing wills before going on shipboard. Yet even the minimum of danger now existing is to be still further reduced.

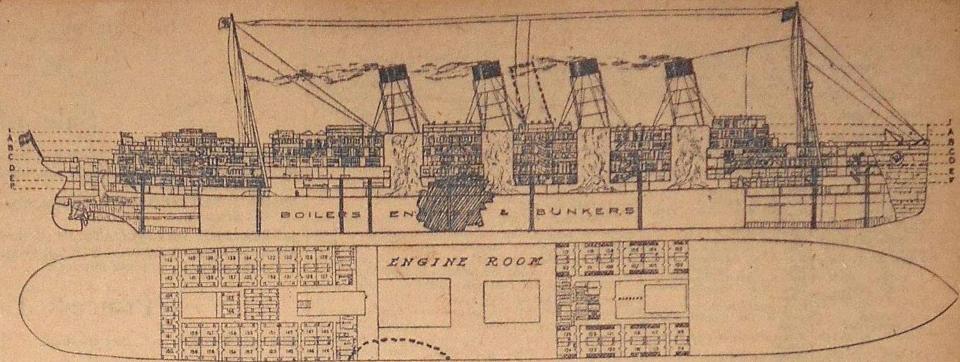
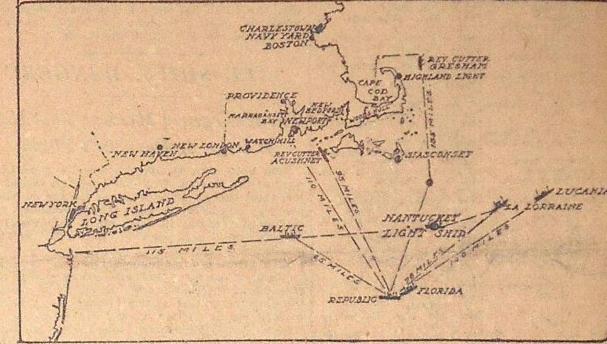


DIAGRAM OF A STEAMSHIP'S SECTION.  
Showing how the bulkheads are built, and how the Republic's bulkheads were probably smashed by the collision.

### PASSENGER WHOSE WIFE WAS KILLED IN CRASH OF SHIPS



EUGENE LYNCH



MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE REPUBLIC WHEN SHE WAS RAMMED. THE LOCATION OF THE SHIPS SUMMONED TO HER ASSISTANCE BY WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY AND THE LAND STATIONS THAT ALSO GOT THE MESSAGES FOR ASSISTANCE.

## La Lorraine a Floating Wireless Relay Station

It was La Lorraine that brought to this port the first connected story of the hunt through the fog-blanketed waters off the New England coast for the stricken Republic and the battered Florida. The big French liner was forty hours late when she berthed, and for practically all of two days and nights her commander, Capt. Edouard Turner, had been upon the bridge without rest, first guarding his own ship in the mist that wrapped her in thick and smothering folds, and then, when the signal came flashing by the blue-flamed wireless from Siasconset, groping about trying to reach the sinking White Star ship.

It was La Lorraine's job, as it developed, to bring some help in the work of rescue, but to serve as a floating relay station for the strings of messages that went flitting to and fro, telling first of the position and state of the damaged vessels and then of the progress of the ships bent on the work of relief.

Once La Lorraine got so close to the ships which had been in collision that she heard the Republic's siren—or thought she did—and the bleating whistle of the Florida, but she never really sighted either of them.

### On Duty Thirty-three Hours.

It was at 1 o'clock Saturday morning (Nov. 20) that Capt. Ernest, the wireless operator on the French boat, picked up the first call for help. From that time on until the ship docked yesterday morning, his colleagues, Capt. Ernest Monrouzeau, were never off except for a moment. In the new annals of the sea, in the era that divides the old and the new, the wireless operator must rank with the master himself for sacrifice of self and safety to an immediate trust.

"Please tell us if you are in fog and your exact position," said M. L. L."

"At 9.30, Republic to La Lorraine:

"Position Lat. 40.17, Long. 70 west. We are in fog."

"At 10.25, Republic to Baltic:

"...I caught in transmission. The Republic was calling to her own ship her sister..."

"At 9.52, La Lorraine to Republic:

"Please tell me in the depth of our captain wants to direct his steers..."

The last had been flashed at the request of Capt. Tournier, who at the first intimation of a call of distress had set to studying his chart and shaped his course for Nantucket Lightship.

"It's o'clock," the French wireless manager went on.

Lorraine to Republic: Now thirty miles off.

11.25 A. M.—La Lorraine to Republic:

"Now about twenty miles off."

"I am sending as short and formal and precise as possible and figures, so curty and accurately snipped and spiced off on the hard worked in the ship's log, the Republic's operator sounded sweet to his audience."

Tell your captain we can hear his bell and are steering straight toward you. Also he might make as much noise as possible to have his bearings, because the fog is thick. M. L. L."

### The Baltic's Message.

"It was 6.40 P. M., on Jan. 23," he said. "I have caught this message from the Baltic:

Baltic to La Lorraine: Republic says to steer for Florida. She is proceeding to New York with passengers and she must have come to stand by. She is blowing full blast."

The White Star liner, from Liverpool, had been appearing in the wireless conversation and acting thus far as an intermediary between the Republic and the Lorraine, which was asked to stand by to receive messages from the first entrants into the story of the ethereal waves. Here was the message of 6.40 P. M. Saturday. La Lorraine to Siasconset:

French Line, Pier 42, North River, New York. Republic's passengers have all been asked by the Republic to follow the Florida when we arrive at Sandy Hook daylight. M. L. L."

This last message fixes the time at which the French liner was notified of its own ship or the safety of the Republic's passengers.

7.30 P. M.—Baltic to Lorraine: Baltic also stands by ship. Close watch can be kept.

RANSOM.

The wireless tale ends logically with the Baltic's message, by the hour mentioned, and the French ship was summoned to do but convoy the Italian steamer Florida.

Meanwhile the principal of the foregoing messages, so potent with hope, had been posted in both French and English on the bulletin boards in the ship and the wireless manager had been perused with varying degrees of interest, largely dependent upon the tension and temperament of the traveler.

The Lorraine's companion ways were thronged with passengers scanning the sky for dimly visible lights and numerals, while Capt. Tournier had groped and maneuvered in the opaque air of the ocean.

At 10.30 P. M. the Marcotte operator had told his part Capt. Tournier, with equal honesty, the cross of the Legion of

Honor on his breast, told how he had guided his ship during a tireless vigil to call for help and the distance and directions received through the air.

He said he had had for St. George's Bank and before this nice wireless message. The wireless telegram from Siasconset had been received, he supposed, at about 6.30 A. M. on Saturday.

### On the Bridge All Night.

"I was on the bridge," said the captain, "and had been there all night, from after 2 A. M. of the day before, but that's nothing."

"The first thing I did after I received the message was to stand by the chart and to look on the chart and see what had to do. On the day before I had my observation, in the morning, and so, when I received the message, I put myself on the chart and I see that my way is to Nantucket Lightship and so I made a good start for the Republic."

Capt. Tournier said La Lorraine might have been eighty miles to the eastward of the Republic when she got the call of distress.

"When I have knowledge of my position, I communicate the French captain, I stand for the exact position of the Republic, and I was there at 12.45 P. M. Saturday, and the Baltic was there, and so I have looked to the north, south, east, west, giving messages and receiving messages, and I don't find the Republic. That's all."

"I do not know how far I was from the Republic. I heard a submarine bell about noon, and it sounded like Nantucket Lightship's bell or the Republic's bell."

"I saw (got into wireless touch with) the Baltic in the afternoon of Saturday. She had taken me about four hours to find the Republic."

The Republic had prayed me to follow the Florida, convoy her to New York, and I had taken me about four hours to find the Republic."

"At about 6.30 P. M. on Saturday I heard the blast signals of the Florida, and she was going at slow speed and maneuvered in the direction and heard nothing more."

"This morning I heard Sandy Hook lightship submarine bell 11 miles away. I turned my course to Sandy Hook and arrived there at 7 A. M. and took on the pilot.

"At about 2 P. M. on Saturday I turned my course to the west again at 1 A. M. to-day, to take soundings."

# STEAMSHIP REPUBLIC GOES DOWN WHILE IN TOW

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MONDAY, JANUARY 25, 1909.—16 PAGES.

## BALTIC CAPTAIN WIRES AMERICAN FULL STORY

First News of Four Deaths on Florida, as Well as Other New Details of Disaster.

Marconi Wireless to New York American from Capt. Ransom, of the Baltic, off Sandy Hook, at 3 a.m.

Florida inward and Republic outward bound in collision 175 miles east of Ambrose lightship at 5:45 a.m. Saturday.

Republic struck amidships on port side, penetrated to engine room. Ship was immediately plunged in darkness.

Marconi's were sent from Republic asking for assistance. Baltic first vessel to make for scene of action and after searching for twelve hours in dense fog located both colliding vessels close together.

At 7 p.m. Republic was abandoned except Captain, chief officers and lifeboat crew, who remained alongside all night.

Baltic proceeded to steamship Florida and removed all her passengers and crew except the deck department.

The Baltic took on board 1,610 people. Two first saloon passengers, Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney, were killed on the Republic. Mr. Mooney was killed instantly and Mrs. Lynch died soon after.

Four passengers on Florida were killed. Names are unknown, but they are stated steerage passengers of Italian nationality.

Several passengers were injured, but are all doing well.

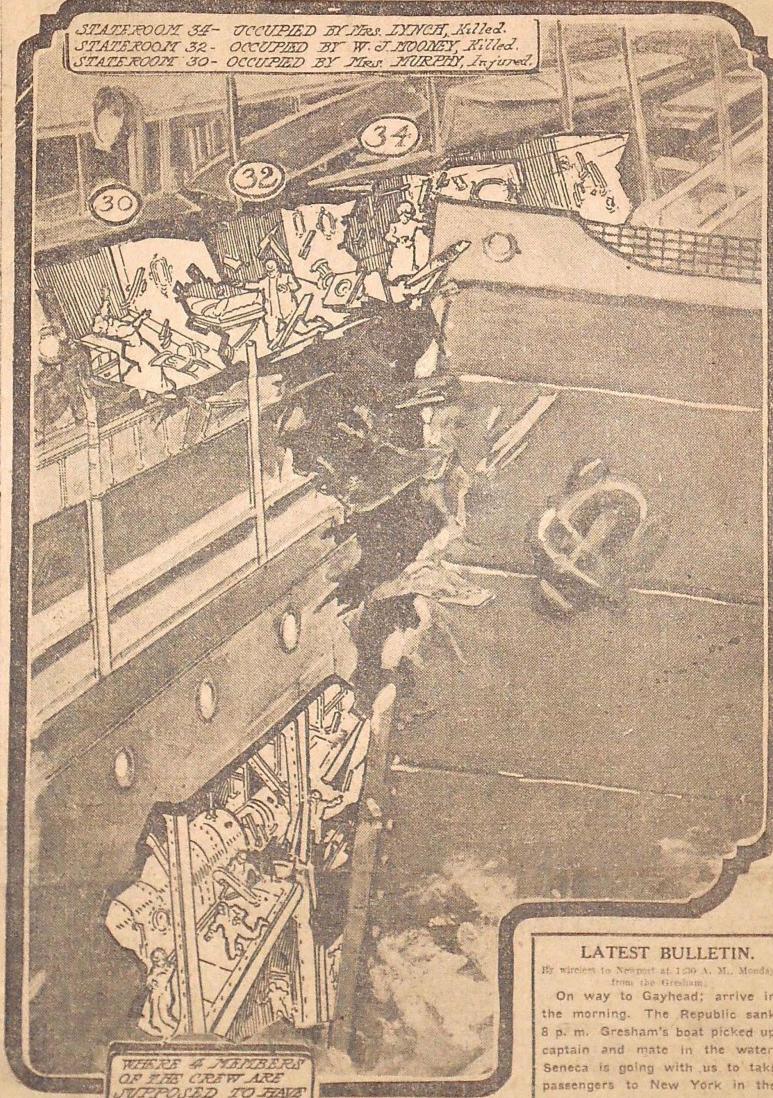
The Furnessa, at daylight, proceeded to convoy the Florida, which has her bows buckled almost up to the bridge.

The New York and the Baltic searched for the Republic, which had been lost again in fog during the night and found her about 6 o'clock, with Captain Seaby and his boat crews aboard.

A skeleton crew was then put aboard her and the mail boat made for New York later.

The Lusitania, New York and other vessels are anchored off Sandy Hook. The Republic sank at 8 p.m., Sunday.

## Photo-Diagram Showing How the Florida Rammed the Republic, Killing Six Persons



All hands are now safe aboard Gresham, making for Gay Head. Bodies of Ms. Lynch and Mr. Mooney were on board Republic in caskets and are probably gone down with her.

Inquiries from survivors of Republic show there was no excitement.

Capt. Seaby controlled everything, and made a speech from the bridge and kept all hands informed of movements of approaching vessels as reported by wireless, being ably assisted by his officers and crew.

The Marconi cabin was smashed in, but fortunately the operator and apparatus escaped injury.

## WIRELESS IS PROOF PRAYER REACHES GOD

—FATHER WALSH

From the pulpit of the Church of St. Ignatius the Apostle, Father William Walsh, Jesuit, expressed his belief in clairvoyance and admitted that the skepticism of the occult had been removed some years ago by the remarkable fact of a woman medium. In his sermon upon the topic "Prayer and Reason," Father Walsh further contended that if wireless were possible in the present day it is not incompatible with the laws of nature for communication to be held with the Deity through the means of prayer; but it was inconsistent with nature that one man's thoughts could be transmitted to that of another, so he felt that hypnosis was only a suspension of those laws.

### Medium Converted Him

"Clairvoyance and clairaudience are scoffed at as impossibilities," he said, "yet I believe and have had proof that they are not impossible. I had my scepticism raised somewhat by a very striking illustration of the powers of clairvoyance. A friend of mine visited a clairvoyant in this city. My friend was a Marconi in New York and his home is 250 miles away. He came to me and entered the room in which the clairvoyant—a woman—was, she said she could tell him all about his home, which she did, as well as greater wonders that had occurred after his departure."

"I can see," said the clairvoyant, "that a crucifix has been broken and that people in the house are trying to glue it together. I can see all these things just as plainly as if I were in your house."

### Crucifix Was Broken

"My friend could not believe that all the clairvoyant told him was true. As the crucifix was not broken when my friend left home, he decided to test the woman. He wrote to his family asking about the crucifix, and soon after received a letter verifying everything that had been said. This medium had been unbroken when he came from France."

"All this goes to prove that the day of miracles is not over. If ordinary man can have the power to project their sight through hundreds of miles of space and tell what is going on, how much greater must be the power of God!"

### Wireless Proves Prayer

"They say that for a man to kneel and fix his thoughts upon his Maker and thus establish spiritual communication with Him is opposed to every law of the universe, and that it have such a feat made possible would mean the breaking of these laws. But Marconi's invention does not break natural laws, though it was first considered a miracle. Why should there not be a spiritual telegraphy to make possible instantaneous communication by the wires that invisibly connect the Kingdom of Heaven with the world of mankind to believe in them?"

### Suspend Nature's Laws

Father Walsh spoke of the wonderful attainments of hypnotism in subduing one man to the will of another. He said one cannot recognize the idea of a man being in complete subjection to the will of a hypnotic specialist with the laws of the universe. Therefore, he added, hypnotism is not to be regarded as the breaking, but merely as a suspension of such laws.

Father Walsh is one of the thirty priests, members of the Congregation of St. Paul, whose duty it is to travel about the country as missionaries of the faith. For the last two weeks he has been stationed in the Pamist Fathers' headquarters, No. 415 West Fifty-ninth street.

## How Wireless Told of Republic's Plight and Brought Aid

# REPUBLIC SINKS; 6 DEAD; KILLED BY FLORIDA'S BOW

Wireless That Helped Save 1,900  
Flashes "White Star Liner Goes  
Down Off No Man's Land"—Crew  
Picked Up as Giant Is Engulfed.

## CAPTAIN SAVED FROM SEA. BALTIC NEAR PORT WITH 1,650

At 2 o'clock This Morning the Great Baltic, with Her Load of Passengers Taken from the Disabled Florida, Reached Her Anchorage at Sandy Hook, Expected to Proceed Up the Bay at Sunrise.

The steamer Baltic, with the passengers of the steamers Florida and Republic, was reported at 1:30 this morning as nearing her anchorage off Sandy Hook by the Marconi wireless station at Sea Gate. She will anchor for the night and will not come up to the city until well in the morning.

Wireles from Baltic, via Sea Gate.

1:40 a. m., anchored off Ambrose Channel; dense fog; Mr. Lynch on board the Florida; cannot tell his condition.

As told for the collision between the steamships Florida and Republic six persons on the latter ship—two of them passengers—were claimed by death, and the Republic itself went down into the sea last evening.

The helpless White Star liner Republic was being towed in the direction of New York by the revenue cutter Gresham and the derelict destroyer Seneca when she went down at 7:30 o'clock last night.

Captain Sealby stuck to his ship to the last. He was too late to reach the boats, and he and his brave mate had to plunge into the sea just before the big liner disappeared beneath the water. They were found clinging to a boom and were rescued.

The Seneca and Gresham were slowly towing the liner, when about ten miles south of Nantucket she was seen to be sinking rapidly. One of the bulkheads of the watertight compartments had suddenly given way under the strain.

Boats were instantly lowered from the Gresham and the Seneca, and by brilliant work they managed to rescue all of the crew. Captain Sealby was almost exhausted when reached by the Gresham's boat.

Once her bulkheads gave way, the Republic sank very rapidly. She rolled over on her side, threw her bow in the air and disappeared stern first.

### Seneca to Bring Crew to New York.

The Seneca will take off the members of the crew from the Gresham at daybreak and will proceed to New York. The captain and mate of the Republic are being cared for in the ward room of the Gresham and will not suffer any ill-effects from exposure.

With all the passengers of both the Florida and the Republic on board, and with a part of the latter's crew, the liner Baltic, of the White Star Company, was at her anchorage off Sandy Hook at an early hour this morning, and will come up the bay at daylight. She will probably dock between 8 and 9 o'clock.

The wireless telegraph on Saturday spoke, but the prologue of the great drama being enacted behind the impenetrable curtain of fog out upon the sea, was that the steamship Florida, with 1,100 souls aboard, had rammed the White Star liner Republic, with upward of 800 in her charge.

Yesterday, by the same magic means, the full drama was enacted before the attentive world and soon revealed itself a tragedy.

Regret that first-class passengers of the Republic, Mrs. Eugene Lynch and Mr. W. J. Mooney were killed; also Mr. Lynch and Mrs. Murphy badly injured.

(Signed) RANSON.

This wireless message received by officials of the White Star Line grimly refuted the "all-safe" and "no lives lost" messages that had gladdened the watchers on shore. Science had done much to lessen the horrors of this great modern disaster of the sea, but death was not baffled. It came quick and terrible when the sharp prow of the Florida cut its way into the side of the Republic, crushing to death the two passengers as they slept in their berths and maiming those who slept but an arm's length away.

### Cut Down at Work in Ship's Hold.

It visited the hold as well as the deck of the liner, and four members of the crew, believed to be coal passers at work deep in the hold of the ship, were killed by the blow that doomed the Republic.

The dead and injured as reported by wireless are as follows:

DEAD.—W. J. Mooney, Langdon, North Dakota; Mrs. Eugene H. Lynch, Boston, Mass.; four members of the crew, unnamed.

INJURED.—Eugene H. Lynch, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. M. J. Murphy, Grand Forks, South Dakota.

Those named above were first cabin passengers and occupied adjoining staterooms on the saloon deck on the port side of the Republic, where the bow of the Florida crashed into the vessel.

The belated report of the casualties is believed to be due to the fact that they were not known at the time the first messages were sent out from the Republic for aid, and, when discovered, were delayed by the press of messages directing the work of rescue.

Passengers of the Republic who lived through the peril passed through the most thrilling experiences yet recorded in the history of marine disasters. Transferred from a sinking ship by small boats in the black fog, abandoning their effects and glad of the chance for their lives, they found themselves aboard a vessel but little safer than the damaged hulk they had left, and facing a rising gale.

For fourteen hours they were crowded upon the decks of the Florida, with her 300 excited passengers, sleepless and poorly nourished, while the fog made the midnight of their peril never ending.

### Transferred in Small Boats to Great Liner.

Hopeless, and with the knowledge that the rolling ship beneath them could not outlive the promised storm, at almost midnight by the clock and weather, they were told that they must face another peril—that within twenty-four hours they must be twice transferred from the decks of sinking liners by means of the small boats; must climb down the frail rope ladder thrown over the swinging sides of the ship until, like human pendulums, they were swung aboard the cockle-shells tossing on the waves.

## Wireless Bulletins of the Republic Disaster

Messages Flashed Over the Sea Tell of Progress of  
Rescue and of Ship's Loss.

10 A. M.—From S.S. Baltic to White Star Co.—Baltic standing by Republic. Republic in good towing condition. Lucania has left and Baltic is now on her way to N. Y.

2 P. M.—Nantucket, from S.S. Baltic.—Killed. Mrs. E. Lynch, Boston, Mass.; W. J. Mooney, Langdon, N. D.; four negroes (names unobtainable). Mrs. Murphy badly injured.

3 P. M.—From Siasconsett to Nantucket.—After transfer of passengers of Republic and Florida to Baltic, Florida and Baltic started for N. Y. If Baltic goes at average speed and does not stop to convoy Florida she should reach N. Y. Sunday evening.

3:05 P. M.—S.S. Baltic, at sea, to David Lindsay, White Star offices, N. Y.—The work of transferring passengers began 11 o'clock last night. There was an easterly wind blowing and gale brewing. One thousand six hundred and fifty aboard the Florida, this including the passengers of the Republic and Florida. They were all lined up on the upper deck. All members of the crew, from first staff officers to stokers, went among the passengers and assured them there was no danger. Seventy-five per cent of passengers on Republic were women. The work of transferring passengers of Republic and Florida lasted from 11 last night until 10:30 this morning. There was a heavy fog, and the giant searchlight of the Baltic was called into action. At 9 a. m. it was pitch dark and impossible to see without searchlight.

3:15 P. M.—From Wood's Hole, Mass.—Republic and Florida now twelve miles south of Nantucket Shoals lightship.

5:45 P. M.—From Siasconsett, Mass.—Baltic now nearing Long Island Sound on her way to N. Y. Republic now being towed by revenue cutter Gresham, steered by Furnessia, aft. Florida, under own steam, refuses assistance.

8:30 P. M.—Via Newport, from the Gresham.—The Republic sank at 8 o'clock to-night, off Nantucket Shoal Lightship. The crew had been removed a half hour before. She was in tow of the Gresham and the Mohawk at the time.

8:40 P. M.—From Revenue Cutter Gresham, via Cape Cod to Boston Custom House.—Gresham and Seneca proceeding to Gay Head.

TERRY, Commander.

10:31 P. M.—From Captain Sealby, of the Republic.—The Republic has sunk. All hands were taken off the vessel and are aboard the revenue cutter Gresham, which is making for Gay Head, Mass.

10:45—United wireless from United States revenue cutter Gresham.—Gresham and Senator have left Republic and are proceeding to Gay Head. The Mohawk will stand by.

10:50 P. M.—Captain Ranson, of Baltic, to White Star Line.—Baltic fifty miles east of Coney Island. Will probably arrive at Sandy Hook 1 o'clock Monday morning.

## The Wireless Now a Necessity

HE wireless telegraph has at last played a leading role in a thrilling emergency, and so has been born into the full consciousness of the world.

It has passed, like the railroad, the cable and the steamboat, through all the stages of rejection, ridicule, and tentative success. From a dream of romance to a wonder of the laboratory it has come to its settled place as a part of the indispensable structure of civilization.

Everybody breathed a little deeper yesterday for the story of the mortally wounded White Star liner, with Binns—imperturbable Mr. Binns!—at the wireless key whispering his calls for help through the wide reaches of the land and sea and drawing a rescuing fleet up out of the dark.

After the congratulations and cheers for the magnificent rush to save the stricken ships we must not take thought of the plain lesson of the disaster—a lesson which no doubt had to be learned by experience, but which should be quickly applied.

If the Florida had been equipped with a wireless telegraph apparatus the collision need not have happened.

The wireless system has proved its usefulness in minimizing the loss of life in a smash-up at sea. But it seems to be able to do more than that. It can put an end to the most serious danger that menaces ocean travel—can safeguard ships from colliding in a fog.

Evidently the lugubrious groaning foghorn—which has so long depressed the spirits of seafarers—has proved its ineffectiveness and will in due time pass away.

The subtler, surer, far-ranging signal of the wireless will in the future be depended upon to apprise ships of the proximity of neighbors and keep them from running each other down.

No ship should be allowed to clear from an American port without a wireless telegraph outfit in good working order. And this new rule should become as soon as possible the imperative law and custom of the seven seas.

### WAITING AT THE HOTELS.

#### Friends of Republic's Passengers Get News of Their Safety.

The Knickerbocker, Plaza, Gotham, Belmont, Imperial, Grand Union, and other hotels each had guests last night who had come to await the arrival of passengers from the Republic on the Baltic to-day, and they expected many here by last night's late trains and to-d

Herbert L. Griggs, President of the Bank of New York, is at the St. Regis and is awaiting the arrival of his wife, who was on the Republic. Ms. Griggs has received a wireless message from his wife in which she said that she was well and comfortable, but had lost everything she possessed on the sunken steamer.

At the Waldorf was Mr. C. R. Scudder of St. Louis. On hearing of the disaster he took the first train to New York, and will meet the Baltic, on which are his sister, Mrs. William Scudder, and her daughters, the Misses Gladys, Madeline, and Martha Scudder, who were on the Republic. Mr. Scudder received a telegram from his wife in which she said that all the party were rescued from the Republic and are on board the Baltic with nothing but the clothes they wear.

The Waldorf management also received messages from persons who were guests there previous to the sailing of the Republic, as well as from those who were on the Baltic. S. A. Von Riesen of Baltimore is at the Astor, and Mrs. M. C. Appold, of New York, and Mrs. Sarah Martin, and maid, from Pittsburgh; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Miller and Miss Miller of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Van Woert of the same city, were among those who engaged rooms.

At the Manhattan Hotel is J. H. Whiting, of Chicago, whose wife and daughter were on the Republic and are on the Baltic. S. A. Von Riesen of Baltimore is at the Astor, and Mrs. M. C. Appold, who is on the Baltic. Mr. Appold sent a wireless message to his sisters in Baltimore saying that he was safe, and his cousin, Mr. and Mrs. John Miller, Mr. Miller is Vice President of the Colonial Trust Company of Baltimore and is un

married. David Perry, widow of Gen. Perry, and her daughter, are at the New Grand Hotel. They are waiting to meet Major and Mrs. Eddy, who are close personal friends of the Perry family. The Knickerbocker Hotel reported Mr. J. H. Knickerbocker from St. Louis, who saw his mother and sister off on the Republic last Thursday.

# Distress Signal Aroused Whole Force at Siasconset; Help Sent to Sinking Republic

## LONELY VIGIL BROKEN BY FIRST CRY FOR AID

Wireless Operator at the Siasconset Station Tells of Alarm.

### ALL HANDS CALLED OUT

How Assistance Was Sent to the Republic from Nantucket.

By A. H. Ginman.

(Description of vigil for news of wrecked Republic as told by manager of the wireless station at Siasconset, Nantucket Island.)

Siasconset, Mass., Jan. 24.—Imagine a lonely island in the middle of winter, thereon a lonely Marconi station, therein a lonely Marconi operator, with his telephones glued to his head, watching the break of day, thinking of his past and future, listening for any sign of life in his telephones.

Imagine that man suddenly startled with a faint, very faint, call from a ship using the recognized distress signal, giving her position and calling for help.

Slowly, all too slowly, came the cry for urgent aid, each call seemingly taking an hour's valuable time, yet in truth but a fraction of a second. Will he never sign? Who can it be? At last came the recognized code letters of the White Star Republic, and again the call for aid.

### Search for Ships Made by Wireless.

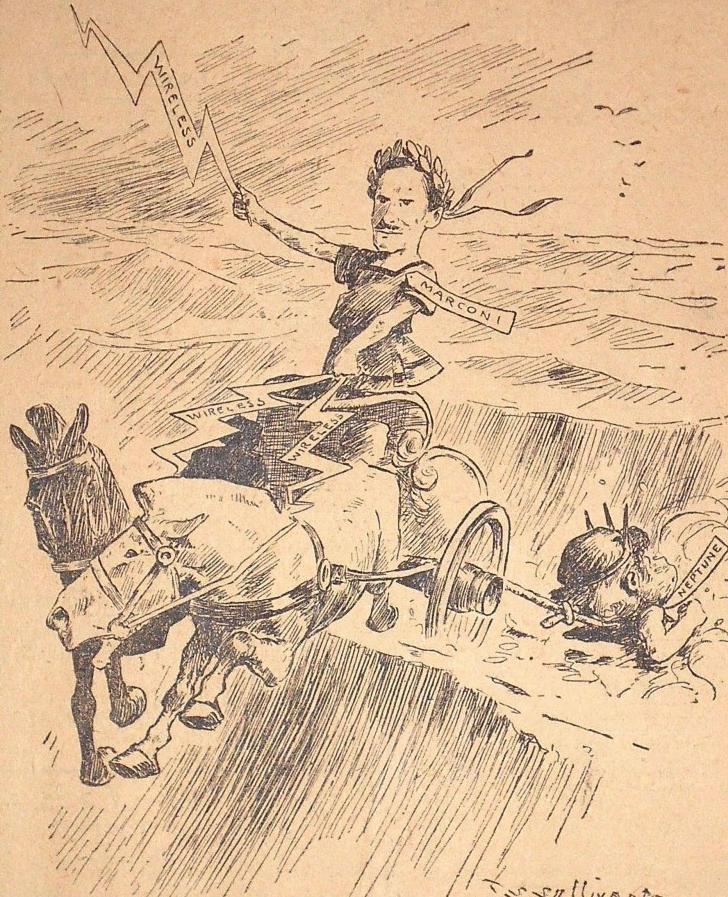
With this information Operator Irwin of the Marconi force at the station here, who was on duty at the time, immediately got the wires hot, knowing the revenue cutter Au-  
tunnet to be lying at Woods Hole, and within one minute the captain was informed that his calls had been heard and aid was being rushed to him.

All hands were immediately brought on duty and the seas scanned by wireless in search of a vessel near the Republic.

The first to answer the urgent call of the now very busy wireless station was the French liner La Lorraine, and she was immediately sent to render assistance to the sinking vessel.

The White Star liner Baltic, at this time nearing Long Island, however, was apparently listening to the rapid fire of orders, for the captain immediately about-turned and was chasing in pursuit of the wreck be-

## THE NEW MONARCH OF THE SEAS.



fore actually receiving orders direct. Now attention was turned to the sinking vessel and assurances given that aid was being rushed to them. The result to them could only be imagined.

### Calls of the Republic Were Growing Faint.

No time could be wasted on sentiment, for the ships in pursuit had to be kept in close touch with the situation so not a moment would be lost. Fainter seemed the Republic's calls, now like the gasp of a drowning man, but the Marconi operator aboard had apparently been working under great difficulties and was able to give the news that her engine room was full of water and that the passengers were being taken off by an unknown vessel, apparently the one that struck her.

Slowly and deliberately this news was scattered broadcast by the loyal operator, evidently now nursing his power for the supreme efforts that he knew would be called for. Nothing but the most essential points could be gained from him, and, anxious though he knew those on shore would be, he was still more anxious to keep the

vessels searching for him on the right track.

"Steer south-southwest." "Is that you firing two bombs in succession?"

Those and other vital instructions were winding their way through the ether, each man anxiously straining his ears for the smallest scrap of information that would successfully guide them to the distressed vessel.

The steamer Baltic was the first to relieve the tense situation when she reported being alongside the Republic and that all passengers were safe aboard the Florida, which was also standing by.

Up to this time it was obviously im-

possible to disturb such important orders with a request for details of the accident, but now came the urgent cry of relatives ashore for news and particulars.

Still there was the difficulty of getting news of the Republic's passengers, who were now on the Florida, which is not fitted with wireless, and the impatient cry of the loved ones at home came fast and furious.

### LOST FLEET SUPPLIES.

#### Naval Paymaster Must Buy More to Replace Those Sunken on Republic.

VILLEFRANCHE, Jan. 24.—As a result of the sinking of the White Star steamer Republic, Fleet Paymaster McGowan left here yesterday to pay off the crew. On board the Republic were 650 tons of provisions for the American fleet, and Paymaster McGowan will endeavor to have the amount replaced or purchase a sufficient quantity to serve during the homeward trip.

## GETTING BALTIC NEWS FROM OUT THE AIR

Long Island Wireless Stations Swamped with Messages from and to Incoming Liner.

### "A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE"

Thus Was One Message Worded—Communication Broken at Times—What the Stations Heard.

The several wireless stations on the south shore of Long Island which on Saturday had to be content with repeated messages from the wrecked steamer Baltic and her rescuers, took up yesterday the work of conveying to this city news of the present trouble this city of the White Star liner Baltic, along with the passengers of the Republic and of the Florida. The station at Sagaponack, near Bridgehampton, L. I., 100 miles from this city, caught the first flash from the incoming Baltic.

This was late in the afternoon and after receiving many messages destined for friends of those on board, the operator commenced sending words of congratulation and invitations to visit friends on reaching this city, to the passengers on the Baltic. All told, the operator had more than 300 messages of this kind to send, and before many of them had flashed away from the wireless sending pole, communication with the steamer, creeping slowly toward this city, was lost.

Men Sagaponack called the wireless station at Sea Gate, and explained the difficulty. Sea Gate knew it already, for it was only four o'clock when Operator Harry Williams picked up the first of the Baltic's messages, destined, however, for Sagaponack and not for him. But this communication had been lost after a time, and when Sagaponack called Sea Gate was still awaiting the re-establishment of communication with the Baltic. In the meantime Sagaponack's messages were relayed to Sea Gate to be sent from there when the Baltic was picked up again.

The scene in the little room on the second floor of the lodge of the Sea Gate Association, situated less than a quarter of a mile back from the end of Norton's Point, was one of suppressed excitement. Without there was nothing to be seen but the murk of a heavy fog, through which sounded the boom of the surf from the Lower Bay on one side and from smaller Gravesend Bay on the other. Within, a dozen men, among whom was Chief Engineer Frederick M. Sammis of the Marconi Company, crowded around the operating table, at which sat Harry Williams. Back and forth flew questions and suppositions as to where the Baltic might be, until a faint sound like the peculiar rumble of an automobile engine, only many times weaker, sounded in the room. Instantly there was perfect silence, for the message was a faint one.

It was Williams, said Williams, as he caught the first words, and then he translated the messages meant for Sagaponack.

At the first lull an effort was made to connect with the steamer. The operator went down toward a long lever that released the telephone and then turned to his key, which is like that of every teletypewriter instrument. As his fingers pressed it toward the other occupants of the room had to strain their eyes in the crowded space there burst forth noise like that from an automobile engine, only that was as loud as a racing

car makes when the engine is revved up. Messages after message shot out from the Sea Gate key, but there came no answer from the Baltic. No reply had been received up to 10 o'clock, but at some time Mr. Sammis estimated, from the sound of the messages, that the Baltic had passed, and was rapidly drawing into the Sea Gate range.

**Mrs. Lynch's Body Lost.**  
At Sagaponack the most important message which was received was one to Dr. Patrick Flanagan of East Cambridge, Mass., which stated that the body of Mrs. Margaret Lynch was on the Republic when the latter sank.

I'm on the job. Ship sinking, but still stick to end—Wireless Operator J. R. Blins, of Republic, to Bour.

Keep cool, old man! Keep courage. We'll get you out of that fix in a moment. Nearly blowing our bellies off. Diving twenty-two knots. Bour of *La Lorraine*, to Blins, of the Republic.

How Wireless Operator Blins, aboard the White Star liner Republic, told of their plight after her collision with the Florida was first told an American reporter last night by J. B. Bour, chief Marconi wireless operator aboard the French liner *La Lorraine*, which docked at Pier No. 42, North River, at 2 p.m. yesterday. The unofficial messages flashed across the wire by Blins and his friend Bour are part and parcel of the unwritten romance of wireless telegraphy. Blins Was "On the Job."

To his coolness and devotion to duty, it is now learned, was due the prompt assistance accorded the stricken passenger steamer by sister ships. As he himself expressed it, wireless Blins was "on the job" from the time the Florida crashed into the Republic amidships until the last passenger had been transferred to the colliding vessel.

Almost until the Republic went down Blins kept his station to the Siasconset and passing ships by the use of accumulators, for the shutting down of the engines cut the power of the electric dynamo that normally supplies the power of transmission to the wireless.

In another cubbyhole, far up on an otherwise boat deck of the *La Lorraine*, an American reporter found a haggard-eyed man whose every aspect showed loss of sleep, in the fog of last night. The man was speaking and talking with his assistant, Ernest S. Soden, also a Marconi operator from sleeplessness. The man was J. B. Bour, the wireless expert, and the same light came into his eyes when the name Blins was mentioned.

Bour Praises Blins.

"Ah, there's a man!" he said. "He was there in every sense of the word when the call of duty came. If Captain Seaby, of the Republic, proved seamanship and high courage, this man Blins showed equal courage and a sure and certain readiness to put his ship in instant command with his officers and the nearest land wireless station.

"I believe that man easily worked

thirty hours with the wireless strapped to his ears. Not an easy job, you can imagine, when the operator is on a ship supposed to be sinking. But it is a fact. His efforts must have depended upon him. He did his duty aboard the Blucher at the time of the Jamaica earthquake. It was the same when he was aboard that Republic during the Italian earthquake.

"He's only twenty-six years old, but he is now making his forty-first trip across the Atlantic.

Ship in Danger Signal.

"You want the story of his wireless feat? Well, I'll tell it to you. It was at 7 a.m. on Saturday, January 23, when my buzzers first began working, and this is what I got from the wireless station at Siasconset: 'C. Q. D.' That was repeated half a dozen times. 'C. Q. D.' in our code means 'Ship in great danger.' It is the international call for assistance, and implies a code of honor whereby every vessel within the radius of the danger zone must obey it.

"I immediately responded by the single letter 'G,' which means, 'Send at once; on ready.' Back came the answer from Siasconset, flashing across the void and through the fog: 'M. L. L. (La Lorraine), Lat. 40° 17', Long. 70° W., M. L. L. (Republic) with your assistance.'

"Your C. Q. D. message received O. K. Notified captain. M. L. L.'

Relayed to the *Lucania*.

"In the meantime I had got in communication with the Canadian lines *Lucania* at 7:00 and had relayed to her the message we had received from the land station.

Captain Tournier, after receiving the message, consulted his charts, made his computations and gave orders for the ship to head for the scene of the shipwreck. This all took time, but at 7:30 o'clock Captain Tournier to the *Lucania* sent the following message:

"Please tell Republic we are one hundred and twenty miles off. Shall reach her at 10 p.m. M. L. L."

Things began to be exciting after that. Carefully I watched for every spray message to send. There isn't often such a opportunity for the wireless to give their husbands and sweethearts a thrill when they are aboard a ship rushing to the assistance of one supposed to be sinking, with many souls aboard."

Captain Tournier Tells of Search.

Captain Tournier's story of the futile search for the stricken Republic follows:

"I was on the bridge from 3 a.m. Saturday. When I got the first wireless message it was necessary to examine my charts in order to properly direct my course. I had taken my last observation

on the Republic. This was the message I flashed:

"Please tell us if you are in fog and your exact position."

"There was a four-second interval between the two came the message:

"M. L. L.—Position Lat. 40° 17', Long. 70° W. We are in fog. M. K. C."

Talk Opened with Blins.

"Captain Tournier then dictated the following message to the Republic:

"Please tell us depth of water and kind of seabed. Our captain desires to direct our steaming accordingly."

"Then I began to get in official touch with Blins. 'Hello there, old man, are you?' I flashed.

"I'm on the job. Ship sinking, but will stick to end," Blins flashed back.

"Keep cool, old man!" I flashed in return. 'Keep courage.'

"'O. K.' old man, we flashed back. 'Come along with us, we're saving you.'

"Then he flashed another message telling me that he couldn't waste words; that his ship had been struck amidships, injuring his boilers, destroying the use of the dynamos and he had to depend on emergency accumulators. He told all that in about three or four letters of the alphabet.

"At 11 o'clock we sent an official message to the Republic, reading 'Now about thirteen miles off,' and another at 11:25 stating, 'Now about twenty miles off.'

"The fog was getting thicker and thicker, making it difficult to see. All the lifeboats are ready to put to sea men named and numbered, and ordered to stay ready until otherwise directed. We stay on scene until wireless says all passengers are saved and are aboard boats. Then we follow the fog is trying to find Florida, but the fog is very thick."

"La Lorraine carried 763 passengers, a skeleton crew of 400. She did not experience rough weather. During the search for the Republic she picked her up and took her into the harbor there for Captain Tournier, Second Captain Guignot, and Lieutenants Menestrel, Blivet, and Bureaud, and Midshipman Bourges did not sleep.

Messages for the Baltic.

"During this time I had also caught several messages being flashed from the Republic to the Baltic. The first was at 10:25, and told the Republic's sister ship of her plight and position. It was all very dramatic sitting there and hearing of this tragedy of the sea. The ship was listing, the singing wires that stretched from masthead to masthead of our ship."

"Then another piece of the Republic's story came to us through our submarine bell. On orders from Captain Tournier I flashed this message to the Republic at 12:45 p.m.:

"We are in fog. We can hear big submarine bell and are steering straight toward you. Also we might meet as much noise as possible to direct our steaming because the fog is bad."

"While making toward the Republic, Captain Tournier had also sent the following message via Siasconset to General Agent Paul Faguet of the French Line:

"Come to our aid. We are in fog. Our ship has been struck amidships."

"We are in fog. Our ship has been struck amidships."

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"We



# 1,524 SURVIVORS

## CAPTAIN REPORTED SUICIDE

# SAFE HERE GUNS STOPPED ON SHIP IN WRECK

The story of a mutiny among the steerage passengers on the liner Florida, after she had rammed the White Star steamship Republic off Nantucket, was brought here to-day when 1,542 survivors arrived on the Baltic.

Believing that their boat was in a sinking condition, the Florida's passengers insisted that Captain Voltolin refuse to take the refugees from the Republic on board. When he ignored their protests the steerage passengers drew knives and tried to attack those who were brought on board from the sinking White Star boat.

Before they succeeded in killing the mutiny, the officers of the Florida were compelled to draw revolvers and stand guard over the Republic's passengers.

Charges were also made that Schiessimo Ronaldo, a mate on the Florida, had been responsible for the collision. Ronaldo came in on the Baltic with a fractured skull, the result of being hit over the head with a marlinspike by Captain Voltolin.

At the time of the crash Ronaldo was at the wheel. Captain Voltolin charged that the mate had failed to respond to signals given him, and instead of taking a sharp turn to starboard, had turned to port and rammed the nose of the Florida into the Ronamile.

Wild scenes marked the arrival of the Baltic at Pier 49, at Morton street and the North River this afternoon. A crowd of 5,000 persons gathered in West street, near the pier, and made a frantic demonstration of joy as they saw the big boat creeping up the river. Police reserves who were on hand were absolutely unable to control the crowd for a time.

The Baltic came into port after having been held up by fog all night off Sandy Hook.

One of the striking scenes at the pier

occurred when a charge was made by Stewards J. S. Carlisle and Frederick Spence of the Republic, that J. B. Connolly, the writer of sea stories and friend of President Roosevelt, had been guilty of cowardice after the collision.

Connolly, they said, had tried to get in one of the first lifeboats that were manned, and which were intended to receive only the women. They declared that Connolly, in endeavoring to step into the boat, had murmured something about having a wife and family at home. When he was told of the charges, Connolly declared they were false and were inspired by spite.

The official list of the casualties that resulted from the collision, as learned to-day, was six killed and five injured.

THE DEAD.  
LYNCH, MRS. EUGENE, of Boston; crushed in stateroom; body sealed in casket and left on the Republic.

MURPHY, T. J., banker, who lived at Langdon, N. H.; crushed in stateroom; body sealed in casket and left on Republic.

Four sailors on the Florida.

THE INJURED.  
LYNCH, ENGENE, husband of Mrs. Lynch, both legs broken; placed on board the Florida.

MURPHY, Mrs. M. J., of Grand Forks, N. D., right leg broken; arrived on Baltic to-day.

Seaman on the Florida; name not known; leg broken.

WOODWARD, J., steward on the Republic; skull fractured; brought in on the Baltic.

GREGGS, MRS. HERBERT L., buried in wreckage in her stateroom and bruised.

Of the survivors who arrived there were 228 first class passengers from the Republic, 213 second class passengers and 244 members of the crew. The passengers from the Florida, who were brought in were 13 cabin, 828 third class and two members of the crew.

A crowd of five thousand men and women—larger than any gathering at a steamship dock since the maledict trip of the Lusitania—greeted the arrival of the White Star rescue ship Baltic when she nosed up the Hudson and was swung around into her berth at Pier No. 48, North River, this afternoon, bringing safely the 1,524 survivors of the Republic-Florida disaster.

As soon as the great liner was within earshot, a great cheer went up from those waiting thousands. The decks of the Baltic was black with people—passengers and those rescued from the Republic and the Florida—and as they heard the cheer there was an answering shout and a profusion waving of handkerchiefs.

It seemed many long minutes to those aboard and on shore before the Baltic was warped around and into her berth. As a matter of fact, the big vessel was docked in record time. The impatience of relatives and friends on shore—hundreds had been waiting since 6 o'clock this morning—seemed too much to brook the necessary delay before the big gangplanks were thrown up, forward for the steerage and amidships for the cabin.

The police had to take a hand in things then. Captain Walling and some two hundred blueshirts, reserves from nearby precincts, prevented the huge crowd from making a general assault upon the gangplanks in their haste to get aboard. Then way was cleared for those aboard to get off the boat and greet those who were waiting.

The rescued from the Florida screamed out on the dock from the forward gangplank, while the rescued from the Republic hurried ashore from the gangplank amidships. The passengers of the Baltic, once more generous considerate, waited.

At any other time the appearance of those who came ashore would have provoked laughter, for such a motley crowd was probably never before seen coming ashore from an incoming liner. Women wore impossible attire, made of the skin, while others were miscellaneous garments donated by the Baltic's passengers. Some of the men were even more grotesquely habited—but all this provoked not even a smile.

## MUTINY

## Women Cried and Laughed.

There were smiles aplenty and not a little of hysterical laughter among the women on the dock; but it was not because of the ill-assorted garments or lack of clothing on those who came ashore. There was madly smiles through tears as hearts were flung open after the first embrace and eyes gazed long into the eyes of loved ones.

There was no time to individualize. The same thing was happening all over the pier. Men and women hugged men and women to their hearts, at the dear-danger escaped, oblivious of all about them.

Here a woman with a glad little cry would rush forward and fling her arms around some one whose name she might not even know. There another a man would take some one in his arms. So it went. The police did their best to prevent confusion, but they were about as effective as mud. They had not often given them to see such scenes of sheer gladness.

As those hours passed the crowd recovered and the women about whom their hearts had been wrung since the news of the sea disaster was flashed forth on Saturday, they were wedged along through the crowd to the entrance of

Continued on Page 2, Column 1.

# WOMEN WEEP WITH JOY OVER THEIR FRIENDS

Continued from First Page.

the pier. There it looked like a gathering on a gala night of the opera outside Broadway. On the side streets Some 250 automobiles, hansom, coupes and taxicabs were waiting. One waited for the wife of one as those ashore from the vessel were united, they moved on to the waiting vehicles. The women, with strange-looking coats and berets and hats, as well as men, with only blankets and those with the strange array made up from the spare clothing of the Baltic's steerage, were the most attractive. Some taxicabs hurried off. Those who couldn't get cabs walked. "Conventions were thrust aside, and no one was ashamed of his or her improvised attire.

## Note of Tragedy in the Scene.

But among all the gladness over the recovery of those who had so narrowly escaped fearful death, there was one note of grief. This could be discerned in a group of a few people who waited anxiously near the pier. They were the relatives of the Baltic. They were the relatives of Mrs. Eugene Lynch of Boston, and T. J. Mooney, the banker of New York, N. D., two of the leaders of the disaster.

Mrs. Lynch's two sisters, Mrs. F. J. Finnegan, of Cambridge, Mass., and Mrs. H. C. Bryant, of Boston, and their husbands formed one part of the little group. The women were weeping bitterly. John H. McCarter and Mrs. McCarter, of Troy, cousins, were near them.

A little distance away were former State Senator George B. Winslow, of Grand Forks, N. D., J. Valentine, editor of the Tribune, and Mrs. and Mrs. G. Titus, all friends of Mrs. Mooney. They went aboard as soon as the crowd of the survivors thinned out.

## VICTIMS TELL OF CRASH, SEA RESCUE AND DRAWN KNIVES ON THE FLORIDA

Mrs. James Crockett, the wife of a Boston publisher, said that she and the other passengers from the Republic spent a day of horror on the Florida, to which they were transferred.

"I was not sleeping near the part of the Republic which was rammed," she said. "The collision awakened me, and I ran out on the decks. All of us assembled on the upper deck, where Captain Sealby spoke to us and quieted our fears."

"He told us the blunt truth: gave us to understand that we had to do as much as he and his crew, and made us feel that we were helping him as he was helping us. That gave us a wonderful amount of confidence."

"At 10 o'clock in the morning it was decided to transfer us to the Florida. We got down into lifeboats, and it took about two hours to make the transfer. Then we were taken over first."

"When we got on board the Florida the steerage and cabin passengers were all huddled together. The Florida was listing considerably, and the steerage passengers were afraid she would sink."

## Drew Knives on Florida.

"I can't blame them much for their fears, because most of them had just come over from the earthquake in Italy and were in a condition bordering on insanity."

# CAPTAIN SEALBY, FACING DEATH ON MAST, CHEERED AS SHIP SINKS

## Pittsburghers Safe Without Clothing

"Many of the men in the steerage drew knives as they saw us boarding the Florida."

"They feared that if all of us were loaded onto their boat it would sink, and they wanted the captain of the Florida."

"I saw several of the Florida's passengers try to stab the refugees from the Republic, and they would have succeeded if the officers and crew, who stood in the steerage with drawn revolvers and kept the frantic men with their knives at bay until they had been disarmed."

General Brayton Ives, the noted financier, told a vivid story of the scene on the Republic during the collision.

"My afternoon was pretty well occupied," he said. "I was on the port side. I was awakened about five o'clock in the morning by a terrific crash. It threw me out of my berth, and got up quickly and ran on the electric light, but the power was off."

Toy Candle Lights Way.

"Fortunately, I had with me a toy candle given to me at Christmas by a young friend. This candle I lit and by means of its light found my way about. Most of the other passengers were there, and all were remarkably calm, considering the danger that confronted us."

"I think their calmness was chiefly due to the excellent discipline of the crew."

"We were all ranged together and sent up to the top deck. It was frightfully cold there, and many of us were in night attire."

"As daylight came on we saw that the stern of the Republic was far down in the water, and that the ship was listing. For a moment, the Republic might sink at any moment. Captain Sealby noticed our anxiety and made a short speech to us. This is what he said: 'Don't be afraid. You will probably keep afloat for a number of hours. She will go lower in the water, but I think we will have plenty of time to get away in safety.'

Brayton Ives Pulled Out.

"At 10 o'clock Captain Sealby decided to transfer us to the Florida. The women went first. When I finally got into one of the life boats I asked permission to pull one of the oars, as I was numb with the cold. I was allowed to do so, and it was the first time I had pulled, due to a sea was running."

"We had considerable trouble in being transferred to the Baltic that evening, as quite a sea was running. I believe there was a misunderstanding on both sides."

"That is the bravery of the sailors on the Republic. After the liner struck again once after being rammed by the Florida, was indicated in the story told by George Bradwick, who was one of the 200 passengers."

"There were sixteen of us stokers at work at 6 o'clock Saturday morning," said Charles Clegg. "When the crash came it seemed like the whole ship had exploded. Then in came the nose of the

Florida, right on top of us. It swept the side away and tons of water poured in."

"Now, any one who is not a seafaring person doesn't know that the stokers on the Republic are drilled to close the compartments doors, a practice given from the captain. The Republic did not have electrical appliances for closing the compartments as some of the other liners have. When the crash came the stokers ran right for those compartments, and closed 'em in a second."

"After it was all over, and when we got up on deck, the captain made a speech to us and thanked us for being prompt. He said that otherwise the boat might have filled with water at once."

## FLORIDA ARRIVES.

Liner Comes Up the Bay with Flag at Half-Mast.

The Italian steamship Florida, which rammed the Republic, crawled up to Quarantine at 3:30, proceeding slowly under her own steam. Her flag was at half-mast and her stem seemed to be smashed in for about twenty feet. The injury was covered with tarpaulins.

Several tugs were alongside. The vessel was not listed badly.

At 8:45 o'clock to search for the Republic, and at 10:15 o'clock in the morning sighted the Republic with the Baltic lying close to the Florida.

The Furnessia came alongside the Baltic.

The Baltic lay alongside the Florida,

though it was first considered impossible.

Why should there not be a

spiritual telegraphy to make possible

intercourse between God and His hu-

man creatures? Just as there is

that invisibly connect the Kingdom of Heaven with the world of mankind to believe in them?"

Suspend Nature's Laws.

Father Walsh spoke of the wonderful attainments of hypnotism in subjecting one man to the will of another. He said one cannot reconcile the idea of a man being in complete subjection to the brain of another man. Therefore, he added, hypnotism is not to be regarded as the breaking, but merely as a suspension of such laws.

For Father Walsh is one of the thirty priests, members of the Congregation of St. Paul, whose duty it is to travel about the country and minister to the Catholic sailors of the Republic. For the last two years he has been stationed in the Paulist Fathers' headquarters, No. 415 West Fifty-ninth street.

## BRAVE CAPTAIN AND CREW OF REPUBLIC ARE SAFE IN PORT

Vineyard Haven, Mass., Jan. 26.—Captain Sealby of the lost Republic and all his plucky crew except the four coal passers killed by the Florida's bow are safe and sound in the harbor here aboard the United States revenue cutter Gresham.

They were taken off the wrecked shipnot an instant too soon. In fact, Captain Sealby, who obstinately refused to leave until the last one, had to jump overboard and cling to a grating with his first mate until one of the Gresham's small boats picked them up, exhausted from the cold and the terrific struggle. The men had to be rescued from the water before they could be brought aboard. The Gresham picked both up safely.

After cruising around to see that all possible had been done, the Furnessia proceeded on her way to New York.

## WIRELESS PROVES SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPHY POSSIBLE, SAYS PRIEST

From the pulpit of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Father William Walsh, a Jesuit, expressed his belief in clairvoyance and admitted that his skepticism of the occult had been removed some years ago by the remarkable feat of a woman medium.

In his sermon, upon the topic "Prayer and Reason," Father Walsh further contended that if wireless were possible in the present day it is not incompatible with the laws of nature for communication to be established. This, though the means of prayer, but it is consistent with nature that one man's will should be subservient to that of another, so he felt that hypnotism was only a suspension of those laws.

## Medium Converted Him.

"Clairvoyance and clairaudience are scoffed at as impossibilities," he said. "I believe and have had proof that they are not impossible. I had my scepticism removed some time ago by a very striking illustration of the powers of clairvoyance. A friend of mine visited a clairvoyant in this city. My friend was a stranger in New York, and the home he was staying in was the only one he entered the room in which the clairvoyant had woman was she, said she could tell him all about his mother, which she did, as well as a relative incident that had occurred after his departure."

"I can see," said the clairvoyant, "a cross has been broken, and that people in the house are trying to put it together. I can see all these things just as plainly as if I were in your house."

Crucifix Was Broken.

"My friend could not believe that an crucifix told him was true. As the crucifix was not broken when my friend left home, he decided to test the woman. He wrote to his family asking about the crucifix, and soon after received a letter verifying everything that had been said. The medium had been unaware of even what part of the country he came from."

"All this goes to prove that the day of miracles is not over. If ordinary mortals have this power to project their thoughts through miles of space and tell what is going on, how much greater must be the power of God!"

## Wireless Proves Prayer.

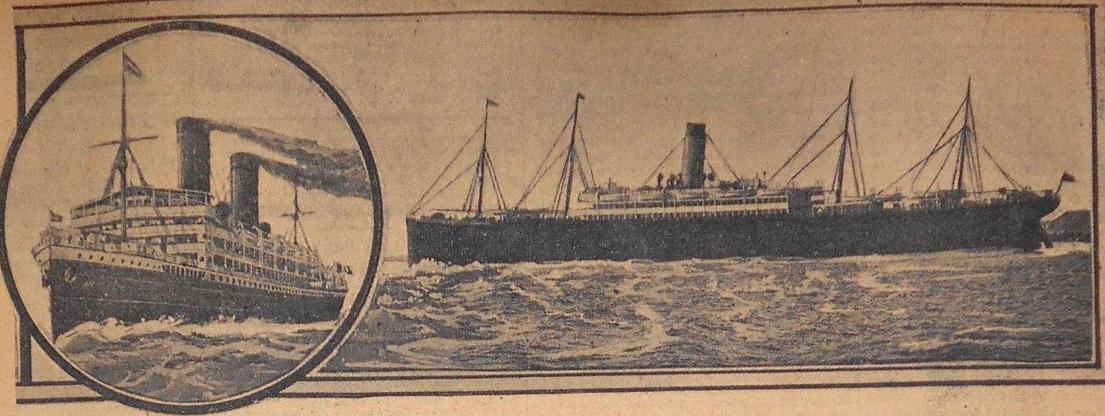
"They say that for a man to know and fix his thoughts upon his Maker and thus establish spiritual communion with Him is opposed by every

## THE INJURED.

### Mr. Woodward and Mrs. Murphy in a Serious Condition.

At the New York Hospital, where Henry K. Woodward, who was injured on the Republic, was removed by an ambulance, it was said that Mr. Woodward was suffering from a fractured skull.

Mr. and Mrs. Murphy were taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, where it was found that Mrs. Murphy was in a very serious condition, having suffered a bad fracture of the leg and one of the right arm, besides lacerations of the entire body. Mr. Murphy was more fortunate, and escaped with some severe lacerations of the face and body.



THE ITALIAN LINER FLORIDA.

THE REPUBLIC, SUNK AFTER BEING RAMMED BY THE FLORIDA.

## Friends Resume Vigil at White Star Line Offices

By daylight friends and relatives of those who sailed on the Republic were back again on duty at the post which they had held so patiently through all yesterday and well into last night—the offices of the International Mercantile Marine Company, which controlled the lost White Star liner. They knew that this morning would undoubtedly find the Baltic off the Hook, with the rescued men and women on board, but uncertainty as to the exact time of the arrival sent them again to the offices where most of them had been camped for the best part of two days.

Up until yesterday afternoon Vice-President Franklin, of the International Mercantile Company, believed as did everyone else that no lives had been lost in the disaster.

It was not until after 3 o'clock that the message giving the names of the dead and injured was received from Capt. Ranson. It read:

"I regret to report that of the Republic's passengers Mrs. Lynch, of Boston, and Mr. Mooney, of Langdon, N. Dak., are dead. Mr. Lynch of Boston, and Mrs. Murphy, of Grand Forks, N. Dak., are badly hurt. Four of the Florida's passengers are dead. Unable to name names."

Of those who had been awaiting news, whether it was to be good or bad, this information most affected H. Bendeke, Norwegian Vice-Consul at Minneapolis, and M. H. Curley, of No. 115 Broad street, Boston. Mr. Bendeke identified the North Dakota victims as W. J. Mooney, president of the Cavalier County National Bank of Langdon, and a nephew of the deceased.

J. Murphy, as the wife of W. J. Murphy, of Grand Forks, whom he had accompanied to New York with a party of friends who were sailing for a two months cruise in the Mediterranean.

**Saw Lynches Sail Away.**  
Mr. Curley had accompanied his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, to New York to bid them farewell on an extended trip through Europe.

"Mrs. Lynch is one of the best known residents of Boston," said Mr. Curley. "He is a wholesale liquor dealer, seventy years old."

Mr. Curley will meet the Baltic down the bay this morning with a delegation of Boston friends. Mrs. Lynch's body will be sent direct to Boston, and Mr. Lynch will be taken to a hospital there if his condition permits.

When the identity of the victims of the

### CONNOLLY IN A FUSS.

#### Writer Has Trouble with Some of Ship's Men.

James B. Connolly, for whom President Roosevelt got an appointment in the navy so that he could write of life on our warships, had some disagreement with several of the stewards of the Republic. He said things about them, and they said things about him.

It was said that the trouble arose because of Mr. Connolly's eagerness to reach a point from which he might forward an account of the disaster.

On reaching the harbor this morning he was overheard giving to the newspaper men who met the vessel an account of his difficulty with crew and stewards, which the White Star hands did not like. Several of them standing around raised an outcry and rushed for him. Connolly took refuge in the nearest stateroom.

In less than a minute there was a throng of white-coated and blue-coated men at the door crying "Hit him!"

Connolly did not appear at once when the vessel tied up to the wharf.

Capt. Ranson of the Baltic was asked regarding Mr. Connolly's experiences. He earnestly asked that he be excused.

## WOMEN ON THE BALTIC CARE FOR THE SURVIVORS

## SUBMARINE BELL LED RESCUERS TO REPUBLIC

The story of the sacrifices made voluntarily by passengers on the White Star liner Baltic in order to make comfortable the men, women and children rescued from the wrecked Republic was told to-day in dispatches received from the Baltic as she lay to off the Ambrose Channel Light in the fog.

When the work of transferring the passengers from the Republic began, scores of the Baltic's first cabin passengers pressed about the captain and officers of the vessel, offering their own quarters and everything they possessed for the benefit of the rescued.

#### Women Were Samaritans.

When the first boatload of the Republic's passengers were brought aboard the Baltic, women pressed forward to the main deck and took the rescued women to their own cabins. The terrible experience of the Republic's passengers had left them unversed, and everything was immediately done that was possible to restore them to calmness.

Many of the Republic's rescued passengers, in the excitement of leaving the vessel, had fled from their staterooms without little clothing and none of their other belongings. Luggage was the exception. This condition of affairs was immediately remedied by the passengers on the Baltic. Clothing was brought forward and the rescued were given whatever they needed.

The passengers on the Baltic could not be restrained in their efforts to assist the drowning crowd, even as far as the rail as one boatload after another came out of the fog from the Republic. As each boat arrived there were great efforts on the part of the rescuers to willingly assist in getting the rescued aboard.

#### Men Form Emergency Crew.

When the last boatload had been taken aboard and the Baltic gave her attention to the wrecked Florida, to take her passengers aboard also, the Baltic's passengers formed themselves into an emergency crew of helpers. The women became volunteer nurses and the men an auxiliary crew.

## Story of Wreck At a Glance

Florida rammed Republic 5:45 a.m. Saturday, 175 miles east of New York.

Wireless call for help brought seven ships to the rescue. Baltic, first to arrive at scene, took off passengers of both ships, all of the crew of the Republic except Captain Sealby with about a dozen men, and the crew of the Florida's sailors killed.

Two passengers on Republic killed and two badly hurt; four of Florida's steerage passengers killed.

Republic sank at 8 p.m. Sunday, about eight miles off Nantucket lightship.

Florida, badly crippled, on way to New York, convoyed by Romanic. Baltic with 1,524 survivors from both ships arrived here to-day. Passengers on Republic: First cabin, 211; steerage, 250; on Florida: first cabin, 26; steerage, 900; total, 1,387.

Crew of Republic, 300; of Florida, 250.



NANTUCKET SHOALS LIGHT VESSEL NO. 66.

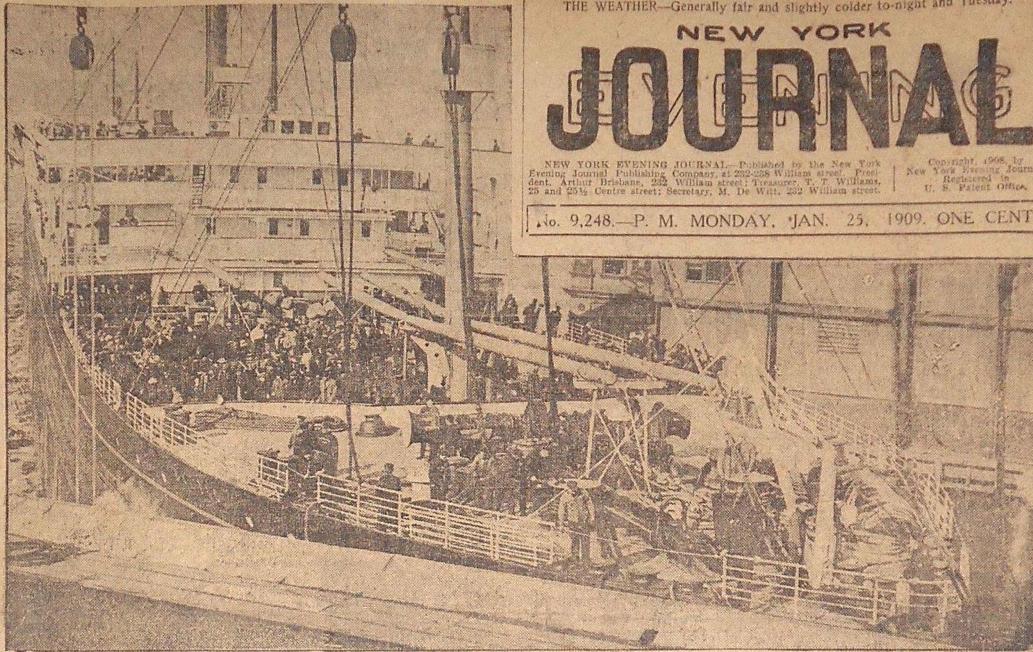
THE WEATHER—Generally fair and slightly colder to-night and Tuesday.

# NEW YORK JOURNAL

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No. 9,248.—P. M. MONDAY, JAN. 25, 1909. ONE CENT



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE DECK OF THE BALTIK UPON ARRIVAL HERE.

This picture was taken from the roof of the White Star Line pier in this city to-day, upon the arrival of the Baltic with the survivors from the Republic and the Florida, who are shown gathered on the forward decks of the big rescue liner.

## GEN. IVES SAYS THERE WAS MUCH CONFUSION

Much Excitement and Some Roughness When Families Were Separated by the Officers.

Brayton Ives, the banker, said of his son, You see, there was a great deal of confusion and families were separated. The officers paid no regard to family ties in sending off the boats. As soon as a boat was filled it was sent off, and husbands and wives were thrust apart for all they knew, forever.

### Dreamed It Was Subway Crash.

"Naturally, a man torn from his wife that way would lash out and be rough with every man who was between them. I think you will find that the criticism of Mr. Connolly had this at the bottom of it.

"We all put on life preservers and waited for the end. We did not pay

much attention to the noise of the wireless instrument working—none of us realized that it was bringing help. When the transfer to the Florida was made, I was impressed as an oarsman in one of the boats, and had to row over to the Florida and back again, making two trips. It was raining, and everybody was drenched.

### No Shelter on the Florida.

"When I finally got on board of the Italian ship I found it in a frightful disarray, dirty and without any discipline or comfort for anybody. The passengers of both ships were running loose about the decks without any officers to control them. The men had to stand up on deck in the rain and cold until the transfer to the Baltic was made.

"The transfer from the Italian ship to the Baltic was even more disagreeable. We were all wet and cold, and the Italian sailors and many of the immigrants had obtained access to the stores of the Florida. Some of them were noticeably intoxicated. I saw one of them put his hand on a woman. I know her name, but I won't say who it was—she was a delicately nurtured lady. She hit him a frightful blow in the face, knocking him off his seat, and then drew a hat pin. The sailor did not bother her again."

"We kept exchanging wireless messages. We would send out a feeler and then we would get a reply. Here are some of the messages we received, typical of what was going on all day:

### CAPTAIN RANSON TELLS GRAPHIC STORY OF HUNT FOR REPUBLIC IN FOG

Captain J. E. Ranson, of the Baltic, after his vessel had docked this afternoon, told in vivid fashion how he had found the sinking Republic, with her engines stilled, her lights out, but her wireless still in commission and working desperately to lead the Baltic to her through the fog.

"The first message I received telling me of the collision," said Captain Ranson, was at 6 a. m. Saturday. "It was brief, but it was terrible."

I immediately put about and started in search of the Republic out there somewhere in the fog. The search took me until 8 o'clock Saturday night and I did it by the Marconi wireless alone.

"We kept exchanging wireless messages. We would send out a feeler and then we would get a reply. Here are some of the messages we received, typical of what was going on all day:

"You are now on our port bow. Can you see us?" "Republic."

"You are now very close. Can you see our rockets?" "You are now too close to us for safety."

"The Republic kept her bells ringing and the Baltic kept her siren going. This formed the basis for further wireless messages."

"You are getting louder. Bear east-south-east. Listen to our bells."

"One message which made me very angry," said Captain Ranson, "was that we received about this time from the wireless operator at Siasconet. It ran:

"We have from Republic message which says the Baltic to hurry. Sinking fast."

"That was at 6 a. m. Saturday," said Captain Ranson. "While I was alongside, I found that the passengers had been transferred from the Republic to the Florida. I asked Captain Sealy of the Republic if he would return my vessel, but this he refused to do. He stayed on the Republic to the last."

again in fog during the night, and found her about 10 o'clock, with Captain Sealy and his boat crews aboard.

A skeleton crew was then put aboard her and the small boat made for New York later.

The America, New York and other vessels are anchored off Sandy Hook. The Republic sank at 8 p. m. Sunday.

All hands are now safe aboard the Grinnell, making for Sandy Head.

Inquiries from survivors of Republic show there was no excitement.

### Speech From Bridge.

Captain Sealy controlled everything, and made a speech from the bridge and kept all hands informed of movements of approaching vessels as reported by wireless, being ably assisted by his officers and crew.

The Marconi cabin was smashed in, but fortunately the operator and apparatus escaped unharmed.

The engine room was almost immediately filled with water. The news was received on the Baltic at 7 A. M. from Siasconet station, and by 8 A. M.无线 messages had been sent to receive all survivors, while all the boats were prepared for launching.

### Sends Message to Journal.

Earlier in the day, as the Baltic was approaching Sandy Hook, Captain Ranson sent the following message to the Evening Journal:

Florida inward and Republic outward bound in collision 115 miles east of Ambrose Bank at 6 a. m. Saturday. Republic struck engine amidships on port side, penetrating to engine room. Ship was immediately plunged in darkness. Captain Sealy of Republic sent wireless assistance. Baltic first vessel to make for scene of action, and after searching for two hours in dense fog located both colliding vessels together and apparently badly damaged.

At 7 p. m. Republic was abandoned except captain, chief officers and lifeboat crew. At 8 p. m. Baltic came alongside. Baltic proceeded to steamship Florida and removed all her passengers and crew, except the dead department.

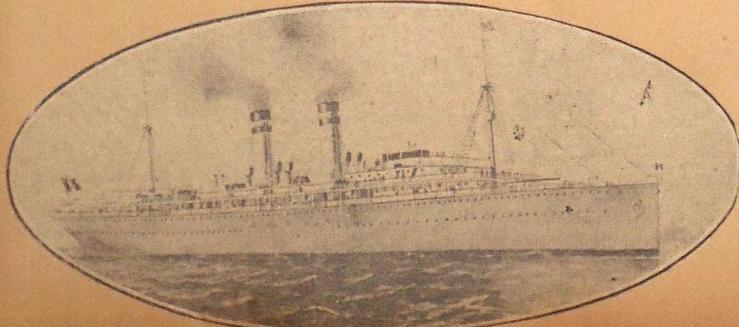
The Baltic took on board 1,610 people. Two first saloon passengers, Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney, were killed on the Republic. Mr. Mooney was killed instantly and Mrs. Lynch died soon after.

### 4 Dead on Florida.

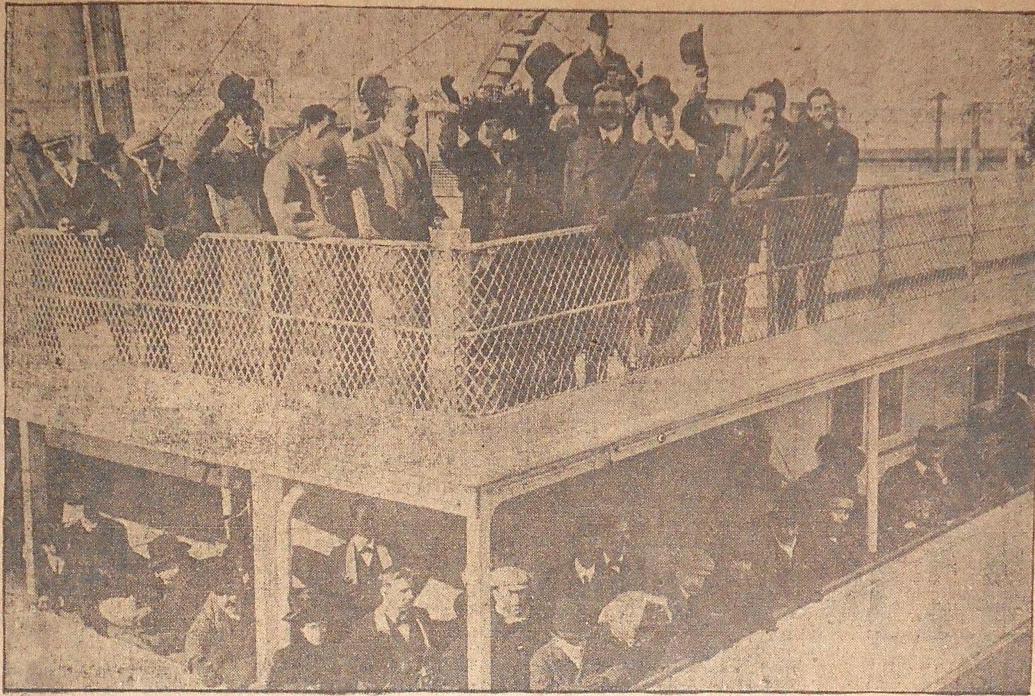
Four sailors on Florida were killed. Several passengers were injured, but are all doing well.

The Furnessia, at daylight, proceeded to convoy the Florida, which has her bows broken almost in to the bridge.

The New York and the Baltic searched for the Republic, which had been lost.



## Crowd Cheering Captain Ranson, of Baltic



Photographed especially for the Evening Journal.  
The commander of the ship that took hundreds from the sinking Republic was greeted with a hero's reception on his arrival at the pier.

## JAMES B. CONNOLLY'S STORY OF THE DISASTER

By JAMES B. CONNOLLY.

The following account of the collision between the White Star liner Republic and the Italian emigrant ship, the Florida, of Naples, in which six lives were lost, several passengers injured, the Republic sunk and the Florida badly damaged, was written by James B. Connolly, the well-known novelist and writer of sea stories, whom President Roosevelt commissioned to join the battleship fleet now returning from its world-girdling trip. Mr. Connolly was a passenger on the Republic.

James B. Connolly.



ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP BALTIC, VIA SANDY HOOK, N. J., Jan. 25.—It was at about twenty minutes to six o'clock Saturday, in a black fog, about one hundred and ninety miles out from New York and fifteen miles south of Nantucket that the Italian emigrant ship, the Florida, off Naples, inbound, and that the Republic, outbound, came together.

The bow of the Florida struck the side of the Republic aft of the mid-section and kept on grinding toward the stern, when she at last cleared five staterooms on the saloon deck of the Republic and two on the deck below were ripped out.

The rooms on the lower deck which were against the ship's side were torn by the fukes of the Florida's anchor, which finally was wrenched off and found later in one of the wrecked staterooms.

The rooms of the saloon deck were wet inboard, protected by a ten foot width of deck, and yet the bow of the Florida cut clear through that deck and splintered everything—bunks, wash basins, trunks, mirrors—left everything in them a mess and the rooms gaping to the outer world.

Mrs. Lynch, in stateroom No. 34, and Mr. Mooney, Jr. No. 28, were killed almost instantly, cut into pieces by the jagged bow. Mr. Lynch, husband of the dead woman, had his leg broken,

while in another of the rooms Mrs. Murphy, wife of a South Dakota banker, was badly smashed up, but will live. Neither Mrs. Mooney, in a bunk beneath her husband, nor Mr. Murphy, in a bunk above his wife, was injured.

The plates of the Republic were started below the waterline and so the engine room filled almost immediately. In six minutes, or so, the electric lights went out, which made matters bad for awhile, threatening to bring a panic with men and women, lightly clad, flying around dark passageways. The ship brought no emergency lanterns into service and only for frequent match sputterings by passengers and a few candle ends produced by the stewards nobody could see anything until daylight came.

### Florida's Bows Smashed.

The Florida, which had her bow smashed in flat to the forward bulkhead, looked worse than the Republic. Three Italian sailors sleeping in the forecastle were plastered like as much clay against the steel walls, and two more were injured.

After two hours boats were cleared away and the passengers taken to the Florida, which stood by. There was some trouble in disembarking, but all were brought over safely. The sea was smooth and the air not cold.

Passengers remained on board the Florida until 11 o'clock at night, and then were transferred to the Baltic, which had come on the scene at 7 o'clock. When the Baltic did not take the passengers off, Capt. Ranson, who is not made of wood, ordered the crew to turn the ship around and bring the passengers off.

It took all night in the fog and rain

to get off the Republic's passengers, and the crew and the Florida's immigrants, of which there were 850—1,500 all told—transported to the Baltic.

Many women, possibly fifty in all, collapsed or fainted on reaching the Baltic's deck. Several boats were allowed to knock around in the sea for half or three-quarters of an hour before the Baltic was made ready to receive them.

### Woman's Narrow Escape.

One woman went between the boat and the ship's side, losing her bag of jewels, but was herself hauled in safely. Quite a small sea was on during part of the time of the transfer with rain and fog. Earlier in the evening, while the Baltic was lying by, the sea was smooth and the sky clear. There seemed to be some difficulty in getting competent men to man the boats and there was so much delay and some fear to passengers in the transfer, which was not completed until daylight in the morning.

The passengers generally behaved well and of the Florida's 850 immigrants, all behaved splendidly.

The passengers generally are in good condition now. A few are worn out with anxiety, but nobody ready is to be feared.

Captain Ranson and Purser Palmer flatly refused to allow any press messages whatever to be sent regarding the collision.

The Republic was settling in the water when last seen—10 o'clock this morning—but then did not seem to be necessarily doomed. The Florida will proceed to New York under her own steam, with the Romans standing by for emergencies.

Mr. Lynch, with a broken leg, remains on the Florida, the pain of removal being too great.

### Baggage Left on Ship.

Passenger's baggage was left on the Republic, bearing a general insurance for loss or damage, and it is in good

sprits as the ship nears New York. The passengers generally behaved well.

Both ships were in luck to have the accident in a smooth sea and on a remarkably mild day for this time of the year.

Also it was good to have that wireless at hand, otherwise it would have been a terrible calamity.

N.Y. EVENING

Connolly.

It is to be feared that Capt. SEALBY of the Republic did not rise to the full height of his opportunity on last Saturday morning. Disagreeable as it is to call attention to the one blot upon the record of this heroic sailor, it is a painful duty, and it must be done. When the Florida crashed into the Republic he took the bridge, reassured the passengers and did all that a man could do who had spent a lifetime upon the sea, but he failed to appreciate the proximity of CONNOLY! CONNOLY was on the deck. CONNOLY was willing to take the bridge. CONNOLY was willing to take charge of the wireless. CONNOLY was willing to send to whomsoever would buy stories of the collision, "the fog so thick you could," &c., "of the seething waters lashing against the black hull of the sinking ship," of all the other logotypes of marine stories. Unhappily Capt. SEALBY could not rise to this height. He allowed his strong-armed crew to threaten Mr. CONNOLY with violence. He insisted upon the subservient BINNS's continuing to send out his C. Q. D. why was this man BINNS allowed to waste time calling for help?

CONNOLY was there!

# STAYED ON REPUBLIC TO THE END

## Captain's Narrow Escape as Liner Sank.

### ONE OFFICER WITH HIM

#### Both Picked Out of the Water by Boats.

#### BODIES SINK WITH WRECK

#### Those of Mrs. Lynch and Mooney Were Left on Liner.

WOOS HOLE, Mass., Jan. 25.—Incensed in hermetically sealed emergency coffins the bodies of Mrs. Eugene Lynch of Boston and W. J. Mooney of Langdon, N. D., the two passengers of the steamship Republic who were killed in their staterooms when the Italian freighter rammed her south of Nantucket on Saturday morning, went to the bottom with the Republic when she sank last night.

The bodies had been hastily prepared for burial during the hours of anxiety which followed the collision, with the hope that the Republic might be towed to some port or shoal before the ocean claimed her, but there was only time to save the living when the final spasm of the great ocean liner came.

The bodies now lie with the doomed steamship covered by thirty-eight fathoms of water about forty-eight miles south of the island of Nantucket in long. 40°28', lat. 69°32'.

The water is so deep at this point that the sunken steamship is not considered a menace to navigation, as her mastheads are fully sixteen fathoms below sea level at mean low water. This information was brought to this port today by Capt. K. W. Perry of the revenue cutter Gresham of Boston. Capt. Perry says that Capt. Sealy of the Republic and his second officer, although urged by the fleeing members of their own crew and those of the revenue cutter to leave the steamship before she foundered, shouted back that they would not do so until the last of her had vanished. After having commanded all the other members of his crew, numbering forty-seven men, to take to the lifeboats, Capt. Sealy headed the pleas of his faithful second officer and allowed him to remain at his side.

#### WHAT THE CAPTAIN SAID.

Then, with his hands as a trumpet, he shouted from the bridge to his rescuers: "I shall not leave my ship long as a spar is above water. Never mind how hard the wind blows or how heavy the sea is running. Look out for the other boys, but my place is here and here I shall stay until the last minute."

The words came out of the fog with an emphasis which lacked the slightest tremor of fear, nor had it the ring of bravado.

"Rather it was the final decision of a brave ship's master who realized his duty in the face of great peril and had the pluck to face it," explained Capt. Perry in speaking of the incident.

"As I look back at it I don't see how our boys ever saved Capt. Sealy and this second officer," added the commander of the Gresham as he peeled off a reefie soaked through after two days and two nights unremitting service in the work of rescue. "It was one of the most thrilling spectacles I ever witnessed." Capt. Sealy is a young fellow. He can't be more than 37 or 40, and his conduct out there when things happened fast showed that he had sand. He didn't risk the lives of his other men and he even wanted his second officer to join them in the boat which picked them up, but the latter stuck fast, showing a loyalty to his commander stronger than life itself—and he nearly went to the bottom, too, let me tell you.

#### THEIR NARROW ESCAPE.

"Both of them did, for that matter. It happened this way: The Republic's watertight compartments had done such valiant service and she had remained drifting so many hours that Capt. Sealy actually believed she would hold her head above water until we towed her to a place of safety. He decided to stand by the bridge

and took his blankets up there, intending to snatch a little sleep after awhile if things went right, but he never got so much as a wink. We had been hauling for hours on the Republic, which is—or, I should say, was—a ripping big critter. By 'we' I mean the revenue cutter Seneca, which did valiant work, and the British steamship Furnessia.

"We had a hawser direct to the Republic, the Seneca had a line to us and the Furnessia had two lines astern acting as a steering device. Finally the Republic's condition was so bad that the Furnessia dropped her lines and abandoned her astern.

"The weather grew thicker steadily and a drenching shower set in. Everything was blotted out to natural vision, but with the aid of powerful searchlights we kept the floundering craft and the two lone figures in the rigging in view.

"The Seneca focussed her flash, we did ours and a naval tug whose identity we could not make out put on a third strip of brilliancy which pierced the fog. We could see the captain on the bridge and the second officer was on deck. The Republic was filled with water, was completely waterlogged, in fact, and was bobbing like a porpoise, first nose down, then her stern. With every lurch the tons of water in her seemed to roll backward and forward with a tremendous force which must have played havoc with her.

#### CAPTAIN STILL REFUSES TO LEAVE.

"I kept watching the swirl about her, and finally, when things looked bad, another appeal was made to the captain and his second officer to come away before it was too late. He refused, as before. Then the rolling swell became choppy on top, and the water leaped high about the steamship, whose starboard side, just aft the main rigging, was plugged with collision pads, showing where the Florida had rammed her.

"We saw by the aid of the flashlights that the final moment was near. The second officer was rolled the length of the deck at the next lurch, and the captain was forced to climb further up on his bridge. Every time she dived her rail was lower. Finally there was a heavy lurch aft, and her bow hung high out of the water, so we could almost see her forefoot.

"A huge wave, formed partly by her own swirl struck her broadside. She quivered and slipped backward. Meanwhile Capt. Sealy was climbing with all haste into the fore rigging. We could not see the second officer then, but presumed that he had been swept from the deck.

#### REPUBLIC DISAPPEARS.

"With this final plunge aft, the Republic disappeared. We had a lifeboat ready waiting for this moment to arrive. One of our lifeboats which had been equipped and launched was swept away, showing how strong a sea was running. Another was in readiness before the critical time arrived, however.

"The second mate of the Republic had early requested that in case the steamship sank he should be allowed to command a boat with a crew of his men to save their captain. It was finally decided that the crew would be made up of four of the Republic's picked men and four from our crew. Almost before the order was given from our bridge to man the lifeboat there was a streak across the deck and the form of a man in blue disappeared over our side. The next instant we discovered that it was our gunner, Carl Johansen, who insisted upon commanding the crew, and it was four of our men instead of a mixed crew that went to the rescue of the two men who, we feared, must have drowned in the swirl left by the sinking steamship.

#### OFF TO THE RESCUE.

"Gunner Johansen with his sheath knife cut away the painter, jumped into the stern and the crew was away over a nasty sea in as thick a fog as one would care to poke a nose into. The minutes that followed were full of anxiety. The men of the Republic's crew stood on deck eagerly following the play of the flashlights, which now swept the waters in a search of the bobbing heads of the two officers. The life boat first came across the second officer of the Republic, who was clinging to small bits of wreckage, and he was badly used up. The life savers realized this when they dragged him aboard and were on the point of pulling back to the ship so that he might get instant medical aid when the man's bravery and loyalty to his captain was again manifested.

#### SAVING THE CAPTAIN.

"Don't mind me, boys," gasped the almost unconscious man, "keep after the captain. He must be about there, somewhere. I'm all right."

"The nose of the lifeboat was headed out to where the wreckage was thickest. The fog hung thick. It was blinding, but once again the value of the searchlights was demonstrated when the rays of one of them brought into relief the crouched figure of a man astride a hatchway. It was Capt. Sealy.

"When the lifeboat came back the crew of our own ship, numbering sixty-three, and the crew of the Republic, numbering forty-seven, were lined up, and a cheer went up that must have carried for miles. There was a cheer and tiger for the plucky Capt. Sealy, another for his devoted second officer, a third for Gunnar Johansen,

nesen and the four other rescuers, Hanson, who acted as coxswain; Becker, Mattson and Snelzer, all of our crew.

"Gunner Johansen and his four companions displayed great courage and alertness in their work, as the timely rescue proved. Capt. Sealy and the second officer went down a great distance with the ship and the wonder is that they ever came up. They were both in pretty bad shape, but the second officer was the worse off. They were placed in warm baths, rubbed down and otherwise treated, and when put on the Seneca with the other members of the Republic's crew bound for New York they were sound as nuts.

"The last thing I noticed when the Republic went down was that her flag was flying the royal British emblem from her aft peak."

#### SCENE AT THE PIER.

#### Great Throng Greeted the Arrival of the Baltic.

Scenes of joy followed the arrival of the Baltic at Pier 49, North River, this afternoon. As they caught sight of relatives or friends thronging the rails of the big liner, men and women stood on tiptoe waving canes, umbrellas, hats and handkerchiefs, and calling out a greeting those whose faces they recognized.

There was a scramble to be first aboard when the gangplanks were put in place, and the custom house officers and police had to hold the enthusiastic ones in check for they surged forward toward the openings in the side of the pier pushing and jostling in their efforts to embrace those who had been saved from the perils of the deep.

There were several hundred waiting at the White Star line pier when the Baltic first shot into view far down the river. Some of them had been waiting there since 6 o'clock in the morning. Others had gone there from distant points in the country. Outside in West street scores of hacks and automobiles and carriages stood, ready to convey the refugees to their homes, to the hotels or to the houses of friends. A great crowd had gathered there and mounted police were required to keep order.

It was a long time before the Baltic arrived. From morning until afternoon the crowd stood upon its feet on the pier with eyes trained down the river watching for the first glimpse of the Baltic's huge bulk. Several times before she came in sight some other vessel was mistaken for her. Then the crowd at the west end of the pier would be thrown open and the crowd rush out to its extremity to watch the ship creeping up.

When the Lucia of the Cunard line, which also played something of a part in the ocean drama appeared, the shout was raised that she was the Baltic—but she passed by the pier. But when the good old Baltic finally exhibited her black and white sides to the watchers she got a warm welcome.

There was one group on the pier who didn't do any cheering. Amid all the joy it was the one grief-stricken circle. They kept in the background and waited silently for the expected body of Mrs. Lynch, the only woman killed. Among the group were her sisters. They didn't know until two priests broke the news to them that the body of Mrs. Lynch had gone down with the ill-fated Republic.

Those who had gone to the pier on that sad mission were Dr. P. J. Finnegan and his wife, a sister of Mrs. Lynch, of Cambridge, Mass., John H. Brine of Boston, and his wife, another sister; Joseph A. McCarthy and his sister, Helen of Troy, N. Y., cousins of the dead woman; T. J. A. Johnson, an intimate friend; Mr. James Magens and his wife, who is a niece of Mr. Lynch, and John H. Casey, former United States Attorney, the personal counsel of Mr. Lynch. Mr. Lynch had been injured in the collision.

Mr. Brine explained that he and Dr. Finnegan came on here from Boston yesterday afternoon. Mr. Brine got his first word of the accident on Saturday and then telephoned right and left trying to get confirmation.

When he was assured, last night, that the Baltic would land the Republic's passengers at this port he took the train to this city and broke the news to the sisters of Mrs. Lynch, who were at the Hotel Breslin.

Last week Mrs. Lynch's sisters had seen her depart on the Republic alive and well and it was hard for them to realize that they would not see her again.

Mrs. Lynch was known among her friends as "the best-loved woman in Boston." She was very prominent there in charitable work and a generous giver herself. She was a member of the congregation of the Church of the Immaculate Conception and was educated at the Sacred Heart Convent at Kenwood, near Troy, of which city she was a native. Mr. Lynch, a Boston capitalist, is a member of several prominent clubs there.

Another sad little group on the pier contained several of the North Dakota friends of Banker Mooney, who was killed, and of Mrs. Murphy, another native of North Dakota, who was badly injured. Those in the party were George B. Winship and wife, State Senator of North Dakota, and proprietor of the Grand Forks *Brake*; S. S. Titus, cashier of the First National Bank of Grand Forks and his wife, and Mrs. J. Walter Smith, wife of the bank's president.

It took a long time to warp the Baltic alongside the pier—ages it must have seemed to the waiting ones—but the refugees made themselves as prominent as possible on the deck while this operation was in process, and called greetings to those in the crowd ashore whom they knew. It was a constant volley of "Hello, George!" "All safe, Joe!" and so on. Many of those on the pier climbed to the highest eminence they could reach, and from pyramids of piled goods waved canes to which two or three handkerchiefs were knotted, or colored streamers. One man on the Baltic dressed in a fur coat and possessed of a stentorian voice bellowed across "All safe!" and that was as cheery a message to some as any they had ever heard in their lives.

"Now, don't push," the Custom House officers pleaded. "We must keep this gangway clear for the passengers."

But a little force had to be used at times to see that the orders were obeyed.

The manner in which those who were on the Baltic felt at this homecoming may best be exemplified by one picture which stood out above all the others. A gray-haired, bonnetless, motherly old soul who stood close to the rail gave one long, hungry glance at her own country and her own people. Then her head went down on the rail and the tears streamed unchecked down her wrinkled cheeks. A younger woman beside her turned her arms about the elderly one in an ecstasy of bliss and kissed her again and again. They were home again and they were too full of emotion to speak.

The expression on those faces strung along the decks told an entire story in itself. Some were grinning widely. Some laughed outright, while several wept. Some waved bundles containing such belongings as they had saved from the sea. There were those who were hatless and women whose only head covering was a veil. The toilets of many seemed to consist of odds and ends picked up in the hurry of the moment.

When the stream of humanity began to descend the gangplanks each person was immediately engulfed at the foot of the wooden pathways and hugged or kissed until he or she was well-nigh smothered. Then, in single file, they filtered through a double rank of hand-shaking friends and well-wishers to the boats or carriages which were waiting for them.

Pier 49 was the happiest spot in New York until late in the afternoon, when all those who had been taken from the Republic were safe ashore. That is, all except the few injured the Baltic carried. A touch of grimness was lent to the scene by the arrival of an ambulance from St. Vincent's Hospital and a surgeon stepped aboard to minister to those who were hurt.

After the hurry and bustle attending the disembarkation were at an end Capt. Ranson threw himself wearily down on the couch in his stateroom to take a much-needed rest. It was the first opportunity he had found in many hours, all of which he had spent upon the bridge of his vessel, and he made the most of it.

# BALTIC'S STORY OF RESCUE

## LANDED AFTER WRECK

Arrival of Baltic with the Survivors.

## JOYOUS MEETINGS

Friends Board Liner at Quarantine.

## SIX DIED IN CRASH

Several Were Injured, but None Seriously.

## FLORIDA COMES TO PORT

Steamship That Rammed Republic Is Also Badly Damaged.

The White Star liner Baltic, having on board the 1,524 survivors from the steamships Republic and Florida, which were in collision on Saturday morning of Nantucket, arrived at her pier in the North River at noon to-day. With her came the full story of the collision. The casualties resulting from the collision follow:

### THE DEAD.

Mrs. EUGENE LYNCH of Boston.  
W. J. MOONEY, banker, of Langdon, N. D.

Four Italian sailors of the Florida. The bodies of Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney sank with the Republic, on which they had been left in hermetically sealed coffins.

### THE INJURED.

Eugene Lynch of Boston.  
Mrs. M. M. Murphy of Grand Forks, N. D., leg broken.  
M. M. Murphy.

Mrs. Herbert L. Griggs of New York.  
Henry K. Woodward, a steward of the Republic; back injured.

Dr. Mills, the surgeon of the Republic. The steward of the Florida.

The survivors fix the time of the collision as 5:30 o'clock on Saturday morning. The Florida struck the Republic a raking blow amidships, cutting clear through three decks and into her engine room, which filled with water in a few minutes, driving out the engine room force.

At the first shock the electric lights were put out and the passengers of the Republic, rushing from their staterooms in scanty attire, found the vessel in total darkness. There was no light until daybreak.

Throughout all this time the discipline on board the White Star liner was excellent, according to the passengers.

Soon the Florida returned, after backing off, and the transfer of the Republic's passengers to her was begun.

The Baltic came alongside the Florida at about 5 o'clock, but it was not until 11 o'clock that Capt. Ranson, her commander, decided to take the passengers aboard his own vessel.

It took until morning to transfer the last of the passengers.

The Republic, while in tow of the revenue cutter Gresham and the derelict destroyer Seneca, foundered at 10:20 o'clock last night in thirty-eight fathoms of water about forty-eight miles south of the Island of Nantucket. Capt. Sealy, her commander, and his second officer remained on her until the last. They were picked out of the sea by a boat crew from the Gresham.

was the real cause of the collision. Passengers on the Republic thought that the Florida was out of her course, because she had rammed the Republic on the port side. There was another story to the effect that the helmsman of the Florida was asleep or nodding.

To supplement this there was a rumor to the effect that one of the officers of the Florida, after the collision, struck the man at the wheel on the head with an iron spike. When this man arrived on the Baltic to-day his head looked as if it had been badly battered. The story of the sleeping helmsman met with prompt denial.

The Florida, with her bow badly smashed, reached Quarantine at 3:30 o'clock to-day. Accompanying her was the Anchor liner Furnessia, which reached the scene of the collision about noon yesterday.

About two-thirds of the saloon passengers saved from the Republic were women and children.

The purser of the Baltic gave out the following figures as the number of persons carried into this port by that vessel. From the Republic there were 228 first class passengers, 211 third class and 244 of the crew.

From the Florida she carried 13 cabin passengers, 226 third class and two from the crew.

Her own passenger list included 88 first class, 172 second class and 229 third class passengers. She had a crew numbering 249 men.

The Baltic also carried 3,200 sacks of mail from the Republic.

## Liner Met Off the Hook at 1:15 A. M.

## TALK WITH SURVIVOR

Darkness Followed the Crash, but There Was No Panic.

## CAPT. RANSON'S ACCOUNT

One of Florida's Anchors Left in Republic's Stateroom.

At 1:15 o'clock this morning, in a dense drizzle, the big hulk of the Baltic nosed out of the murk of Sandy Hook and her anchor splashed in the waters a short distance from the Ambrose Channel Lightship. With her came the 1,650 souls saved from the wrecked Republic and Florida. Most of the ports on the great liner were dark, and her decks glowed faintly through the blackness; it was a dismal ending to an eventful voyage.

### SIGHTING THE BALTIK.

There were two tugs to greet the Baltic—one the New Jersey, the steam pilot craft, with her red signal lights swaying about at her masthead, and the other a newspaper tug. Both had chug-chugged away from the wrecked Republic and Florida. Most of the ports on the great liner were dark, and her decks glowed faintly through the blackness; it was a dismal ending to an eventful voyage.

The Baltic took on her pilot and then turned ahead slowly until abreast of the ship. The sea-going tug of the newspapermen, the Dalzelline, hove to alongside her bridge, and no sooner had the Baltic's anchor splashed over her bows than a megaphone inquiry was shouted up to Capt. Ranson.

### THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

"On the bridge of the Baltic—What news?"

"Injured doing well," called back Capt. Ranson.

It was an interview under difficulties. The deck of the tug was bobbing up and down some fifty feet below the bridge of the liner, the ship's bell rang rapidly every few seconds as a fog signal, and off to the north the lightship's foghorn moaned lugubriously every few minutes. It was slow work, but it was the first story of the rescue from the lips of an eyewitness.

"How about the transfer of the passengers?" was shouted up.

"Both times it was made in small boats," called back Capt. Ranson. "The Republic's passengers were taken off in the boats of the Republic and the Florida. It took two hours. There was a thick fog, but the sea was quiet."

"And the second transfer?"

"We took all 1,650 from the Florida in our own boats. It was an all-night job, from 8 o'clock Saturday evening till 8 o'clock Sunday morning. Our searchlights played on the water between the Florida and the Baltic as the boats rocked to and fro. There was a bad sea

running and a thick fog. Two passengers slipped as they were entering the small boats and fell overboard. Both were rescued."

"Have you all the passengers of the Republic?"

"All except Mr. Lynch. His leg was broken in three places and he was kept on board the Florida in charge of the ship's surgeon. Capt. Sealy stood by in his vessel and the Florida is coming in under her own steam, convoyed by the New York."

"CUT ME OUT," SAYS RANSON.

Capt. Ranson explained that the Republic's wireless was crippled as the water flooded her dynamos and that she then resorted to storage batteries. These gradually weakened as message after message calling for help was sent out and the Republic finally became a silent ship wallowing in the trough of the Nantucket seas.

"How long have you been on the bridge?" called out a questioner.

"Oh, cut me out of it," replied the captain.

It was then forty-four hours since the Republic's first cry for help had reached her sister ship, and throughout that time the Baltic had been doing perilous rescue work continuously. First she had searched out the injured vessels, playing a game of blind man's buff in the fog banks of Nantucket for hours, and then she had taken off 1,650 persons in her small boats, with a high sea running and a dense fog over all. It was a magnificent record for Capt. Ranson and his men.

The tug then dropped astern a little, where the big, burly figure of a passenger had appeared on the promenade deck.

"Ahoy, there, tell us about the collision!" went up through the megaphone.

A PASSENGER'S EXPERIENCE.

"We were all in bed at the time," came down the answer. "The fog whistle was going, and the first we knew there was a grinding crash. The boat heeled over and then righted. Everybody knew what had happened, but there was no panic. Women ran up the companionways to the decks in their nightgowns. Many were barefooted. The lights went out and it was hard to get around, for it was still dark."

It was a bad time and there was plenty of excitement but no panic, reiterated the passenger.

"Some women screamed, but they were in the steerage. I don't think any of our American women screamed."

"How did the crew behave?"

"Magnificently. The discipline was perfect. Capt. Sealy reassured us and announced that we were in wireless communication with Nantucket almost immediately. That made everybody feel a lot better. A big sail cloth was tied over the hole in our side, but the water poured in, flooding three compartments. We were down by the stern but were on an even keel."

"What happened to the Florida?"

"She struck us on the port side just forward of the after hatchway. It was a glancing blow and she did not stay in the gap she cut in our side. She fell away from us, leaving one of her bow anchors jammed fast in a stateroom. Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney were crushed to death in their staterooms."

TWO PASSENGERS FELL OVERBOARD.

"We did not know what the vessel was, for she disappeared in the fog in a few seconds. She was gone for half an hour—then she found us again by our distress whistles and we learned she was the Florida. Both transfers were made without mishap, except that two passengers got a ducking. The transfer from the Florida to the Baltic was a wonderful sight—the searchlights poking around and the boats rowing back and forth in the fog. There was a big sea running and the small boats tossed about like cockleshells. It took twelve hours."

"Any baggage saved?"

"No—all lost. We've nothing but the clothes on our backs."

"Who are you, sir?" came up from the tug to the obliging passenger.

"H. A. Hover of Spokane. Will you wire the folks there that we're all right?"

"We will!" came back in a shout.

Then somebody recalled that Mr. Hover was bound on a 105,000-mile auto trip with his wife, and the query went up as they tug drew away:

"Will you continue on your trip?"

"Just as soon as I can get another passage," came back the cheerful reply.

There was a hearty "Good night" and "Good luck" for the undaunted Mr. Hover. Mrs. Hover and several passengers had appeared toward the end and joined in the story of the disaster. All were loud in their praise of Capt. Sealy and the crew, and all declared that nothing like a panic had occurred.

About 3 o'clock the tug turned for home, leaving the big Baltic anchored off the lightship for an indefinite wait, pending the clearing up of the fog. The drizzle had ceased, but a more dense fog had rolled down in its place. The lights of the liner faded out swiftly, and even the big flashing white light on the Ambrose Channel lightship was soon a flickering candle flame in the distance.

The business of navigating out to the Baltic had been had enough, but the homeward bound trip was much worse. The fog shut in white and wet. Now and then a red or a white buoy light would slide into view to be doused a few seconds later in the blank wall astern. A wailing siren pierced through the moist substance of the fog occasionally, sounding like the wail of a lost cat. Then a sudden chattering went up through the megaphone. A passing bell would reveal the presence of an anchored ship—with a sleepy watch awakened only by the tug's impudent, insistent whistle.

Time and again the tug was forced to stop her way altogether while her pilot listened for a fog signal or waited to make sure of the direction of some anchored vessel. Luckily not another craft cared to be out in such weather, and the Dalzelline had the lower bay, the Narrows and the upper bay all to herself as she groped, foot by foot, her blind course to the Battery sea wall.

## How Seven Liners Figured in Collision

Republic, White Star Line—Rammed by the Florida off Nantucket and her passengers transferred to latter vessel; sank while being towed in by revenue cutter Gresham.

Florida, Italian Line—Stood by to pick up Republic's passengers after the collision; is bound for New York.

Baltic, White Star Line—Caught distress signals from Republic's submarine bell, searched for and found the disabled ships, and yesterday morning took the Republic's and Florida's passengers from the latter vessel to bring them to New York.

Furnessia, Anchor Line—Picked up wireless messages, sought and found the Republic, but finding she was not needed, cast her into port.

Lorraine, French Line—Picked up wireless messages, sought and found the Republic, but finding she was not needed, cast her into port.

New York, American Line—Received wireless messages of distress and searched for Republic and Florida.

# CHEERED BY WIRELESS FLASHES

## Republic's Passengers Knew Aid Was Coming.

### WORK OF OPERATORS

#### Stuck to Their Posts to the Very End.

#### HOW SHIPS WERE CALLED

#### Hurrying Through the Fog to the Scene of the Collision.

There are four men who stick out prominently in the story of how those on the White Star liner Republic were saved by wireless as it is told by the men of La Lorraine, which made a notable run through the fog from a point 120 miles off the scene of the collision to help her stricken sister. Two were the French liner's wireless operators, Messrs. Ernest Monrouzeau and J. B. Bour, who held to their posts high up on the boat deck of La Lorraine, the third, Tattersall of the Baltic, the other, J. R. Bins, a young man 26 years old, who kept his place on the crippled Republic, the wireless phone strapped to his ears for a stretch of more than thirty hours. Out there on the deep, where everything was without form and void, where one could not see the sky and there was no horizon, these four game men kept messages of hope and courage flashing back and forth through the upper gloom.

On board the Republic, limping ahead as best she could, with the Florida close alongside, those constant taps from the key were like the taps from the picks of robbers which tell imprisoned miners that help is not far off. Each message from the Baltic or La Lorraine was like a tonic, it buoyed the spirits of the Republic's passengers and crew until they pinned all their faith on those four men who never once lost track of each other and were tireless in their devotion to duty and the safety of others. How hard they labored is best told in the last message of Tattersall: "I can send no more," said he. "I have been constantly at the key without sleep for fifty-two hours."

The Marconi cabin in which Bins sat was smashed in the collision but he escaped injury and his apparatus was not damaged. The lives of the 761 souls on the Republic depended upon that one young man. Everything hung upon the steadiness of his finger on the key. When the jarring, rending crash was over the Republic was plunged in total darkness. It was a situation calculated to strike terror to the stoutest heart. All about were the impenetrable fog banks. Not a sound, not a welcome light, travelled through the appalling blackness. Capt. Sealy controlled the passengers, making a speech to them from the bridge and then "Rat-tat-tat-rat-tat-tat," the finger of Bins of the Republic sent forth this brave word, "I'm on the job. Ship sinking; but will stick to end."

Now and then Bour got a chance to flash an unofficial message to Bins, "Old man, how are you?" he called, and the cheery word came back: "I am on the job. Ship sinking, but will stick to end."

"Keep cool, old man," advised Bour, and the steady young fellow of 26 instantly responded: "O.K. Come along; we're waiting for you."

At 12:45 P. M. there was this, Baltic to Republic: "Tell our captain we can hear his submarine bell and are steering straight toward you. Also he might make as much noise as possible to direct our steaming, because the fog is thick."

At 6:40 P. M. there was this, Baltic to Republic: "Wireless says to steer for Florida. She is proceeding to New York with passengers. She must have some one to stand by. She is blowing full blast."

Then La Lorraine to French liner: "Have been asked by Republic to follow Florida. Will arrive at Sandy Hook daylight." The last official message was from the Baltic to the Lorraine and ran as follows: "Baltic alongside both ships. Clear here. Can see lights."

But as La Lorraine started homeward bound, Bour and Bins sent one last word to each other. "Remember me to Broadway," said Bins. "The Republic isn't done for yet."

It was all over. The four men who had carried on the void of the sea the strangest conversation in maritime annals sat weak and limp in their places, so exhausted that they were ready to drop. They had signalled back and forth, day and night, without a wink of sleep; but they had saved a ship.

Groping along toward this port on her way from Havre was the big steamship La Lorraine. It was Saturday morning and 7 o'clock. A wireless operator stepped up to Capt. Tournier and told him that a message had been received from Siasconset: "It was the distress call—the C Q D," meaning both "hurry" and "danger." Capt. Tournier was action at once. He had the operator flash back "G," which, translated, means "I am coming."

The bell in the engine room of the liner tinkled and the engineer received orders, which headed the Lorraine in the direction of Nantucket Lightship. With his ear trained to catch the slightest signal from over the deep, one of the liner's two operators sat waiting. Presently there was another message from Siasconset. It told La Lorraine what ship it was which had met with the misfortune and that she would help quickly. The Frenchman went ahead at her best gait—a sort of Sheridan of the sea with 120 miles to go—and Bour of La Lorraine talked with Bins of the Republic. "We are doing twenty-two knots," he said, "stick to it, or words to that effect."

La Lorraine fairly quivered with the speed she made. It was foggy, yes, but every minute was precious to the White Star boat and there was no pause except to be sure of the direction. Siasconset had given the Republic's location as lat. 40 deg. 17 min., long. 70 deg. With the aid of a chart of the Nantucket waters and further flashing from Siasconset Capt. Tournier made a rough estimate to the relative positions of the Republic and Lorraine.

All morning La Lorraine sped through the fog. In the afternoon, Capt. Tournier heard, through the telephone connecting with the submarine receiver, the faint boom of the submarine bell on the Nantucket Lightship. The lightship couldn't be seen—doubtless she was a long distance off, but La Lorraine was in the near vicinity of her wounded sister ship now and the eyes of the watchers on the bridge peered through the mist for a first glimpse of her.

Meanwhile flash answered flash. When the Frenchman started on her run against time the Cunarder Lucania was thirty miles astern. La Lorraine spoke her, telling her what was amiss. She was out of the zone of the wireless waves from Siasconset. Then the most peculiar four-cornered conversation ever held at sea under the strangest of circumstances, went on through the hours between the Baltic, the Republic, La Lorraine and Siasconset.

After Siasconset had given La Lorraine the Republic's position, the Frenchman replied to the land station: "Your C Q D message received O.K. Notified Capt. M. L. L. (Wireless signal of La Lorraine). Then the liner picked up the Cunard boat and gave her this: "Please tell Republic we are within 120 miles of her. Shall reach her at 2 P. M."

At 7:30 o'clock in the morning the Lorraine, after Capt. Tournier had consulted his charts and made his computations, sent this word to Siasconset: "Please tell Republic we are within 120 miles of her. Shall reach her at 2 P. M."

Every passenger had caught the spirit of the thing by that time and each moment was filled with excitement. On the Republic Capt. Sealy kept the anxious ones informed of every word that passed between the wireless operators.

The Republic could communicate only eighty miles, so Monrouzeau and Bour could not reach her at first, which was the reason why Siasconset was asked to tell the Republic where La Lorraine was, but at 9:45 A. M. the operator on the French liner got in touch with the White Star boat and asked:

"Please tell us if you are in fog and exact position."

The details of the wreck were not known. Capt. Tournier had not heard then whether another ship had rammed the Republic or whether she had run aground. It was he who was asked to run aground to know how deep the water was in which she lay, for then it might be necessary for him to exercise great care in approaching her. Preparations were made on La Lorraine to take soundings.

Just five minutes later the French operator took down this message and handed it to the captain: "Republic to Lorraine Position: 40 deg. 17 minutes north, longitude 70 west. We are in fog." The Republic had then drifted a little.

#### WHAT WIRELESS TOLD BEFORE BALTIc CAME

#### The Story of the Transfer of the Passengers to the White Star Liner.

Through the night the coming of the Baltic with the survivors was awaited. A tugboat swept an arc off the Hook to meet her as she approached. The steamboat General Putnam had been commissioned by the White Star line and was held in readiness.

On board her were a number of friends and relatives of the Republic's passengers. When the word came that the Baltic had reached the bar the White Star line agents decided to make no start until 3 o'clock this morning. Then the General Putnam put down the bay to wait for a while at Quarantine. The fog still hung thick outside and the moving of the Baltic was a matter of uncertainty.

Finally, at 9:45 o'clock, came the word from the observer at Sandy Hook that the Baltic had started in. The craft that had been awaiting her made a dash down the Bay. The big White Star boat was the central figure of the big incoming fleet. Wireless had told nearly all the other steamships or they had heard from their pilots the story of the collision. The whistles of the other steamships blared out a hearty welcome as the Baltic picked up a heavy welcome as the Baltic picked up her way through the channel and swept on to Quarantine.

#### THE BALTIc AT THE BAR.

It was 1:15 o'clock this morning when a wireless message was received saying that the Baltic was off the Ambrose Channel Lightship with the 1,650 passengers from the Republic and the Florida. The weather was then very thick, and the big White Star liner anchored for the night, prepared to make a move into port as soon as the mist permitted this morning.

Already wireless messages had told that six fatalities had attended the collision of the Republic and the Florida. They had also told how the Republic, while being in tow of the revenue cutter Gresham and the derelict destroyer Seneca, had sunk at 9:30 o'clock last night in about forty-five fathoms of water off the coast of No Man's Land, a small island south of Martha's Vineyard.

The sinking of the Republic had been most sudden, according to the report. It had been about forty hours from the time early on Saturday morning when she was rammed by the Florida and the time, her strong bulkheads being unable longer to stand the strain, she was swallowed up by the ocean. As she sank her indomitable Capt. Sealy and his second officer were still on board. Apparently they threw themselves into the sea on a grating and were rescued by the men from the Gresham. The skeleton crew which had remained on the Republic had already been taken aboard the revenue cutter.

#### SURVIVORS REST.

All night long the arrival of the Baltic had been awaited. Tugs patrolled the sea section of the Hook and made for each incoming craft that appeared out of the mist and the darkness with the hope that she might be the White Star liner. Finally the Baltic came and dropped her anchors preparatory to remaining outside for the night. With the exception of the officers and men of the watch and a few passengers all appeared asleep aboard the liner, but some of those awake spoke over the side and what they told supplemented the wireless reports that had preceded the arrival of the survivors.

#### WHERE THIS REPUBLIC WAS STRUCK.

The information received from the men on the Baltic showed that the Republic had been struck by the Florida on the port side abaft midship and just forward of the centre hatch. Staterooms 34 and 26 were stove in by the sharp prow of the Lloyd-Italiano liner, and it was in these staterooms that the passengers of the Republic met death or injury.

The collision found all the passengers in their berths. There was a general rush from the cabins to the deck and few waited long enough to put on any clothing. It is the testimony of the officers of the Baltic and the passengers that there was no great panic, however.

For a few minutes after the shock there was tumult, but ship discipline soon asserted itself. Every squad was sent to its station and the boats were swung out and made ready for reception of passengers. By this time all of the 241 saloon passengers and the 211 from the third cabin were at the rails. Most of them were in their night clothes and few had shoes on.

#### THE FLORIDA BACKS OFF.

After the impact the Florida withdrew swiftly and for a time there was no chance for those on the Republic to make out the identity of the vessel that had rammed her. The stricken White Star boat sent out her signals of distress by whistle and a half hour later the Florida, her prow smashed so that her fore compartment was filled, crept up alongside the vessel she had driven.

By the time the Florida came up the boats of the Republic had been lowered and each already had its quota, all of the first to be sent down over the side being women and children. The sea was placid, but the murk hung low over the water and the scantily clad passengers suffered with the cold.

#### Once alongside, the transfer of the pas-

sengers was begun, for the Republic, which had settled immediately after the crash, was sinking lower now and the section in her that was struck was so vital that it was not known how long she could remain afloat, notwithstanding her watertight compartments.

Back and forward through the darkness and the fog the boats of the Republic plied, and to this life-saving fleet were added the boats from the Florida. The transfer took two hours. When it was through all the passengers were on board the smaller vessel and all of the crew, save the complement that had elected to stay on board with Capt. Sealy and his officers.

The Florida still remained near the Republic, which was sinking lower in the water all the time.

#### THE "C Q D" MESSAGE.

Meanwhile the stricken White Star liner had been sending out her wireless "C Q D" signal which spread her story of distress over the sea and to the land. Apparently it was thought best by the captain of the Florida to remain in the vicinity of the Republic, for he had no wireless apparatus of his own, and with the fore compartment of his vessel filled he did not know what might happen. Already the Florida's bow was deep in the water.

#### THE BALTIc AT THE SCENE.

It was just before 5 o'clock in the afternoon, nearly eleven hours after the collision, that the Baltic came close to the vessels that had collided. In the meantime the survivors had been made as comfortable as possible on board the Florida, which, with 900 passengers of her own, had comparatively little accommodation to offer. With the arrival of the Baltic Capt. Ranson of that vessel tacitly became the admiral in command of the situation. Capt. Sealy's work now looked to doing of whatever he could to get his own ship ashore. Wireless communications to Capt. Ranson from the White Star offices had told him to do whatever he cared to do in the emergency, and while this message was sent the officers of the line here felt that the instructions were simply perfunctory. They knew that Capt. Ranson would act on his own initiative, anyway.

#### TRANSFER DECIDED ON.

It appeared to Capt. Ranson, as the evening came on, that it would be safer to transfer all the passengers to his own vessel. There seemed to be no immediate danger of the Florida going down, but there was no telling what might happen, and besides, the crippled Italian could at best make eight knots into port. This would mean added discomfort to the passengers, to say nothing of their anxiety at the thought of being on board craft that had herself been badly damaged.

#### THE SECOND TRANSFER.

So at 11 o'clock on Saturday night the second transfer—a record in sea annals—was begun. There were 1,650 men, women and children, all of them under intense strain because of the dangers and the trials through which they had already passed, to be taken from vessel to vessel over a rough sea. For the wind had come up a lot and the waves ran high. In the first transfer the surface of the water was almost as smooth as that of a small inland lake, but it was different now.

The lifeboats from the Republic had been retained and those of the Baltic and the Florida were also brought into commission, but the work of this fairly large life-saving fleet was long and difficult. As before, the women and children were the first to be sent overboard. Twenty to a boat was the rule, and the work of a whole night was begun.



# HER CALLS FOR HELP ARE HEARD

"I was proud to be an Anglo-Saxon when I saw the way the passengers were transferred from the Florida to the Baltic," said R. H. Ingersoll, a manufacturer, "and if I was ever proud of American and English womanhood it was when I saw those women come up those shaking stairs at the side of the Baltic each with a smile on her face."

## THE LAST WOMAN TO LEAVE THE REPUBLIC.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked a friend of Mrs. Espy, the wife of Major John Espy of St. Paul, Minn.

"Yes," replied the little woman, "you may say if you are questioned that the crews of the three steamships deserve the thanks of every person who had a friend or relative on board." Mrs. Espy did not mention that she was the last woman to leave the sinking Republic, and insisted, though weak and ill, that others should reach safety before her.

The women who were in the cabin of the Florida after the transfer of passengers from the Republic saw a Frenchman rush into the cabin gesticulating wildly. Shouting something in his native tongue he threw himself into a chair in despair. "What did he say?" they asked of a girl still in her teens who understood French. "He said," the girl replied, "that the Baltic will be here in half an hour." She smiled as she said the words, and a man seated near did not contradict her, though he knew that the terrified Frenchman had cried "We are lost! The ship will sink inside of three hours!"

## WHEN THE CRASH CAME.

W. C. Fish of the General Electric Company, Boston, was loud in his praise of all who figured in the wreck. He said that he felt the shock of the collision at 5:30 A.M. He instantly realized the meaning of the shock. Dressing hurriedly he went on deck and found the passengers pouring out in all stages of negligee. He had dressed in the dark, for less than a minute after the collision the lights had all been extinguished, and the engines had stopped running. Hardly a sound was heard save the orders of the officers and the noise of the passengers' footfalls. Every one was grieving deeply and on every face he saw a look of perplexity which gradually turned to one of determination as those aroused from their beds realized their situation. It was known by all on board within a few minutes after the collision that the damage was probably fatal to the ship.

"Boats' crews were told off," Mr. Fish said, "and without any sign of hysteria the women and children were transferred to the Florida, which after crashing bow foremost into the port side of the Republic had backed off and now appeared on the starboard quarter. The attitude of Capt. Sealby was deserving of highest commendation. He and his men were cool and collected and to no men should more praise be given than to the stewards and clerks of the ship."

"In regard to the injury I should say that the plates on the port side aft were bent inward for a length of 15 feet. They had been torn loose and were impressed about two feet. How much below the water line the injury extended could not be ascertained, for the engine rooms began to fill immediately."

## DISCIPLINE AND COURAGE.

"I have made seventeen voyages across the Atlantic or to India and I have never seen better discipline, courage and pluck than was shown by the officers and crews of the ships which had been concerned in this catastrophe," was another comment of Mr. Eales, who was supported in this assertion by Charles Ward of Charlton, W. Va., and R. H. Ingersoll.

"To show what we all thought of the work which the men did, the passengers of the Republic and the Baltic have subscribed over \$1,000 for the crews and stewards of the three ships. The men

asked that medals be given them, and it is probable that each man will receive a medal instead of a cash present. This subscription was made yesterday and to-day," said Mr. Eales.

## GEN. IVES'S VIEW OF IT.

Gen. Brayton Ives was fast asleep when the collision occurred. He said that the passengers behaved with particular coolness. The women were splendid. After the vessels struck and had broken apart passengers poured out of their staterooms into absolute darkness, which was the worst feature. There was a weird and quiet anxiety on the face of each which was not expressed by a sound, and as far as he knew by but one cowardly act.

"I myself, played in better luck than the rest for a relative of mine had given me a small candlestick as a present and it stood on a table alongside my berth. I guess that candle was the only light on the whole ship and I thank my stars for the day that relative was born."

"We did not think at first that the danger was as serious as it later proved. When they began transferring the passengers the women were taken off first. They went to the Florida, which, though it was claimed it was a third class ship, was anything but clean. I am a college graduate and Saturday morning was the first time I had taken hold of an oar in forty years."

Gen. Ives and William J. Prendergast of Boston said that the only complaint they had to make was that the boats were manned without an officer in command. Neither was exactly satisfied with the way the second transfer was made. They thought that too free a use of stimulants had been allowed, although both admitted that the men suffered great privation and proved themselves heroes.

## SOME OF THE CHILDREN SAVED.

Mrs. H. H. Armstead, of 136 West Forty-fourth street, her daughter, Mrs. John T. Davis, whose husband is a son of Henry Gassaway Davis, Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1900 and the two Davis children, Miss Hallie Elkins, aged 10, and Henry Gassaway, aged 7, were met at Quarantine by H. H. Armstead. Mrs. Armstead was away at the time the boats came together.

The entire party went on deck partly dressed. Like all other passengers, they are destitute of baggage, as none was saved from the Republic. They were able to get the money and letters of credit before leaving their staterooms. All the members of the party commented on the coolness shown immediately after the collision. They, too, said that there was no screaming or hysteria. When the children were taken off and put on the Florida, they remained for seventeen hours and a half without food and without leaving the seats assigned to them.

"What did you think when the collision awakened you?" was asked of Miss Hallie Elkins Davis.

"I thought," the little girl replied, "that the big smokestack up on the deck had tumbled down. I thought it had probably broken the paddle wheel, but I couldn't tell what put the lights out."

Passengers in the same boat with Miss Hallie when the transfer from the Republic to the Florida was made remarked later that she was as self-possessed as Capt. Sealby himself, for she devoted herself to her younger brother in a manner which even in the midst of the fog and darkness brought smiles to the faces of the anxious ones.

## THE TRANSFER FROM THE FLORIDA.

All those who took part in the transfer stated that the more difficult one was that made from the Florida to the Baltic. It was late at night and early in the morning and a heavy black fog hung over an unquiet sea, and though the passengers were changed from ship to ship without serious accident there were many close

escapes. When Mrs. Earl fell overboard at the time of the transfer and a sailor went over the side and aided in her rescue it was feared that the man might perish, but as Third Officer Brockenhurst of the Baltic helped him aboard, the sailor grinned, waved his hand, and shouted to the cheering passengers, "You can't drown a sailor!" Then he went to work with his wet clothes still on.

The same committee which raised the \$1,000 for the seamen praised the work of the officers and of Capt. Sealby especially, and commanded the endeavors of the steamship line to assist them in every possible way. It was rumored that last night a few of the moro dyspeptic among the passengers who had been transferred from the Republic criticized the captains for the loss of the baggage. Short work was made of these faultfinders, for the rank and file were overpowering their condemnation of any such criticism.

## HEARD WHISTLES BEFORE CRASH.

Dr. J. J. Marsh of the Republic said that three whistles awakened him. The third

whistle was a terrific blast; then there came a crash and he toppled out of his bunk. Running on deck he found that the vessel had been injured on the port side. There had been but the one crash. The engines had stopped almost immediately and in a few seconds the electric lights went out.

"I don't think that I heard a scream," he said. "The passengers were thoroughly Anglo-American. Their pluck was great."

David S. Towles said that the Italian ship had hit the Republic on the port side, and the rasping along its side had smashed the six rear staterooms and torn loose plates. He occupied Cabin 22, while Mr. Mooney and Mrs. Lynch, who were killed, occupied 28 and 30 respectively. They were crushed by the impact which drove the steel timbers of their staterooms back upon them. The bow of the Florida was partly carried off and stayed in. He commented upon the great service given by the wireless telegraphy. He said that in less than an hour and a half after the accident the Republic and the Baltic were in communication.

Many of the passengers said that they distinctly heard two foghorns for an indefinite period before the crash. It was the consensus of opinion of the majority of the passengers that the Florida was off her course when she struck the Republic or else she would never have rammed the vessel on her port side.

The responsibility for the accident has not been settled, though many are of the opinion that one of the under officers of the Italian ship was at fault. The passengers on the Baltic took their thirteen days at sea philosophically.

## ALBERT W. MEAD.

Albert W. Mead of Boston, who was saved with his wife from the Republic gave a full account of all the trying hours from the first alarm to the transfer on the Baltic. "We were in our berths," said Mr. Mead, "when the collision took place, but not asleep."

"A little before 4 o'clock, finding the room rather stuffy, I got up and partly opened the door for ventilation. I was fully awake at the time of the accident. We heard whistling from our vessel and from some other vessel nearby for some moments before it occurred. As I heard

those other whistles growing nearer and nearer I realized that the ship was in danger, but I did not say anything. Suddenly the whistle sounded again right outside our porthole, as it seemed. Then there was a crash just astern of us. We were in stateroom 78, only four rooms forward of the rooms where the Florida's bow struck us."

"There was a grinding as if the entire ship were crumbling. She listed and heeled far over under the shock. We crawled out of our berths and I turned on the electric light. I cried to my wife to hurry and make ready to go on deck. We said very little, but we both had the thought that the vessel might go down before we could reach the open air. My wife put on her waist and my bathrobe, which was handy. I put on my shoes and stockings and climbed into my coat and trousers.

"Even as we were doing so the electric light suddenly flickered and then went out, telling us that the engines were out of commission. We threw open the door and looked out into the corridor. It was dark everywhere, but there was a sound of people rushing toward the companionways. There was little other noise and no outcry. The people behaved themselves quietly."

"I told my wife to take hold of my hand and hang on for dear life, then I started to find the way above decks. We were on an upper deck and better situated than many of the passengers for escape. A steward it must have been, posted in the hall directed us 'This way out' and pushed me by the shoulder as it was too dark to see. Soon we were on deck huddled together with hundreds of our fellow passengers, shivering and ill-dressed but orderly in their behavior and showing perfect self-command."

"It seemed as if we must stand there helpless an endless time. We did not know at what moment the ship might go down. The hours that followed were perhaps the most trying of the whole experience. Cold and wet added to our distress. The officers and crew were all at their posts doing excellent work. The captain prepared the boats and had it announced that the ship was not yet immediately sinking and that the boats would be filled when necessary from the gangway on the port side and from the davits on the starboard."

"I asked an officer whether there would be time for me to get down to my state-room and pick up a few of our things. We were too thinly clad to stand the weather, and we had brought up absolutely nothing that belonged to us. He told me that I must go down at my own risk and he could guarantee nothing. Nevertheless, I determined to go. It was possible to see vaguely about the deck. I placed my wife next one of the boat davits and made her promise not to move whatever happened until I came back. Then I ran down. The companionways were clear now; all were docked.

"But in the corridor I found one of the stewardesses perfectly calm. She asked the number of my room and brought me there; then she helped me to bundle what I could into a big steamer shawl. Suddenly she was called away. The physician

wanted her to attend a woman who had been injured in a room just aft. I, making a sack of my steamer shawl, carried up in it my wife's skirt and petticoat, her shoes, her jewels, her cloak and our traveller's money orders for \$2,500.

"I found her again and held up the steamer shawl to shelter her from the wind and to hide her while she put on the garments. Soon afterward we were told that stewards would serve hot coffee to all hands. Sure enough, they had been preparing it down on the gallery. It came up piping hot, and there was enough for everybody. The officers and men alike, the whole ship's company behaved heroically and devoted themselves to the passengers with never a thought of themselves and their own risk."

"Soon afterward, as it seemed—I do not know just when the Florida appeared—little by little we were taken off. I saw no disorder whatever among the first-class passengers and no fight to get to the boats, whatever the steerage passengers might have done. Women and children first was the rule, and I had to see Mrs. Mead go off in a deeply laden rowboat and then wait for six hours before I knew what had become of her. All the men had to suffer the same experience. It was worse for her, who left me behind and did not know until six hours later whether I would be able to leave the sinking ship in time.

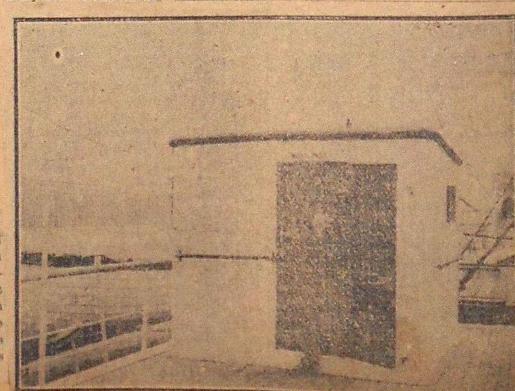
"On the Florida they hurried us in, immigrants and first class all alike. The steerage passengers and no fight to get to the boats, whatever the steerage passengers might have done. Women and children first was the rule, and I had to see Mrs. Mead go off in a deeply laden rowboat and then wait for six hours before I knew what had become of her. All the men had to suffer the same experience. It was worse for her, who left me behind and did not know until six hours later whether I would be able to leave the sinking ship in time.

"There was a good deal of disorder among the steerage passengers, and there were over 1,600 of us on board. That evening the Baltic came up and we were transferred again, this time less comfortably than before. There was a rough scramble and the immigrants fought hard to get off. Again my wife left some hours before me and we were separated. I was knocked down in a fight with an immigrant while I was in the stern trying to steer our boat, which had no tiller."

"Since reaching the Baltic we had been comparatively comfortable. We are pretty well dressed, as you see. I had our money orders and could buy some things. Others were lent us. A new York man lent me my underclothes. This shirt is the present of a German from Berlin and this collar was donated by a Milwaukee man."

## A STEWARD HERO.

The hero of the occasion in the passengers' eyes is Frederick Spencer, second steward, who stood off the steerage passengers and got the women off first into



MARCONI STATION, WHITE STAR LINER REPUBLIC.

# AND ALL ABOARD ARE SAVED

the boat from the injured Republic. Women came up and shook his hand with tears in their eyes before landing as he stood near the gangway, when the ship was in port. "Goodby," "Thank you. I will never forget you!" said an elderly woman who was very weak and pale.

She was Mrs. Alice Morse Earl, who was rescued from drowning when she fell overboard from the lifeboat.

"We had ten boats," said Spencer, "and it took us nine hours to carry all the passengers off. We had to hurry, as the wind was rising."

Spencer himself is exhausted and suffering from a heavy cold. He was wrapped in a heavy shawl about his neck, and looked pretty much at the end of his strength even to-day. He is a slender, dark, undersized man, with a London accent, and a drooping black mustache. "I had to knock down a good many of those Italians," he admitted, "but I didn't use anything harder than my fists. I didn't have to use a bayonet pin. I had an interpreter who could make some of them behave. When all were off our last job was to put the dead in caskets and seal them up with lead, and lay them in the after cabin. I suppose they stayed there and went down with the ship when she sank later on."

Mooney's head was gone and Mrs. Lynch's body was in fragments. It had been carried with the wreckage through the stateroom partitions.

Mrs. George F. Merritt of Boston said:

"Our worst experience was the transfer from the Florida to the Baltic. They had to call volunteers to man the lifeboats, and the stewards from the Republic were the best men in those volunteer crews. There was a rumor that one of the boats was smashed in the passage to the Baltic. The second steward was the hero of the occasion aboard the Republic. I saw him stand for hours and keep back those excited Italians, crying to them, 'For God's sake, be men!'

Mrs. Frances C. Morse, a sister of Mrs. Alice Morse Earl, told how her sister fell overboard and was saved. "It was in the last transfer," she said. "Miss Morse slipped as she was trying to get aboard the Baltic. The sea was pretty rough and the lifeboat swung out just as sister was stepping across. Two men had her under the arms, but she fell out of their hands into the water between the boat and the ship's side."

"An Italian seaman took a boathook and caught her by the dress before she sank. Then two men took her by the hair and kept her head out of the water until she could be lifted in. I was by when she recovered her speech. Her first words were, 'I am not dead, you see,' as she looked up at me."

Mrs. Earl's narrow escape was the only case reported of falling overboard during the whole difficult transfer between the three ships.

George Fletcher, the barber aboard the Republic, who took a hand in the rescue of the passengers, is a burly, able-bodied seaman, who knows about boats as well as his trade.

"The boats made as many as twelve trips," he said, "for, owing to the rough sea, it was dangerous to crowd them. The Republic was struck on the port side almost amidships. Staterooms 22 up to 27, on the upper deck, were carried away and 28 and several adjoining it on the deck below. In fact, the anchor of the Florida stuck fast in stateroom 29 where the Misses McCready escaped unharmed, and no doubt the anchor is sticking there yet."

Gen. Brayton Ives, who escaped from the Republic, rowed an oar in a lifeboat from the Florida to the Baltic. He said that he felt none the worse now from his experiences. He came ashore this morning neatly dressed in clothes of his own. With great coolness he stayed below and dressed completely before coming on deck just after the Republic was struck. When the lights went out, says Gen. Ives, he

lighted a wax lamp which his sister had given him just before starting. He did not leave his cabin until the stewards, seeing the light in his room, warned him to get on deck.

PROF. COULTER OF CHICAGO AGO.

Prof. John M. Coulter of Chicago, who was aboard with his entire family, said: "I was wakened up by the shock. We were on the opposite side of the collision and it did not sound there very severe. My son, who was sleeping in the berth above me, said, 'It sounds as if a big hoghead has dropped on the deck.' There was the same thump and rolling grating sound, but the jar was too severe for that. We knew that there must have happened something disastrous. The lights were out and we had to grope our way up through a crowd of confused people. There was no brutality and little disorder. I saw but one or two women who lost their self-command. Other women took them in hand and calmed them. The officers and crew behaved with great devotion."

Some of the passengers saved from the Republic were inclined to be angry because they had lost their baggage, although the general disposition was to be thankful at coming off so well. The angered ones said the ship's company made no effort to save the baggage, although several hours might have been employed. Others, however, gave it as their belief that Capt. Sealy and his men had enough to do trying to keep the Republic afloat.

WOMEN ROBED IN BLANKETS.

Passengers rescued from the Republic were most of them still short of clothes when they reached port this morning. Many of them were robed in dressing gowns and shawls. A number of the women had no skirts and wrapped themselves in blankets. A number who were still ill and faint from the experience stayed on deck nevertheless to see the ship reach her wharf, so glad were they to reach land after their experience. Many were in absolute destitution, without ready money on hand for any clothes obtainable. "I haven't a dress in the world," said one woman. "We were going to Egypt, and I had all my summer and winter clothes with me."

Many of the passengers stayed aboard the Baltic after reaching land, until they could fit themselves out.

DR. J. ARTHUR LAMB.

"I was asleep in my stateroom, which was just below that occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Lynch, when the Florida hit us," said Dr. J. Arthur Lamb of Kaliapoli, Mont. "Before going to bed some one had said something about the possibility of the ship's striking an iceberg, so that when the shock came my first thought was that we had struck a berg. About half a minute later the lights all went out and there was a hurried running back and forth in the corridors. Every one ran on deck. In the meanwhile the stewards showed the greatest coolness.

"They immediately examined all rooms and locked the doors of those that they found empty. This was done in order to keep any one from entering some one's room and either accidentally or intentionally taking the valuables within. There was no panic to speak of, except for the clatter and dash as people collided in the dark. Those who had not lost entrance to their rooms were able to gather sufficient clothing for both themselves and those who needed clothing. In this connection I know the passengers of the Republic will all remember Mrs. Severance, who worked the whole time in caring for the more unfortunate ones. She not only gave of her stock of clothing but paid out her money to stewards to get their help in aiding the stricken ones."

WILLIAM WHITE OF ST. PAUL.

"It was to have been my first trip abroad," said William White of St. Paul, Minn., "and as I never had much of a liking for the ocean I don't think I will again attempt to cross. My wife and daughter have travelled to Europe for

twelve years, and never met with an accident. I had demurred against going, but at length consented and intended to meet them in Rome. In the two days I was aboard the Republic I have had more experience than my wife and daughter have had in all their travels. No, I was not injured at all, beyond the loss of my clothes and sleep."

Another message made Capt. Ranson very anxious. It came from Siasconset, and read: "Hear from Republic says to Baltic to hurry; sinking fast."

"I think I received this just before we got there," said Capt. Ranson. "When I got alongside the Republic I asked Capt. Sealy to come aboard my ship, but he would not leave. I tried to get him to come, but he stayed by until the last."

The captain gave some more samples of the message sent by the Republic to him when he was trying to find her in the fog. One was:

"You are getting louder, steer east-southeast. Listen to our bells."

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"I think I received this just before we got there," said Capt. Ranson. "When I got alongside the Republic I asked Capt. Sealy to come aboard my ship, but he would not leave. I tried to get him to come, but he stayed by until the last."

## THE NEW YORK'S PART

### American Liner Was Ready-to-Assist in Rescue.

The American line steamship New York, which went to the assistance of the Republic and Florida, docked at noon. The New York stood by until Capt. Roberts saw that he could be of no assistance and then proceeded to this port, convoying the Florida until about 100 knots out from Sandy Hook. At this point the New York received signals from the Florida to go ahead, and left her steaming for this port at about 7 knots an hour.

Capt. Roberts said that his first notice of the disaster was a wireless received at 9 P.M. Saturday via Siasconset from General Manager Franklin of the International Maritime Exchange, saying "Republic and Florida in collision. Baltic standing by." At 10 P.M. a message was received direct from the Baltic, saying: "Florida sinking; am removing passengers from Florida. Have removed all except Captain and boatscrew from Republic. Please stand by Republic." At 11 P.M. this message was received: "Come with all speed. Florida sinking. We are removing passengers. Stand by to help Florida."

The New York reached the flotilla of distressed ships and rescuers between 2 and 3 o'clock Sunday morning, but on account of the fog was unable to render active assistance. During the night whistling was heard and occasional gleams of the vessels signalling with lights by the Morse code. About 8 o'clock Sunday morning the fog cleared slightly and the New York steamed close enough to the Republic to communicate by megaphone. At that time the captain of the Republic was confident of his ability to keep afloat.

About 10 o'clock the New York proceeded for this port with the Florida in convoy, parting company with her at about 1 P.M.

Miss C. Marshall, one of the saloon passengers, said that there was little excitement on the New York.

"The first I knew of the accident," she said, "was in the morning when we noticed that the engines had stopped. When we came up on deck we could see the ships around us, but indistinctly because of the fog."

"We ran very close to the Republic and could see an enormous hole in her side. It was about in the middle of the ship and close to the water line. We saw the Florida plainly, too, with her bow smashed in about forty feet, I should say. There was some canvas rigged about her bow. We went along slowly with the Florida until about lunch time yesterday. Then we began to go faster and soon left her behind."

"The first message of all said that the Republic was in a dangerous condition at lat. 40, long. 70. We went there and she was not there. Then we had to grope, and we went to lat. 40.27, long. 69.50. We were interfered with by the wireless of other ships, which complicated the situation. On Saturday evening the fog lightened and became thick again."

## Other Marine Tests of Wireless' Value

Although this marine incident has shown more than any other one the immense value of wireless telegraphy as an aid to navigation, there have been several other occasions on which the wireless has played a great part.

The Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, on October 27, 1907, lost her rudder and ran aground off the Newfoundland Banks. Captain Polack at once sent a wireless to the Canadian Fisheries and asked permission to take the big Kaiser ashore without delay, steering with her propellers. It was granted. Then each day of the voyage the wireless was used to ascertain whereabouts and speed, were the two ships side by side, and the friends and relatives of the passengers were approached.

Captain Polack had to wait 10 hours for less than twenty-four hours, and was decorated by Emperor William II with the Order of the North German Lloyd and the Kaiser Wilhelm. It was a bad fog while making Plymouth, for which port she had passengers and cargo. Captain Polack could not make out any of the familiar landmarks, nor could he hear any fog signals. He sent a wireless to the Canadian Fisheries and picked up the station on the Lizard.

Then he blew the steamer's whistle and asked if it could be heard at the Lizard. "Yes, we can hear you now," he was told. "No fog here south of here," came the wireless reply.

This was tried a few minutes later. "Your signal is now very strong," he was told. "Stand by us," the Lizard station said. "Have the tenders meet us outside." This was done. Captain Polack then directed the tenders to meet the steamer, and they were successfully secured and the vessel went on her way without having seen her port of call.

On Oct. 29, 1907, the Arkona, which had been rammed by the Crown of Castile off Robbin's Reef, Captain Niesch was able to let his agents take charge of the ship, the accident, and assure them that there was no injury and no great damage.

## BOUTELL PRAISES BINNS IN THE HOUSE

### Illinois Representative Gives Republic's Operator Much Credit.

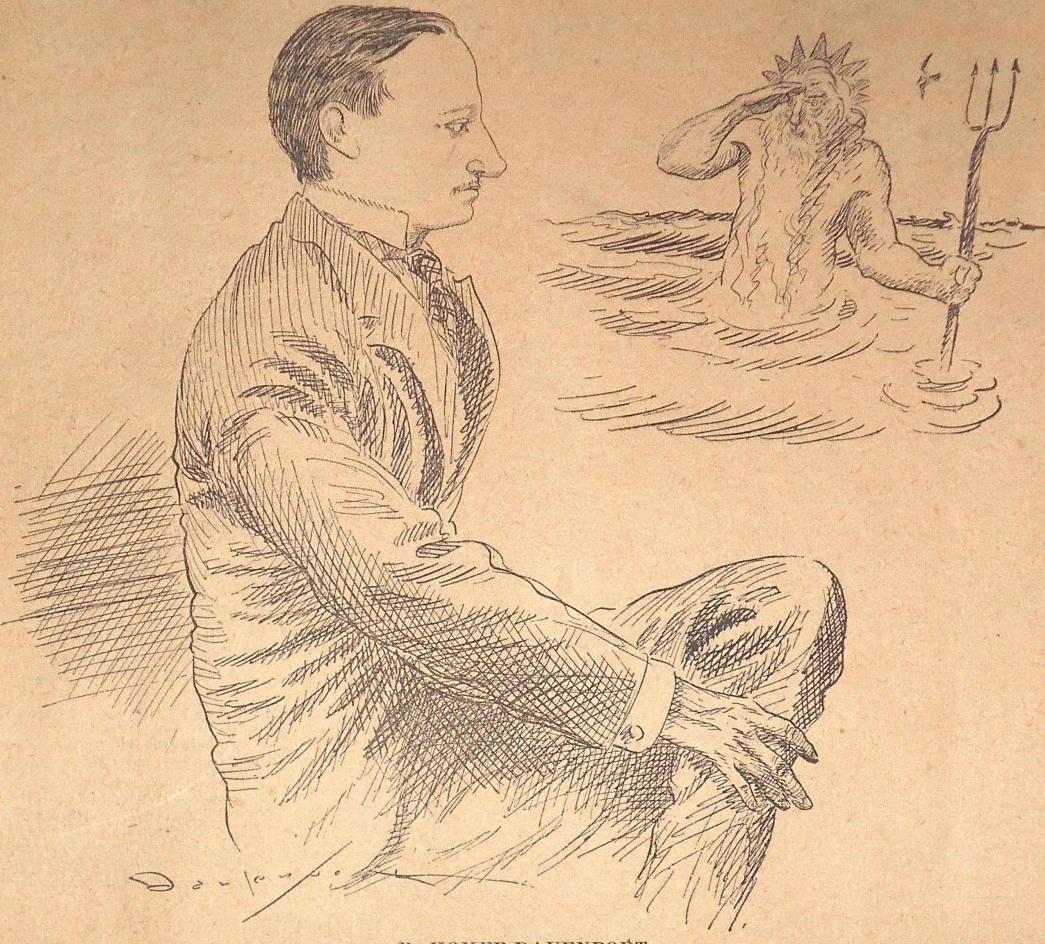
WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—By unanimous consent the House suspended business at noon to-day to listen to Representative Boutell of Illinois, whose sentiments in reference to the Republic disaster and the part that Jack Binns, the wireless telegraph operator, played in it were warmly applauded. Mr. Boutell said:

"Mr. Speaker, during the last two days we have been reminded once more of the perils that beset those that go down to sea in ships and do business on the great waters. The accident that befell the steamships Republic and Florida last Saturday found heroes ready for the heroic work demanded of officers, men and passengers."

"I believe that every one who read the accounts of the collision, the jeopardy in which the occupants of the two ships were placed, and the way in which the news reached the rescuers, felt that there was one silent actor in the tragedy whose name should be immortalized, the Marconi operator on the Republic, who had the cool head and steady hand to send forth on the willing wings of the air the message of disaster that saved hundreds of lives and the message of deliverance that relieved thousands of anxious hearts. His name is John R. Binns. He is known to several members of this House. A New York morning paper gives a brief account of Binns and his work."

Mr. Boutell then read THE SUN's account of Binns's services, and added: "Binns has given the world a splendid illustration of the heroism that dwells unseen in many who are doing the quiet, unnoticed tasks of life. Is it not an inspiration for all of us to feel that there are heroes for every emergency, and that in human life no danger is so great that some Jack Binns is not ready to face it?"

## WHEN DAVENPORT FIRST SAW MARCONI.



By HOMER DAVENPORT.

In April, 1901, I was sent to the Fifth Avenue hotel to see a young man by the name of Marconi to write of him and make a picture of him if he would let me. It was hard to remember his name, so I wrote it in several places on my sketching pad that I could find it quickly in case I flushed him unawares.

I was told that this young man from Italy had some strange ideas about telegraphy. I met the young man in a sunny room in the front part of the hotel.

At first he was uninteresting. He talked poor English and I talked worse Italian. The man with the name like the chief diet of his people was thin, over medium height and seemed to be all elbows and knees. He insisted on pulling one of his feet up into his lap. But his face grew on me and I was instantly impressed with what a sensitive machine it was. It looked like some fine solar compass capable of detecting the slightest change in conditions. He was pale without seeming to be in poor health. He was a nervous creature, though, and his long fingers were busy rambling over his clothes, his shoes and nearby furniture like some "daddy long legs" spider.

I asked Mr. Marconi what his scheme was and he said nervously

that it was to telegraph without wires. I asked him how far, and he said:

"Any distance; from here to my home in Italy."

I had commenced to ache to get out into the sunlight. I did not want to laugh, but I felt very much amused. I asked him how this was done, and he said it was done by vibrations. I asked him if they hurt when you let go of such vibrations, and he said no. I was edging toward the door. I had got a sketch which I thought then would never be of any use.

I thought before going I would deal the death blow to his new system, so I asked if some of the vibrations caused by the waves of the ocean wouldn't buck against his vibrations and jar them. He didn't stagger, but said he wasn't sure whether his vibrations went through the air or through the earth.

This was enough for me, so I went downtown to a chicken show and later to the office, where I was promptly jumped on for not getting a story, no matter how foolish it sounded. So I went back and had another talk with this man, whose name we now remember and whose sensitive features are now so well known.

# ENDS WIRELESS WATCH

## REPUBLIC SINKS; SIX ARE DEAD

Baltic, With Survivors, Off  
the Bar in the Fog  
This Morning.

## FLORIDA SAILORS KILLED

Four of Her Men and Two of  
the Republic's Passengers  
the Victims.

### Injured Ship Was in Tow Westward When

She Sunk in 30 Fathoms of Water

—Immediate Attempt to Be Made to

Raise Her—Ten Hour Task of Taking

the Passengers of the Two Injured

Vessels from the Florida to the

Baltic Successfully Accomplished

—Report From That Ship Placed 50

Miles From Sea Gate—Passengers Not

Likely to Drown Before 11 o'Clock.

The White Star liner Republic, rammed by the Italian liner Florida early on Saturday morning, sank last night as she was being towed westward. Her passengers and those of the Florida are on the Baltic, now undoubtedly anchored in the fog outside Sandy Hook. In the collision six persons, two first cabin passengers of the Republic and four sailors of the Florida, were killed. Two of the Republic's passengers were hurt.

The Republic sank about 8:30 o'clock last night while the revenue cutter Gresham and the derelict destroyer Seneca were towing her toward the beaches of Martha's Vineyard.

Capt. William I. Sealby and his crew were rescued by the Gresham. They had remained aboard the White Star liner all day yesterday believing that there were enough of her watertight compartments uninjured to buoy her up.

The first details of the Republic's sinking came over the wires to this city late last night from the wireless operator at Siasconset. The first message told how the crew of the stricken ship was rescued. The revenue cutter Gresham sent the news to the wireless station shortly after the crews had been taken on board.

According to the Gresham's wireless the Republic was then in tow of the Gresham, with the Seneca in line, when at 8 o'clock it was seen that the Republic was settling fast and was about to sink.

The Gresham and Seneca stopped at once and cut loose. After that boats were hurriedly put overboard and lowered away for the Republic, whose crew was still on board of her.

The wireless despatch says that when the boats reached the sinking steamer the captain and mate were in the water and clinging to a grating. It is supposed from this that the steamer sank quickly and before the cutters even had time to get their boats away. At all events both men were saved, as were the rest of the crew.

### WENT STEAM FIRST.

The Republic sank eight miles off Nantucket. The big steamer went down stern first according to the despatches. The despatches also said that at daybreak the Seneca would take the crew of the Gresham and proceed at once to this city, where she is due to arrive late in the morning.

A later despatch stated that both the captain and mate were in an exhausted condition, but were being cared for in the wardroom of the Gresham and were doing well.

The Gresham picked up Newport on the wireless later this morning and sent the following despatch:

"Making Gay Head. Will arrive in the morning. Republic sank at 8 last night. Gresham boat picked up captain and mate of Republic in water. No lives lost. Seneca is going with us and will take passengers to New York in A.M."

The latter part of this message is taken to mean that the Gresham will proceed on to New Bedford and that the Seneca with the Republic's crew will come on to this city.

### SUNK IN THIRTY FATHOMS.

The Republic went down in thirty fathoms; the line is not certain just where. One wireless message says near No Man's Land, which is an islet south of the western end of Martha's Vineyard, and another says eight miles east of Nantucket. The Gresham took off Sealby and his men at the last moment, it was gathered from the brief word that came out of the fog. Then the Gresham sent aerograms in every direction reaching for a wireless receiver in tune with her.

The City of Memphis, a coastwise packet on her way up to Boston from Savannah, picked up the news and flashed it to a station of the United Wireless Company which gave it to New York and points along the coast. The United company's office in this city heard of it at 10:05.

At exactly 10:31 o'clock the news was riveted by Capt. Sealby himself. He got this message through to the White Star offices in Bowling Green:

"Republic sunk. All lives saved. Making Gay Head on Gresham."

That was the first official information the White Star officials had of the sinking of their vessel. They had been getting their air bulletins in Marconigrams. The United States revenue vessels are equipped with the De Forest and it was some time after the facts got here that the White Star people received definite confirmation.

Until the word came from Capt. Sealby himself the steamship people believed that the Republic could be brought here in tow or beached. Bulletins which they received yesterday afternoon and last night said that the Republic's engine rooms were flooded, that one hold was full of water and another filling, but that she could keep afloat. Sealby's messages to his office indicated that he believed his ship could stay on top of the water.

### SEEK TO MAKE GAY HEAD.

About 11 o'clock last night the United wireless heard from the revenue cutter Seneca that the Seneca and the Gresham had left the spot where the Republic went down and had proceeded to Gay Head, on Martha's Vineyard, with Capt. Sealby and the rescued crew.

The White Star offices sent out word later, though, that the cutters would land the crew at New Bedford in all likelihood, as there was no landing place for cutters at Gay Head, which is a lighthouse station at the west end of Martha's Vineyard.

At the same time the White Star officials gave out a later bit of news as to the sinking of the Republic. They had heard that she dropped in thirty fathoms, pretty deep to attempt salvage, but an attempt would be made immediately to raise her. The fog which was the cause of the accident on Saturday morning was to blame for the loss of their ship, the White Star people were certain. Had it lifted so that the tugs hustled out to sea yesterday could have got to the side of the Republic they would have kept her above water.

### THE DEAD ON THE REPUBLIC.

The two passengers killed on the Republic were W. J. Mooney, a banker of Langdon, N. D., and Mrs. Eugene Lynch of Boston. The injured were Mrs. Murphy of Grand Forks, N. D., and Eugene Lynch. All occupied three staterooms

on the port side of the ship, 30, 32 and 34. It was at this point presumably that the bow of the Florida cut into the Republic's side. They were asleep, as were all the rest of the passengers when the Florida came out of the blank fog. As to the circumstances of the death of Mr. Mooney and Mrs. Lynch and the seriousness of the injuries of Mr. Lynch and Mrs. Murphy the wireless was dumb.

That Capt. Sealby's messages to his

office via the Baltic's wireless said nothing of the dead and injured was attributed to the necessity of sending what seemed for the time more important news. The White Star officials were positive last night that the loss would not be increased when all of the details are known to-day. The bodies of Mr. Mooney and Mrs. Lynch are on the Baltic, the wireless was dumb.

THE BALTIc DUE EARLY THIS MORNING.

The Baltic, with all of the Florida's

passengers aboard of her, as well as those

rescued by the Florida from the Repub-

lic—about 1,600 in all—sent word at 10:50 o'clock that she was then fifty

miles east of Sea Gate and coming along

nice. The fog blanket which spread

yesterday brought additional worry to

the steamship people and they were

mighty well pleased to know that the

Baltic was knocking at the door.

She will be able to come up to Quarantine early this morning if the weather brings itself dry of fog, clears enough at any rate for her to make way through the channel.

Once relieved of the fog's grip and done with the formalities of the health and customs service the Baltic will dock at Pier 11 in the North River. It was believed this morning that the Republic's passengers would come up the river on the Baltic.

### THE TRANSFER A SEA RECORD.

The transfer of a shipload of passengers twice within twenty-four hours is something that steamship people say was never done before. In the first place between 400 and 500 were taken from the Republic to the Florida and the sailors held in position and had a ladder the passengers women first, were helped down and assisted into the boat. Twenty were filled and then the boat was shoved off and pulled to the Baltic and another boat, in charge of the second officer, took its place.

One after another these ten boats took

on each of its twenty passengers and then bore them to the Baltic. When they

reached that vessel hot food was ready

for every one and staterooms and berths

were prepared for those who wished to

retire.

The Baltic, being the larger vessel, moved to the windward of the Florida and as near to that vessel as she could safely lie. Then came the order on the Baltic to man the boats, and each of the crew went promptly to his station. In quick time the Baltic's ten boats were lowered to the water, each manned by a crew of seamen and with an officer in charge. The falls were cast off and the boats pulled to the Florida. The Baltic's gangway was lowered, rigged with lifelines and manned by sailors ready to assist the passengers from the boats as they were brought over. The Baltic's big searchlight was turned on the scene.

There was a light drizzling rain falling by this time and the fog had shut down again, but not so thick as it had been earlier in the day. It was cold and raw; every one was cold, uncomfortable and nervous.

### WORK BEGAN AT 11:40 P. M.

It was 11:40 o'clock on Saturday night when the work of transferring the passengers began. The steward of the staterooms on that vessel and everything was done to make the newcomers as comfortable as possible under the conditions.

The first boat in charge of the first officer pulled alongside the Florida and while the sailors held in position and had a ladder the passengers women first, were helped down and assisted into the boat. Twenty were filled and then the boat was shoved off and pulled to the Baltic and another boat, in charge of the second officer, took its place.

One after another these ten boats took on each of its twenty passengers and then bore them to the Baltic. When they reached that vessel hot food was ready for every one and staterooms and berths were prepared for those who wished to retire.

### IN ALL 82 BOAT LOADS.

The passengers on the Baltic lined the rails of that vessel and watched the operations. They too assisted to make the unfortunate comfortable. All through the night the procession of boats passed from one boat to another. Capt. Ranson, standing on the bridge of the Baltic, superintended the work and kept his eye on the weather. The sea still kept smooth.

Shortly after 3 o'clock the steamship New York drew near and her boats were lowered ready to assist if they were needed. All through the night the work was kept up and at dawn the sailors were still toiling bravely. It was just 10 o'clock when the last boatload was taken to the Baltic. It had taken 10 hours and 20 minutes and 83 boatloads to transfer 1,650 passengers.

Then the Baltic headed for New York and Capt. Ranson sent wireless messages to the line telling of the work. He said that every one was comfortable and that his ship was making good time.

### WORD THAT SIX WERE KILLED.

The officials of the White Star Line first learned yesterday afternoon that two of the passengers of the Republic and four sailors on the Florida had been killed and two of the Republic's passengers injured in the collision of the two steamships in the fog off Nantucket Island early on Saturday morning.

It is likely that the loss of life aboard the Republic was not known until some time after the Florida had torn a great hole in the port side of the White Star boat, where there were staterooms amidships on the saloon deck.

W. J. Mooney, president of the Mooney State Bank of Langdon, N. D., and Mrs. Eugene Lynch of Boston were killed on the Republic. Mrs. Lynch's husband, Eugene Lynch, and Mrs. W. J. Murphy of Grand Forks, Minn., were injured. The Dakota banker occupied stateroom 32, almost exactly amidships on the port side. Mr. and Mrs. Lynch had a stateroom adjoining. Mrs. Murphy very probably was in stateroom 30. It is practically certain that the four were in the staterooms which caught the worst of the blow dealt by the Florida's steel bow and that they were asleep, as were all the rest of the passengers at that hour of the morning.

It was not difficult for the White Star people to infer something concerning the circumstances, even in the absence of authentic details. The Dakota banker occupied stateroom 32, almost exactly amidships on the port side. Mr. and Mrs. Lynch had a stateroom adjoining. Mrs. Murphy very probably was in stateroom 30. It is practically certain that the four were in the staterooms which caught the worst of the blow dealt by the Florida's steel bow and that they were asleep, as were all the rest of the passengers at that hour of the morning.

In the confusion that followed the collision and before the officers of the Republic succeeded in transferring their passengers to the Florida the dead might have been overlooked, and afterward when J. R. Bains, the operator, was sending out calls for help over the sea there was no time to waste in recording casualties.

### FLORIDA'S DEAD ON DUTY FORWARD.

It was inferred also that the men killed on the Florida were on duty forward and were caught and crushed in the wreckage when the ship struck. But all this of course was supposition—a theory constructed by the steamship officials out of the most unsatisfactory material. It is known that Mr. Mooney and Mrs. Murphy were members of a party of twelve Westerners who were booked at Grand Forks, Minn., for the Mediterranean trip by George H. Bendeke, the line's agent there. Mr. and Mrs. Lynch's stateroom, 34, happened to be the one exactly in the middle of the row of cabins on the port side.

It was hoped until late last night that the Baltic would send by wireless further details of the casualties or that word would come from one of the revenue cutters that had been in the neighborhood of the Republic, but nothing more was added to the first news. The officials were positive last night that the list of dead and injured would not be increased when all of the facts were made known.

All of the news that reached the land yesterday and last night telling of the condition of the rescued passengers, the fate of the Republic, the part played by the Baltic and the game of hide and seek that the big ships had to play in the fog was of the briefest sort.

### BALTIC EXPECTED THIS MORNING.

It was known by evening that the Baltic, with all of the Republic's and the Florida's passengers on board, was making her way to this port blanketed by the fog, and it was thought that she would get up to Quarantine this morning if the fog lifted sufficiently to let her make the channel. She was then said to be due to arrive off the Ambrose Channel at 11 o'clock last night in case thick weather or other troubles didn't cause her to still further reduce speed.

At long intervals the news came that the Republic was low in the water, listing to port, but standing up staunchly, and might be brought here safely; that at one time she was in tow of the Anchor Line Furness, with a revenue cutter as her rudder, and was on her way to New York harbor; that the Florida, less injured than was supposed, was coming along to this port at a speed of eight miles an hour under her own steam. From these messages, others less decisive and from the story told by Capt. Eduardo Tournier of La Lorraine, which arrived in port yesterday, a fairly definite idea was established of the drama in which the ships participated on Saturday and Sunday in the fog off Nantucket Island.

The Republic was headed a little south of east when the Florida, steering to the southwest, struck her. It was supposed from what little information came out of the air that both ships were running at greatly reduced speed. At any rate, after the crash the transfer of passengers was made from the Republic to the Florida, which then backed out of the gash she had made in the Republic's side.

### PASSENGERS ALL TRANSFERRED BY 10.

The Baltic was the first steamer to reach the two troubled vessels and the only one save the Anchor boat, the Furness, which established communication with them soon after the accident. All of Saturday afternoon and until far into Saturday night Capt. Ranson of the Baltic stood by, waiting for a chance to transfer the passengers of the two steamers from the Florida. At 3 o'clock his wireless operator told the White Star office here that the sea was smooth, the weather good and that the fog had lifted. At 6 o'clock, so Capt. Ranson sent word, he had completed the transfer of the passengers and the Baltic was drifting away toward the northeast.

Capt. William I. Sealby and the Baltic's crew were aboard of her then, but the Baltic in the business of taking care of the passengers let her get a considerable distance away. When she ran near once more Capt. Ranson saw that Sealby and part of his crew had taken to the small boats and were watching the Republic's condition as she drifted. At 10 o'clock yesterday morning Capt. Sealby and his men boarded her once more and learned, according to the Baltic's messages, that the Republic would stay

# WHITE STAR LINER, IS RAMMED AND WRECKED

## THE INJURIES TO THE REPUBLIC.

Capt. Ransom reported that the Republic's engine rooms were flooded, that Hold No. 1 was full of water, that hold No. 3 was taking in the sea rapidly but that holds 1, 2, 5 and 6 were watertight. The ship appeared to be settling at that time and had a decided list to port. The weather had remained favorable until that time and it seemed certain that the Republic was in no immediate danger of sinking. Before Capt. Ransom headed his ship toward this port Capt. Sealby asked that wrecking tugs be sent out to take care of his vessel, and Capt. Ransom, having communicated with his office here, informed Capt. Sealby that tugs were already on their way. The wrecking steamer had started to the assistance of the Republic from New York, but Capt. F. Sealby and Capt. George from Providence. The Republic's wireless operator, Bimms, had his apparatus working again for short distances, using storage batteries.

Before the Baltic turned about for this port the Anchor liner Furnessia had come up and was standing by the Republic, her captain under orders from his company to furnish any relief that Capt. Sealby asked for. The Furnessia at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon got a wireless message here saying that the Republic had asked for a tow and that she had already headed for New York with the Gresham who was also bound for the Republic. The boats were headed west at the time the message was received, keeping to shoal water and making about eight miles an hour. The Furnessia, not a small steamer, could take time for the salvage job.

One of the White Star Line had hoped to tow the Republic into this port and take her direct to Erie Basin for temporary repairs. Afterward she was to have been taken to Newport News to be patched up.

## THE FLORIDA IN NO DANGER.

The fears of the Florida's owners were set at rest by a message from Capt. Roberts, the American liner New York, who had been near the Republic and the Florida for some time, yesterday morning that Capt. Voltoin of the Florida had signalled him that the vessel was in no danger, required no assistance and was able to proceed on her course through this port at eight knots speed. The New York then went about her own business, heading for her at a fifteen knot clip.

The Lorraine added an interesting bit to the complicated story when she arrived yesterday. Searching for hours in the fog after she got the Republic's call for help when she was 125 miles away from the injured ship at 7 o'clock on Saturday morning, Capt. Tournier of the Lorraine found neither the Republic or the Florida. She did manage to get into wireless communication with the Baltic, and Capt. Ransom asked Capt. Tournier to follow the Florida and stand by her. Capt. Tournier got the word that the Florida was bound for New York, but he couldn't find her when he tried. The incident gave rise to the message Saturday night that the Lorraine was bringing in the Florida.

The fog was very heavy off Fire Island at 8 o'clock and several ships were hooting warnings in the neighborhood of the Fire Island lightship.

## THE TWO PASSENGERS KILLED.

W. J. Mooney One of the Most Prominent Financiers of North Dakota.

W. J. Mooney, one of the two passengers who were killed, was one of the most prominent financiers and business men in North Dakota. He was about 60 years old and resided in Langdon, where he was president of the Mooney State Bank and interested in various other enterprises. He was also the owner of valuable farming and grazing lands.

G. H. Bendke, vice-consul from Norway at Grand Forks, Minn., who is staying at the Knickerbocker, knew Mr. Mooney well and was also well acquainted with Mrs. Murphy of Grand Forks, who is one of the two reported seriously injured. Mrs. Murphy is the wife of M. S. Murphy, an intimate friend and close business associate of Mr. Mooney.

"Mr. Mooney and Mr. Murphy," said Mr. Bendke last night, "have been among the most prominent bankers in a large section of North Dakota and Minnesota and have worked together in many business enterprises and banks for many years. They controlled together a bank at International Falls, Minn., and Mr. Murphy is president of several other banks in which Mr. Mooney was also interested. Mr. Murphy lives at Grand Forks, Minn., and in addition to other business is financial agent of the Union Central Life Insurance Company of Cincinnati.

"Mr. Mooney was known by every one in his State as a man of great wealth and high business reputation and one who had been foremost in developing the resources of the State and in financing plans for development. He will be greatly missed in business circles there."

The Mooneys and Mrs. Murphy, Mr. Bendke added, were in a party of ten people from Grand Forks and vicinity who were off for a two months trip to points around the Mediterranean. The Mooneys and Mrs. Murphy occupied adjoining staterooms, and Mrs. Mooney's escape uninjured, while her husband was killed and Mrs. Murphy injured, seemed at least one fortunate circumstance in their distressing journey. The Mooneys have no children. Mrs. Murphy has four, but none of them was taken on the trip.

Mr. Bendke had not heard of any of the rest of the Grand Forks party, but assumed that no other was injured.

Mrs. J. H. Brine and Mrs. P. J. Finnegan of Boston, sisters of Mrs. Eugene Lynch, who was killed, arrived here from Boston late yesterday afternoon. They had been notified early in the day of the death of their sister and came here at once to be on hand when the Baltic arrives with those who were aboard the Republic. They both went to the Hotel Breslin.

Mrs. Lynch lived in Roxbury. Her husband is a retired wholesale liquor dealer. Mrs. Lynch was Miss Mary Gettins of Troy, Jeremiah McCarthy, Surveyor of the Port of Boston, gave a farewell dinner to the Lynches at the Algonquin Club in that city on Tuesday evening. Twenty persons attended. Col. Peter H. Corr of Taunton, on behalf of the host and hostess and all the others present, wished Mr. and Mrs. Lynch a safe passage and a pleasant journey. One of the features of the decorations was a large model of the Republic fully rigged, with the American and Italian colors flying, with miniature figures of Mr. and Mrs. Lynch standing by the rail and waving farewell.

## REPUBLIC SUNK; 1,650 RESCUED HERE ON BALTIc

Sleeping Off Sandy Hook in the Fog and Will Reach Town This Morning.

## SIX KILLED IN COLLISION

W. J. Mooney, Dakota Banker; Mrs. Eugene Lynch of Boston, Dead Republic Passengers.

## WOMAN AND MAN HURT

Four Passengers on the Florida, Names Unknown, Also on the Death Roll.

## REPUBLIC SANK IN TOW

Barely Time for Crew to Scramble Off—Captain Picked Up in the Water.

## CREW INBOUND AT GAY HEAD

The Palatial White Star Liner Lies in Deep Water Off No Man's Land—Captain Last to Leave.

from the derelict destroyer Seneca, and from the revenue cutter Gresham, revealed that the collision off Nantucket in the fog had cost six lives, occasioned injuries to two persons, brought about the loss of one steamer with its valuable cargo and personal baggage of its passengers, and seriously crippled another steamer, the latter the Florida.

The Florida was reported by wireless last night to be slowly steaming toward this city under her own power, but in a bad way. Her bow and cutwater, the dispatches said, were smashed, and her two forward holds were filled with water. Still the liner floated, and freed of her passengers, who had been taken aboard the Baltic, she was struggling to reach safety here.

The Florida, in convoy of the American liner New York, was a few miles behind the Baltic. Both have slowly made their way here over the 220 miles between the harbor mouth and the scene of Saturday morning's collision, twenty-six miles southeast of the Nantucket Lightship, guardian beacon of the Nantucket Shoals.

Miles away from the Baltic, off the coast of No Man's Land, a small islet south of Martha's Vineyard, lies all that remains of the powerful Republic. She sank last night in forty-five fathoms of water, Capt. Sealby and the fifty men still left on her escaping just in time.

## REPUBLIC SANK AT 8:40 P. M.

The big steamer, which left this city on Friday, bound for Mediterranean ports, with 211 first-class passengers off on a pleasure tour of Southern Europe, and 250 steerage passengers, as well as supplies for the United States battleship fleet in the Mediterranean, gave up the fight at 8:40 o'clock, about forty hours after the Florida's sharp prow dealt her a deathblow. To the last Capt. William L. Sealby and his crew had stuck to the stricken steamer, assisting the revenue cutter Gresham and the Anchor liner Furnessia, which were trying to bring the wounded vessel back to this city.

Before the vessel sank Capt. Sealby and his crew escaped to the convoying revenue cutter, but a wireless dispatch seized out of the air by the instrument at the Sagaponack Station, near Bridgehampton, L. I., early last evening, brought the news that the body of Mrs. Eugene Lynch of Boston, the only woman among six victims of the accident, was believed to be aboard the sunken Republic.

Those who lost their lives, as told in yesterday's Times, have proved to be W. J. Mooney, a banker of Langdon, S. D., and Mrs. E. Lynch of Boston, passengers on the Republic, and four seamen of the Florida, whose names are unknown. In addition Eugene Lynch, husband of Mrs. Lynch, and Mrs. M. M. Murphy, wife of the financial agent of the Union Central Life Insurance Company of Grand Forks, N. D., were injured, how badly is not known now.

## Summary of the Result.

This was the situation at midnight last night, when a summary of the meager dispatches received by wireless during the day and night from the Baltic and the American liner New York,

saying that he could make this port under his own steam.

Meanwhile another big ocean liner had been playing a strange game of hide and seek throughout the night. It was the French liner Lorraine. Picking up the Republic's first call for help the liner had started for the stricken vessel, although she was then 200 miles away. She reached the vicinity of the Republic at nightfall, when darkness added to the impenetrability of the fog.

She heard the sound of the Republic's submarine bell. On the other hand sounded that of the Baltic. Apparently the two steamers were close at hand, yet the Lorraine could not locate them. Here and there she cruised, calling continually with her wireless for word from the Republic, and urging Capt. Sealby to make what noise aboard he could in order that the Lorraine might follow it.

The game proved unending, however. Never did the boats come together, and at last the Lorraine abandoned the search, when a wireless from the Baltic brought word that she would stand by the Republic, and begged the Lorraine to follow the Florida, then already starting on the trip to this city. The Lorraine tried to follow instructions.

"The Florida is blowing four whistles," was the word from the Baltic.

The Lorraine could hear them, and she tried to follow, but presently the whistling ceased and after another fruitless search through the muck the Lorraine set out on the journey for this port, which she reached yesterday afternoon.

## TRYING TO SAVE THE REPUBLIC.

Meantime, back in the waters south of Martin's Vineyard, the island lying a few miles south of the Massachusetts coast off Wood's Hole, the Republic and the Florida were struggling on their way hither. With the Florida steamed the New York, while the Republic was in the care of the Gresham and the Furnessia. The revenue cutter began at 11:40 o'clock on Saturday night, with ten boats, each capable of carrying ten passengers in addition to the crews that manned them, doing the work. The vessels lay about a mile apart, and over the intervening water played the rays of the searchlights on the Baltic.

## REPUBLIC SANK AT 8:40 P. M.

There was a sea running at the time, and the little boats tossed and pitched as they wended their way backward and forward between the two vessels, now laden until their gunwales were almost under, now riding back after depositing their passengers, with the lightness of feathers. All night long the work was kept up until 10 o'clock yesterday morning, when the last of the Republic's passengers and those of the Florida as well, numbering in all 1,650 souls, had been safely carried aboard the staunch liner.

## REPUBLIC SANK AT 8:40 P. M.

But in the excitement of the work the Republic had been lost to sight. With her engine fires out and her engine room swept by the tons of water which washed into it through the gaping hole in her side, the stricken steamer was at the mercy of the winds and waves, drifting hither and thither in a fog which rendered objects invisible when only yards away.

## REPUBLIC FOUND AGAIN.

## REPUBLIC FOUND AGAIN.

## REPUBLIC FOUND AGAIN.

## REPUBLIC FOUND AGAIN.

Capt. Ransom of the Baltic set his wireless to work, reported to the office here the safe transfer of the surviving passengers and crew, and announced that he was going in search of the Republic. He had started on what appeared a hopeless task when the fog suddenly lifted a bit. It was only a little, just enough to show the Republic lying some distance away, but still apparently safe and in no danger of sinking.

## REPUBLIC FOUND AGAIN.

## REPUBLIC FOUND AGAIN.

## REPUBLIC FOUND AGAIN.

The lifting of the fog revealed, too, that a fleet of salvage tugs had arrived at the scene, and that the New York had taken a position near the Florida, while the Furnessia, which had come in the night, was also lying by ready to offer assistance.

## REPUBLIC FOUND AGAIN.

## REPUBLIC FOUND AGAIN.

## REPUBLIC FOUND AGAIN.

With this help at hand, Capt. Ransom obeyed the next message which reached him from the White Star office here, ordering him to start for this city if he could safely leave the Republic, and the Baltic steamed off on her homeward journey, leaving the Furnessia to care of the Republic, and the New York to convey the Florida, whose Captain declined further assistance.

From the end of a rope the Republic's crew tumbled into the

# WITH THE AID OF THE WIRELESS

small boat. Capt. Sealby, standing by until the last of his men were safely in the stern sheets of the Gresham's cutter, was almost too late. He had to jump into the water, and was picked up clinging to some wreckage.

The Gresham's seamen pulled with full speed toward their own boat. Already the lines connecting her with the Republic had been cast off. Yards astern the Furnessia's men were working at a similar task. The ropes had scarcely dropped into the water and the Gresham's small boat was still near the stricken Republic when the big steamer's stern plunged down, her bow rose quivering in the air, and then shot downward. Then the waves closed over the spot where, but a moment since, the Republic had floated.

Capt. Sealby and his crew were hauled aboard the Gresham and this dispatch was sent to this city:

Republic sunk. All hands saved. Making Gay Head on the Gresham.  
SEALBY.

## The Final Scene.

A description of the last moments of the liner reached THE TIMES by wireless from the Gresham last night by way of the Marconi station at Siasconsett. Here it is:

"At 8 P. M., while the revenue cutters Seneca and Gresham were slowly towing the Republic, about ten miles south of Nantucket, the Republic was seen to be rapidly sinking. Boats were instantly lowered to rescue the crew. All were picked up. The Captain and mate were found clinging to a grating, the Captain almost exhausted.

"It was a brilliant piece of rescue work by the boat crew of the Gresham. The Republic sank rapidly, going down stern first.

"The Seneca and Gresham steamed slowly away. One plan is that the Seneca shall take off the surviving crew at daybreak from the Gresham and proceed to New York. The Captain and Mate are being cared for in the wardroom on board the Gresham and seem to be doing well."

## Messages to the Rescued.

While the Republic had been making her fight for life, the Baltic, with her heavy cargo of passengers, had been steaming slowly up the Long Island coast, running through dense fog at reduced speed, yet hopeful of landing her passengers in this city this morning.

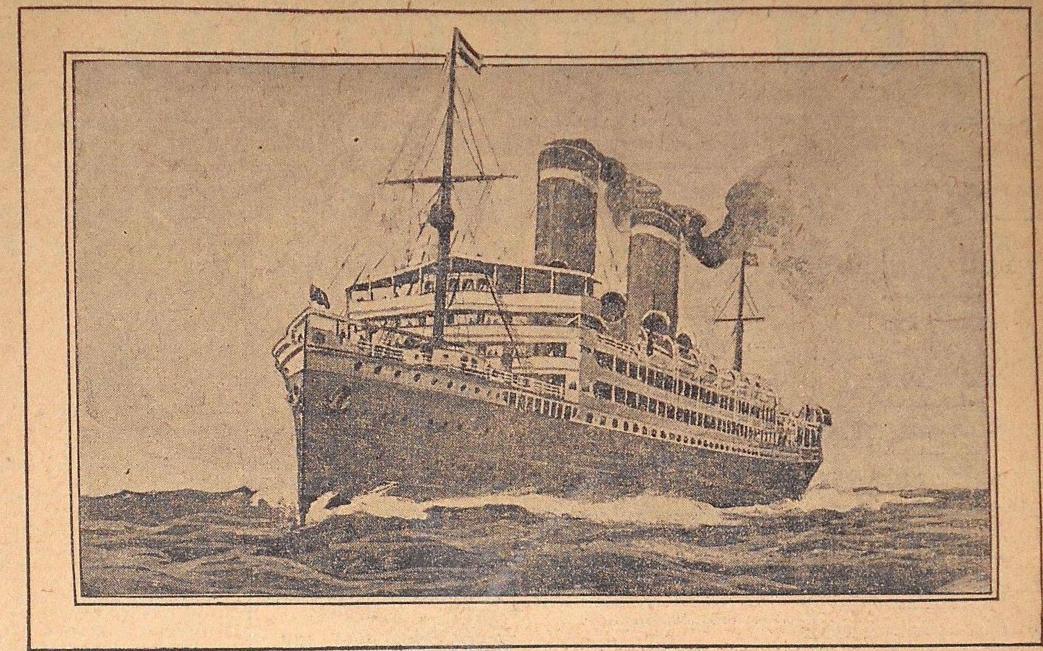
Her wireless apparatus was kept at work, and late yesterday afternoon the station at Sagaponack, near Bridgehampton, L. I., picked up a message. It was from one of the passengers to friends on shore, and simply told of the well-being of those aboard the Baltic. From then on a constant stream of messages flew through the air from the Baltic's masthead to the receiving towers ashore.

In the little beach station the operator had more than 300 messages containing congratulations and urgent invitations to come immediately to the homes of friends here on the arrival of the Baltic in port. But he had no chance to send them. Some he did get off, but the majority were relayed to the wireless station at Sea Gate.

There a throng of interested persons crowded the little room on the second floor of the Sea Gate Association's Lodge, less than a quarter of a mile from the end of Norton's Point, where the wireless instrument is installed. The difficulties at Sagaponack were known there.

At 5:30 o'clock the delicate instrument had caught one of the messages on its way from the Baltic to the far-distant station on the Long Island beach.

For some time the instrument continued to catch these messages, but after a time communication ceased, and it was not until 11 o'clock when the



THE FLORIDA

next message came, the Baltic telling that she had passed Fire Island at 9:15 o'clock and was proceeding slowly through a dense fog.

The weather was so heavy that even at this hour the observation station at Fire Island reported that they were unable to sight the steamer.

## Rescued Here This Morning, Sure.

The distance from Fire Island to Sandy Hook is about thirty miles, a distance usually made by vessels of the Baltic class in two hours. But under the conditions existing last night it was not believed by the White Star officials that the vessel would try to enter the harbor. They said that they expected her to lie off the Hook till daybreak, and to reach her pier about 9 o'clock this morning. The Cimarron Lucania, a vessel probably three knots faster than the Baltic, passed Fire Island at 6 o'clock last night, and at midnight had not been reported at the Hook, indicating that she was anchored there in the fog to wait for daylight before making the passage through the lower bay. It is believed that the Baltic will adopt the same precautionary measures.

This decision on the part of the Baltic's officers was sad news to the hundreds of relatives and friends of the Republic's passengers who had besieged the White Star office all day with inquiries as to the safety or whereabouts of the Republic's survivors. Many of these inquiries were made over the telephone, but hundreds of people visited the offices, which had been kept open all through the preceding night, seeking assurances of the safety of their friends, and clamoring for the hoped-for announcement that the Baltic would soon be in.

**Baltic and New York Both Off the Hook.**  
At midnight the wireless instrument at Sea Gate picked up a series of messages which, it was learned, were passing between the American liner New York and the Baltic. The messages were some which the Baltic had failed

to receive from Sagaponack and which the New York, receiving later, was relaying to her. From the sound of the messages as they were received at Sea Gate, Harry Williams, the operator, estimated that the New York was not more than fifteen miles distant from the Baltic.

No mention was made in the messages of the crippled steamer Florida, but as the New York was convoying her into this port, there is no doubt that the Florida must be close up to the New York, and perhaps anchored near her.

An effort was made by the Sea Gate operator to break in on the conversation between the Baltic and the New York to ascertain the whereabouts of the Florida, but he was unable to establish communication. The Florida herself is not equipped with wireless.

## FIRST NEWS OF REPUBLIC LOSS.

**Marconi Operator Gimman Sent It to The Times—Some Other Messages.**

This wireless message was received in THE TIMES office late last night, via Woods Hole, Mass.:

Marconi Wireless Station, Siasconsett, Mass., Jan. 24, 1907. The White Star liner Republic has just gone down, but none of her crew were drowned. All are safe on board the revenue cutter Gresham, under command of the Republic's crew. Is proceeding to Gay Head.

A. H. GIMMAN, Marconi Wireless Operator.

Earlier in the evening came this message:

The Baltic is now heading Long Island, bound for New York. The Republic is being towed by the revenue cutter Gresham and is being towed by the cutter Gurnet, which is just astern of the steamship. The Florida has refused assistance and is proceeding under her own steam bound for Sagaponack.

A. H. GIMMAN.

In the afternoon this message was received:

The Baltic still is standing by Republic and the latter is apparently floating motionless. The crew is again on board and the wireless operator is back at his post. Tugs have arrived on the scene and are endeavoring to save her. All passengers are aboard the Baltic. The Florida is being convoyed to New York. The wireless station at New York is very busy with important messages. It is hard to obtain information, but the operator as far as possible will wire full details and latest developments.

A. H. GIMMAN, Operator.

## FURNESSIA DESCRIBES REPUBLIC'S SINKING

BY MARCONI WIRELESS TELEGRAPH TO THE NEW YORK TIMES.

Steamship Furnessia, via Siasconsett, Mass., Jan. 25.—After a search during a night of dense fog, the Furnessia arrived alongside the Florida at 7:50 o'clock on Sunday morning, eleven miles south of the Nantucket light vessel.

The Baltic was already there and had the Republic's passengers, who had been transferred from the Florida to the Baltic. The Baltic then continued her search for the Republic.

After ascertaining that the Florida needed no assistance, the Furnessia proceeded at 8:45 o'clock to search for the Republic, and at 10:15 o'clock in the morning sighted the Republic with the Baltic lying close to.

The Furnessia came alongside the Republic at 10:30 o'clock. The Baltic then started for New York and the Furnessia stood by. The Republic had the Marconi wireless system on board still working faintly, which helped the operation greatly.

The Republic had been run into on her broadside, but looked in good condition for towing. At noon the Furnessia sent a boat alongside the Republic, but officers from the cutter were then aboard her.

At 12:30 the Government revenue cutter Gresham arrived and made fast ahead of the Republic. The Furnessia made fast astern. A move was then made, proceeding very slowly. At 2 P. M., the Government cutter Seneca arrived.

At 6:22 P. M. towing was again begun, but the stern hawsers were carried away at 6:35 P. M., so it was necessary to stand by.

Only the Captain and Chief Officer of the Republic were then on board. All the crew had been transferred to the Gresham during the afternoon.

The night was very dark, only a small light on the Republic's bridge being visible from the Furnessia. There was not a sound of any kind from the Republic heard on board this ship when, at 8:40 o'clock, the Republic disappeared in thirty-five fathoms of water.

It was only when the Gresham reported the Republic sunk and searchlights flashed around that one could believe she had disappeared. The Captain and Chief Officer were on board when she sank, and fears were felt that they had gone down, but a boat from the Gresham picked them up safely.

After cruising around to see that all possible had been done, the Furnessia proceeded on her way to New York.



## LORRAINE'S SEARCH FOR DISABLED LINERS

**Frenchman Brings in a Story of a Long, Vain Hunt in the Fog Off Nantucket.**

### BALTIC WAS THERE FIRST

**Within Hearing of Submarine Bells the Nearest the Lorraine Got to Vessels**

—Had to Find Herself First.

The French liner Lorraine, whose wireless operator was missing, was unable to receive the distress signal "C. Q. D." from the Republic after she had been rammed by the Florida, arrived at her North River pier early yesterday afternoon with an exciting story to tell.

For hours on Saturday the fleet French liner raced through a thick blanket of fog in a vain effort to reach the stricken Republic. She was just about to join her when a message from the White Star liner Baltic, which had found the Republic first, asked Capt. Tournier to look for the disabled Florida and convey her into port.

All Saturday night and Sunday morning the Lorraine sounded and sought in a vain effort to find the Italian, but the search was fruitless, for the Florida, as it turned out, had returned to the scene of the wreck where yesterday she was taken in charge by the Anchor Line Furness.

It was the Lorraine that "relayed" the Republic's need for assistance and steamed far out to sea, among them the fleet Cunarder Lusitania, and it was the Lorraine that was the first of the transatlantic fleet to flash back to the sinking vessel the International Code Signal "G," the most welcome letter in the code, for when translated it means "I am coming."

**When "C. Q. D." Was Heard.**

The story of the Lorraine's answer to the appeal of her sister in distress was told by the Marconi operators and by Capt. Tournier. The skipper of the liner, whose long career on the Atlantic had won for him the star of the Legion of Honor, was nearly exhausted when the Lorraine passed in at the Hook. The Marconi operators were almost as fatigued as he. Capt. Tournier had been on the bridge continuously for three days directing the course of his vessel through the fog, which extended from the Grand Banks clear into port.

A few minutes before 7 o'clock Saturday morning, the Captain said, Ernest Monzoreau, one of the wireless operators, rushed up to the bridge and had him to him "C. Q. D." from the Republic. The message had been relayed to the Lorraine from the land station at Siasconsett, Mass. It said simply: "C. Q. D. Republic." This was followed a few minutes later by a more explicit message reading:

Republic wrecked and wants assistance. In latitude 40° 17' north, longitude 70° west. M. K.

"M. K." are the letters of the Republic in the International Code.

Capt. Tournier read the message and, wheeling around, said to the waiting operator:

"Flash back a 'G' and lose no time about it. Then be ready to take a more explicit answer."

The operator pushed back to the little metal inclined cabin on the bridge deck and moments later the crackling of the spark that meant a successing "G" was heard on the bridge. A minute later the instruments at Siasconsett were relaying the welcome signal to the distressed White Star liner.

**Finding Herself in the Fog.**

Almost before Monzoreau, who had been joined by Jean Bour, his fellow operator, had started "G" again on its mission of good cheer the bells in the Lorraine's engine room were ringing and the liner was turning around to begin the run to the spot where the Republic was in distress.

The fog was so thick that Capt. Tournier was unable to get his exact position, so he ordered the liner headed for Nantucket, whence he could steam in the most direct route for the Republic.

Going out of the way to Nantucket meant the loss of more than an hour, but there was nothing better to be done. Ten minutes elapsed after the receipt of the "C. Q. D." message from Siasconsett before the Lorraine could be turned in the direction of Nantucket. In these ten minutes the ampler message referred to by Capt. Tournier when he hurried off to answer the "C. Q. D." from the land station to be relayed to Capt. Seelye of the Republic. This message, according to the Marconi record on the Lorraine, left the Hill opening house at 7:10 A. M. It said:

Your C. Q. D. message received 0. H. No. 100 Captain. Tournier.

## HOW BULKHEADS SAFEGUARD LINERS

**Edwin A. Stevens Compares the Safety of Modern Ships with Dangers of the Past.**

### OLD-TIMERS SANK QUICKLY

**Proper Bulkhead Construction and Crew Discipline the Main Factors Now, with Wireless a Great Aid.**

The important part played by water-tight bulkheads and wireless telegraphy in the events following the ramming of the Republic by the Florida and the probable part they will continue to play in similar accidents at sea, was discussed yesterday for THE TIMES by Edwin A. Stevens, the authority on naval architecture, on which he lectures at Stevens Institute, Hoboken.

Mr. Stevens first drew attention to the long strides taken in recent years toward better protection of life at sea, and explained how vital to the lives of those who are lost at sea is the bulkhead system of a modern steamer.

"It is a very interesting question to those who go down to the sea in ships whether the magnificent vessels that carry on the services of our transatlantic ferries are really safe," he said. "The sailor knows the risk he is running in his calling; but to the landsman or landswoman the sea has perils enough, in imagination at least, to cause many to hesitate before stepping aboard. One needs only to look over the statistics of ocean travel and disaster to see plainly enough that a passenger at sea on a modern liner is about as good a risk for an accident insurance company as can be found. But 'reasoning' and 'unreasoning,' this dread of accident at sea exists and will always exist, for no power will ever eliminate all the risks of the sea."

**Dangers Old-Style Boats Faced.**

"Such an accident as that to the Republic again draws attention to these dangers. A comparatively few years ago a ship of the class in her day corresponding to the Republic did not have a single bulkhead and the little of her company had been saved only by chance. And still the Russians were able to keep their vessels afloat after having been rammed and to bring them efficiently to get them again in line of battle."

"However great the efficiency of such systems of safety as bulkheads, they are of little use without a properly trained and disciplined crew, and I feel safe in venturing the prediction that when the next collision occurs the crew with her captain and crew will be found to have lived up to the best traditions of their country."

### Mystery of the *Naronic*.

"The only case of an ocean liner which has disappeared in recent years with all on board was that of the *Naronic* of the White Star Line. The most plausible theory was that her deck load, among which were some heavy locomotives, had shifted, causing her to lose her equilibrium and causing her to suddenly capsize. The great loss of life in the foundering of the *Bourgoigne* on the New York coast in 1885 was also due in part to the considerable loss with this vessel took in sinking and the consequent difficulty in launching boats on the upper side."

"Any serious collision twenty-five or thirty years ago meant the immediate foundering of the ship, as in the cases of the *Westphalia* and the *Eldorado*, both of which went down within a few hours of being struck. The Italian liner *City of Paris*, now the *Pan-Pacific*, was bilged in consequence of the breaking of her engine room, the rising of her engine. Her engine room was filled with water, and the vessel floated very deep. She was well out in the Atlantic, and this was before the days of wireless. The engine-room bulkheads showed signs of weakness, and had there been much of a hole, the ship would have sunk at once. Her crew, however, did some expert work, shoring up and supporting the threatened bulkheads, and the ship all on her were saved in this manner, the fact that the pumps could not be worked."

"Even if the advance in the design and construction of ships has not yet resulted in only resulting in a ship afoul a few hours after a collision, it has accomplished a great result, especially when the ability to summon help by wireless has been added to the other safeguards of life at sea. That this efficiency in the use of wireless is reflected in the results can best be shown by the results of the torpedo attacks in the late Russian-Japanese War. The *Tsushima* and *Asama* of the same name as from a collision. But still the Russians were able to keep their vessels afloat after having been rammed and to bring them efficiently to get them again in line of battle."

"However great the efficiency of such systems of safety as bulkheads, they are of little use without a properly trained and disciplined crew, and I feel safe in venturing the prediction that when the next collision occurs the crew with her captain and crew will be found to have lived up to the best traditions of their country."

## BINNS' HEROISM IS LAUDED UPON CONGRESS FLOOR

Washington, Jan. 25.—A statement lauding as a hero John R. Binns, the wireless operator on the wrecked liner Republic was read in the House to-day by Representative Boutell, of Illinois. It was received with great applause.

The Chicago Congressman arose at the opening of the session and asked unanimous consent to address the House on a matter of public interest. Consent was given.

The last two days, he said, demonstrated again the peril of those who go to sea in ships. The collision of the Republic and Florida had brought to the front heroes among the officers, crews and passengers.

"There was one silent actor," continued Mr. Boutell, "whose name ought to be immortalized. He is the wireless operator on the Republic. His name is John R. Binns. He is twenty-five years of age. Sixty-four men will probably remember him as the speaker of the Blucher, on whom the Speaker, Mr. Sherman, and other members of the House, made a speech in America.

"On that trip, Binns explained that the only time the various wireless systems were worked in co-operation was when the dread signal, 'C. Q. D.' which announced a sunken ship, was sounded.

"Jack Binns was promoted to the charge of a large land station in Ireland Bay, and his love for the sea brought him to the wireless plant of that station.

"Binns, on the Republic, calmly sending to the world messages of that disaster, has given the world a splendid illustration of the heroism that dwells on the sea."

### WIRELESS AID IN OTHER ACCIDENTS.

**How Captains Have Used the Invention to Avert Alarm and Save Time.**

The extreme value of wireless telegraphy was demonstrated when the Kaiser Wilhelm der Gross lost her rudder and rudder post off the Newfoundland coast on Oct. 27, 1897. Capt. Charles Polack "wirelessed" the New York office of the North German Lloyd line that the ship was in no danger.

Daily wireless messages were sent from the ship to friends on shore on both continents. Capt. Polack arrived in the English Channel less than a day later.

Finally, at 3:22 P. M., a message came from the Baltic which showed that the Florida had reached the scene of the wreck.

The message said:

Baltic alongside both vessels. Clear here. Captain Binns.

Baltic alongside both vessels. Clear here.

Captain Binns.

A few more messages were exchanged.

The Lorraine was assured that everything was all right, and the liner then proceeded to New York. When the liner got to the bridge, and he remained there until the lines docked. Then he talked for ten or fifteen minutes with the reporter.

**Capt. Tournier's Long Vigil.**

"When the message from the Republic came," said Capt. Tournier, "I had been on the bridge since 1 A. M. the day before. I could not tell you what I had to do to prevent me receiving the message, and as I had taken my last observation by the sun on Friday I decided to head for the Nantucket Lightship, and from that point direct my search for the Republic.

The fog was so thick that Capt. Tournier was unable to get his exact position,

so he ordered the liner headed for Nantucket, whence he could steam in the most direct route for the Republic.

Going out of the way to Nantucket meant the loss of more than an hour,

but there was nothing better to be done. Ten minutes elapsed after the receipt of the "C. Q. D." message from Siasconsett before the Lorraine could be turned in the direction of Nantucket. In these ten minutes the ampler message referred to by Capt. Tournier when he hurried off to answer the "C. Q. D." from the land station to be relayed to Capt. Seelye of the Republic. This message, according to the Marconi record on the Lorraine, left the Hill opening house at 7:10 A. M. It said:

Your C. Q. D. message received 0. H. No. 100 Captain. Tournier.

LINER CREWS TRANSFERRING PASSENGERS FROM THE FLORIDA TO  
THE STEAMSHIP BALTIC PREPARATORY TO STARTING TO NEW YORK.

DRAWN FROM DESCRIPTION BY LOUIS BIEDERMAN OF THE SUNDAY WORLD STAFF.



LINER BALTIC IS HERE  
WITH 1,650 SURVIVORS  
OF COLLISION AT SEA.

White Star Steamship Bearing the Rescued Passengers from the Republic and the Florida Dropped Her Anchor at Sandy Hook at 1.30 o'Clock This Morning and Will Land All on Board This Forenoon.

RAMMED VESSEL GOES DOWN  
AFTER HER CREW IS TAKEN OFF.

Two Passengers Killed and Two Injured on Republic and Four Persons Dead on the Florida as Result of Crash.—Italian Boat With Bows Smashed Is Slowly Making Her Way to This Port—Only Details of the Disaster Are Those Brought by Wireless Telegraphy.

The steamer Baltic, with the passengers of the steamers Florida and Republic, was reported at 1.30 this morning as nearing her anchorage off Sandy Hook by Marconi wireless station at Sea Gate.

The Baltic will anchor for the night and will not come up to the city until well in the morning.

An earlier message said:

"Baltic fifty miles east of Coney Island. Will probably arrive at Sandy Hook 1 o'clock Monday morning."

Capt. Ranson of the Baltic sent this wireless message to his agents at the White Star Line Offices here last night. They received it at 10.50 P. M.

So the 1,650 passengers are safe whom Capt. Ranson and his sailors so gallantly rescued from the Republic and the Florida after their collision in the fog off Nantucket, Mass., early Saturday morning.

After surviving for forty hours her imminent danger, and despite splendid efforts to save her, the Republic sank at 8.30 last night.

A woman and five men were killed in the collision off Nantucket; two men were injured. They were:

KILLED.

LYNCH, Mrs. E., of Boston, Mass.  
MOONEY, W. J., of Langdon, N. Dak.

The names of the four persons killed on the Florida were not mentioned in the despatch from Capt. Ranson.

# LINER BALTIC OFF THE HOOK WITH PASSENGERS

## INJURED.

LYNCH, E., of Boston, Mass.—Husband of the dead woman, and who was reported to be in a dangerous condition.

MURPHY, M. J., of Grand Forks, N. Dak.

Hundreds of Persons Saved from the Sea.

But the tragedy has its brighter side.

Every other soul of hundreds is safe—saved by the alarm which the Republic almost instantly sent by wireless telegraphy; an alarm which brought to her and the Florida all the vessels that caught it within a radius of 200 miles.

And brought them as surely and almost as swiftly as an alarm of fire sent out from Twenty-third street and Fifth avenue brings the fire engines.

Hither, too, the Florida is progressing slowly, so self-confident that Capt. Voltain refused all offers of aid.

This is how the fate of the Republic was told:

"Republic sunk—all hands saved. At Gay Head, aboard revenue cutter Gresham."

Such was the despatch received at 10:31 P. M. last night at the White Star line office here from Capt. Sealby, of the Republic.

Up to that moment the fate of the big steamer was in doubt.

Republic's Captain Taken from the Sea.

At 1:30 this morning this message was received from the wireless operator at Siasconset:

"World, New York. First news from Republic's survivors.—At 8 P. M. while revenue cutters Seneca and Gresham were slowly towing Republic about ten miles south of Nantucket the Republic was seen to be rapidly sinking.

"Boats were instantly lowered to rescue crew. All were picked up.

"Captain and mate found clinging to a grating. Captain almost exhausted. Brilliant work of rescue by boat crew of Gresham.

"Republic sank very rapidly; went down stern first."

"Seneca and Gresham now steaming slowly. Seneca will take off surviving crew at daybreak from Gresham and proceed to New York."

"The captain and mate are being cared for in wardroom aboard and seem to be doing well." A. H. GINMAN."

The World received an earlier message from Ginman reading:

"Republic gone down. No one on board. All crew safe on revenue cutter Gresham."

A despatch from Mr. Ginman, timed 10:22 P. M., said:

"Gresham with Republic; are proceeding to Gay Head, Mass."

Then came a despatch to the United Wireless Company, the De Forest Company, this city:

"The Republic sank at 8:30 to-night off No Man's Land, a small island south of Martha's Vineyard Island, off the Massachusetts coast.

All the Republic's crew are saved; aboard the revenue cutter Gresham.

This message was received from Capt. Fisher, of the steamer City of Memphis, bound from Savannah to Boston. The City of Memphis was in touch with the Gresham by wireless to-night, and upon receiving news of the sinking of the Republic retransmitted the information to New York.

A wireless despatch from Capt. Perry, of the Gresham, was received at the Naval Station, Newport, R. I., soon after noon yesterday, a telegram from there says. The Captain's answer was in response to a request for information about the sinking of the Republic. The Captain said that he and his men had been without sleep and on hard duty for many hours, and he asked to be excused from making any statement last night.

The operator of the Gresham declined to indicate what port the vessel was heading for. He said merely that she would go either to Gay Head, Newport or New Bedford.

The derelict destroyer Seneca, it seems, helped the Gresham to tow the Republic. The Seneca will start from Gay Head to New York to-day with Capt. Sealby and his men.

Other Messages Come to The World.

The World yesterday received the three other telegrams that follow from A. H. Ginman. He is the wireless telegraph operator in the little office on the beach that juts into the Atlantic beyond the hamlet of Siasconset. Ginman it was who caught the imperative distress signal, "C. Q. D." which the Republic's fearless wireless operator, J. H. Blinns, sent a few minutes after the collision.

The first message from Ginman to The World was received at 5:45 A. M.:

"Slasconset, Mass., Jan. 24, 1909.

"World, New York:

"Four thirty A. M. Weather clearing. Transfer of all passengers from Florida to Baltic almost completed. Baltic will steam for New York as soon as possible.

(Signed.)

The second despatch was received at 11:45 A. M.

"World, New York:

"Baltic still standing by Republic. Latter apparently floating easier. Sailing crew again on board and wireless operator back at his post. Tugs (have) arrived on scene; chance to save her. All passengers are aboard the Baltic. Florida (is) being convoyed to New York by Furnessia and New York.

(Signed.)

"A. H. GINMAN."

The third despatch arrived at 4:31 P. M.:

"World, New York:

"Baltic now nearing Long Island, bound for New York. Republic being towed by revenue cutter Gresham and steered by Furnessia, aft. Florida, refusing assistance, is under her own steam, bound for New York.

(Signed)

"A. H. GINMAN."

So, out of the fog, illuminated by the wireless, are coming all the scenes of the tragedy of the seas in which figures no less than seven great steamships, the Republic and Florida, the Baltic, the American liner New York, the Anchor liner Furnessia, the Canardier Lucania and the French liner La Lorraine, although the last, willing as she was to help, had opportunity to do more than act as relay station for the all-helpful wireless messages.

Besides the steamers there were as actors the revenue cutter Gresham, which intercepted at Provincetown Harbor the wireless message sent to her at Boston, and tugs and wrecking tugs which hurried from Newport, Boston and New York.

As The World told yesterday, Capt. Sealby of the Republic thought she was sinking immediately after the collision; a cataract was pouring in a tremendous gash in her side. So her 250 first-class passengers and 211 third-class passengers were transferred to the Florida. The Italian, scarcely more than half the size of the Republic, had twenty-six cabin and 900 third-class passengers of her own, and the Italian's bow was smashed as if it had run against a stone wall.

**Baltic's Captain Takes Passengers from Both Steamers that Were in Fatal Crash.**

So when the Baltic arrived it was determined to take aboard her not only the Republic's passengers but the Florida's as well, and the weather clearing the sea being kind, the 1,650 persons were transferred in twenty boats to the Baltic.

"There were 1,650 passengers on board the Florida when the Baltic drew up alongside, which was about the time the Republic was sinking, and the sea was kind, the 1,650 persons were transferred to the White Star line last evening stated.

The world of transferring the men women and children took from 11:40 Saturday night to 10:30 this morning. The Baltic's boats were sent to the Florida and during the dark hours of the night searchlights were brought into play. At daybreak the New York, which was lying alongside offered assistance, but it was not needed.

The world's wireless despatch states that "the transfer of all passengers from the Baltic to the Republic was completed" at 4:30 A. M. yesterday.

In less than twenty-four hours the passengers of the Republic were transferred to the Baltic, and the two vessels which seemed about to plunge into the depths. The history of shipwrecks can tell of but one such case.

The passengers were safe on the Baltic where there was food for them and accommodations which the small Florida lacked; all efforts were made to keep afloat and save the wounded ships. The Furnessia, bound for New York, bound for this port, was added to the number of the survivors.

It remains to be known what strait the Republic was in when Capt. Sealby, his officers and men consented to leave the Baltic.

That they did leave her, after all the living and the few dead had been taken from her, was made known definitely by Capt. Sealby's death.

"Baltic still standing by Republic. Latter apparently floating easier. Captain and telegraph operator back at his post. Chance to save her."

There was a chance to save her. So Capt. Sealby, who was a captain of a sailing crew who in all probability were very young, in the sea where he was aye-aye yesterday, that anybody who were canary yellow, could have been afloat in such circumstances took his life in his hand. And back with them went Blins, who must have in the next few days written a story of his life. Blins, who probably borrowed electricity for his wireless apparatus from his brother on the Baltic, whose extra storage batteries were running full till then.

What more has come out of the fog? Capt. Ransford, who by the way, is a man and the rear admiral of His Britannic Majesty's navy, got an order from New York, by way of London perhaps which ran in effect:

"Leave no无线电. Take the passengers to New York."

The thoughtful will perceive that this order, which seemed to indicate that the Republic was to leave another White Ship liner to the sea, was given to the Baltic.

The Baltic seemed to be afloat. The anchor was dropped, and Capt. Sealby, who had been towed but a short distance when she began to getts rapidly. Sealing

no hope of saving the ship, Capt. Sealby gave the order to abandon her, and he and the crew were taken off by the Gresham, which cast loose from the crippled liner and stood by until she sank.

Acting as the Republic's rudder was the Furnessia, close behind. At the time no report had been made that the Republic's steering gear was actually disabled, she was so low in the water that it would not operate properly, nor was there any sign of power left, nor power of any kind with which to work her steering gear.

The Republic sank in 150 feet of water, and Capt. Sealby and his crew had been transferred without much difficulty to the Gresham.

General Passenger Agent David Linderman said: "An effort was made Saturday night to get tugs from Boston and other places along the shore line to go out in the fog to the aid of the Republic."

The tugs would not venture into the fog, and he declares that if they had done so, the Republic would have been towed to safety.

The telegram was sent to Nantucket last night calling off all the tugs which started for the scene of the wreck after the fog lifted yesterday.

All sorts of meanings have been given to the wireless call "C. Q." and "C. Q. D." sent out from the Republic by Operator Blins. The correct meaning of "C. Q." is, "All wireless stations, attention!" The "C. Q. D." means, "All stations attention, danger—watch out for details."

**MOONEY WAS RICH  
DAKOTA BANKER.**

**Associated With Several Banking Institutions and in a Land Company.**

(Special to The World.)

GRAND FORKS, N. Dak., Jan. 24.—W. J. Mooney, of Langdon, the banker who was killed in the collision of the Republic and the Florida, was about forty-nine years old. He had been engaged in the banking business for many years and had worth about \$30,000. He leaves a wife and one son, John B. Mooney, who is cashier of the bank owned by Mr. Mooney, and located at International Falls.

Mr. Mooney came to Langdon in 1884 and organized Cavalier County, with the assistance of Patrick McCue. He started the first bank in Langdon and was associated with the First National. In 1886 he organized the Cavalier County State Bank. Since then he had organized banks at Miles and Wales, N. Dak., and International Falls.

The International Falls Bank was the most recently organized. It was started by Nathaniel C. McLean, whose wife was injured as intersected with Mr. Mooney. Mr. Mooney was born in Watertown, Wis., and was married there. He also lived in St. Paul, Minn., for about fourteen years ago. Six years ago Mr. Mooney married Miss Griffith, of Minneapolis.

Besides his banking interests Mr. Mooney was half owner of the North Dakota Land and Town Site Company. He was a member of the Elks Lodge of Grand Forks.

Following his banking interests Mr. Mooney was half owner of the North Dakota Land and Town Site Company. He was a member of the Elks Lodge of Grand Forks.

## Woman Killed on the Republic Was Widely Known in Boston.

Mrs. Eugene Lynch Making Her First Trip Abroad in Company with Her Aged Husband, Who Was Hurt in Collision at Sea.

Mrs. Eugene Lynch, who was killed on the steamship Republic, and her husband, who was injured, were very prominent in social and church circles of Boston. Mr. Lynch, who is in the wholesale liquor business, is seventy years old and his wife fifty-five. This was to have been their first trip abroad.

Two sisters of Mrs. Lynch, Mrs. J. H. Myers, of Cambridge, Mass., and Mrs. P. J. Flanagan, of Cambridge, Mass., together with her two cousins, Joseph A. McCarthy, a lawyer, of Troy, N. Y., and his sister, Helen McCarthy, are stopping at the Hotel Breslin. When told of the death of Mrs. Lynch Mr. McCarthy said:

"When we heard that the Republic had met with an accident we were fearful for the safety of Mr. and Mrs. Lynch, because of their advanced ages. Then when the later reports came in saying that all were saved, we felt relieved and engaged rooms for them at the Waldorf."

"Why it was only last Thursday night that we gave them dinner party at the Waldorf. Over a dozen friends from Boston came down to attend the

trip, and little did we think that the proposed trip was to end so disastrously."

"Mr. and Mrs. Lynch were exceedingly popular in Boston and nearly every evening over week end dinner parties were given them. Mr. Lynch is a member of the Algonquin Club, which gave him a very elaborate send-off just before he left for New York."

"Mrs. Lynch, who was Miss Mary E. Giffings, of Troy, was exceedingly popular and gave thousands of dollars yearly to charity. She had what she called a 'pension list' containing the names of scores of deserving poor families in her adopted city."

"The couple lived at No. 88 Elm Hill Avenue, Roxbury, Mass., just outside of Boston."

## WASHINGTON HEARS FROM PASSENGERS.

Rescued Ocean Travellers Relieve Anxiety of Relatives at the Capital.

(Special to The World.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—Miss Grace Atwater, of No. 515 Connecticut avenue Northwest, an artist, whose talent in water color paintings has been widely recognized, and Miss Leslie Jackson, of Connecticut, who is well known in art circles in the District, were passengers on the Republic at the time of the collision.

The word has been received in Washington by relatives of both young ladies that they were safely transferred from the Republic to the Florida, and that the Mutual Assurances of the safety of the Snoot and Davis families, who were on the Republic, have also been received.

The same news was received by Lloyd D. Snoot, of No. 3235 R street Northwest, to members of his family here stated that his mother and sister, Mrs. John D. Snoot and Miss Julia P. Snoot, of Washington, who were on the Republic, had been safely transferred to the Florida.

Senator Elkins received a dispatch by wireless from Mrs. John T. Davis to the effect that she and her two children, Eddie and David, and Miss Graceway Davis, who were on the Republic, had been safely transferred to the Florida.

Mrs. William H. White, of the Hamilton Hotel, this morning received a wireless telegram from the Baltic, sent by her husband, David H. White, a real estate man of St. Paul, who sailed for the Mediterranean on the Republic.

## What the Wireless Call "C.Q.D." Means

All sorts of meanings have been given to the wireless call "C. Q." and "C. Q. D." sent out from the Republic by Operator Blins. The correct meaning of "C. Q." is, "All wireless stations, attention!" The "C. Q. D." means, "All stations attention, danger—watch out for details."

# CAPTAIN AND ALL HANDS TAKEN OFF BY CUTTER AS THE REPUBLIC SINKS.

## LA LORRAINE'S CAPTAIN TELLS OF WIRELESS SEARCH.

First Roused to Activity on Fog-Wrapped French Liner by Call of the Republic for Help.

VESSEL HEADED FOR NEAREST LIGHTSHIP.

Messages Flashed Back and Forth All Day as Liner Groped Her Way to Rescue.

A sentinel on post, transmitting calls to and fro and around to headquarters the shortest way, a relay station along the ocean's dark highway flashing words of cheer and life, indispensable to the ultimate salvation of more than 700 souls.

Such was the part played by the swift French liner *La Lorraine* in the marine tragedy of the Republic and the Florida, ending hopefully for most of those who in these ships had gone down to the sea.

The *Lorraine*, which was at the bar at 4:40 A. M. yesterday, was the first ship to receive the semi-automatic mail from part in the rescue of the Republic's passengers to reach New York. She stole up the bay through rifts and drifts of the fog yesterday, and made fast to her post at 8 A. M. Bringing few travellers, and most of them absorbed in their own affairs, unaware of the actual drama, nearly a thousand lives or only muddy conception of the important role the Frenchman had acted in the wholesale saving of human life, only the crew were well aware of the effects of unusual strain.

On the *Lorraine* the boat deck holds the brains, the nerve centres of the ship, the heart, the arteries, the quarters, the lower bridge and the Marconi outfit. The hutch of a telegraph office situated among funnels, ventilators, steam pipes, life boats, ladders, ladders, and cinder-strewn life rafts, through the long hours of Saturday was the very life of the ship.

### NEW CENTRE OF THE SHIP.

The bandbox of a place, crammed with mystic mechanism and jars, was sacred ground. A strong-armed sailor stood guard over it and allowed no one to enter without the captain's permission. A knock on the door yesterday brought a haggard figure to the portal with bloodshot eyes and pallid lips, and in his hand a small box containing a wireless key, holding the salvation of a regiment of men and women in their hands, who had kept up through a tedious night on their native water.

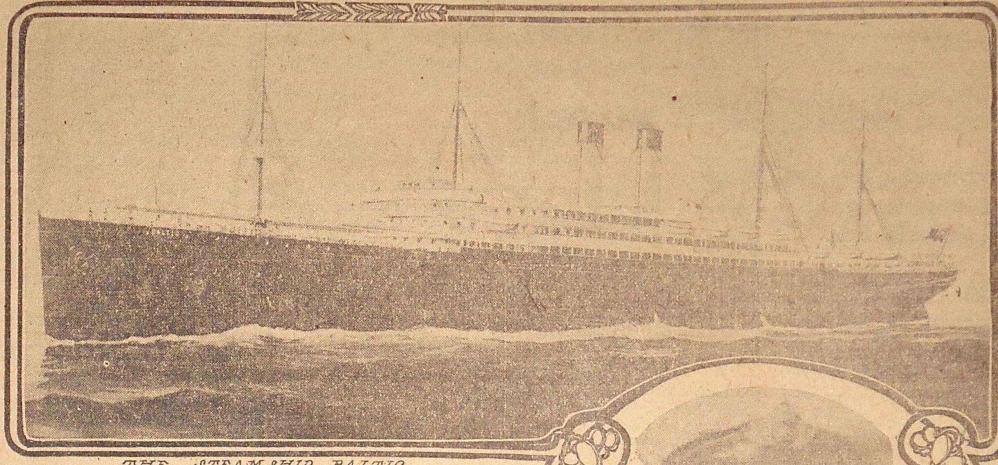
The operator on *La Lorraine* is M. Bour, and his relief is Ernest Monrouzeau. Neither had time to make personal communications to the master, and had handed without the consent of Capt. Edouard Tournaire, who in turn sent word to the agent of the American Lines in the room to be told only on the consent of Paul Faguet, American agent of the French line.

The operator, too, had come through a wireless experience. It required both the approbation of his agent and the full enjoyment of his luncheon, and he had not been able to do either, so he had to wait until the arrival of the next day to tell what had happened and how he had worked in with the wireless to promote the transmission of mystic messages.

M. Monrouzeau read off the copies of the Marconigrams, which had to be repeated three times before they were converted with English speaking steamers and stations, although they were posted aboard ship in both English and French for the benefit of all.

From the morning watch of Saturday until Sunday afternoon MN hour and fifteen minutes, he lay on duty. "It was about 7 A. M. on Jan. 23," said Monrouzeau, speaking with both a mathematical precision and a certain pomposity, "when I was working on every message as if it were tangling each letter of a word on his flashing instruments or methodically tearing it down with ear and nerves on the lamp.

WHITE STAR LINER BEARING PASSENGERS RESCUED FROM CRIPPLED STEAMSHIPS, AND HER COMMANDER.



THE STEAMSHIP BALTIK.

Cry of "C. Q. D." from the Sea.

"From Siasconset came the distress dry and formal. It all sounded so short and formal, like a call for help, like a signal. I stopped and sparkled off on the hard worked in-drops everything but this. Outside it was all dark, absolutely, all fox."

"I answer 'G,' which means I am coming. I have received it, a sign 'M.' La Lorraine kept L, which is the code sign of La Lorraine.

"Then came also from Siasconset this message:

"Latitude 40.17 north, longitude 70 west. Republic wrecked; wants assistance. (Repulse.)"

"At 7:40 I sent to Siasconset: 'Tell your captain we can hear his bell and steering drum to-day. You might make as much noise as possible to direct our steerings, because the fog is thick.'

"At 7:50 I sent to *La Lorraine*: 'Tell your captain we can hear his bell and steering drum to-day. You might make as much noise as possible to direct our steerings, because the fog is thick.'

"At 8:00 I sent to *La Lorraine*: 'Tell your captain we are eighty miles off and shall reach her 2 P. M. Saturday.'

"Reading with painful deliberation and almost in a daze, the faithful young scientist delineated each simile step in the chain of mystic communication. He read the messages to the *Lorraine*, which was asked to stand by the Florida also now making her elimination from a "wireless" to the steamer. The wireless, however, was the etherial waves. Here was the message at 8:30 P. M. Saturday.

"Please tell Republic we are eighty miles off and shall reach her 2 P. M. Saturday."

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"At 8:45 *La Lorraine* to Republic: 'Please tell us if you are in fog and your position.'

"At 8:50 *La Lorraine* to Republic: 'Position Lat. 40.17, Long. 70 west.'

"At 8:55 *La Lorraine* to Republic: 'Please tell us if you are in fog and your position.'

"At 9:00 *La Lorraine* to Republic: 'Please tell us if you are in fog and your position.'

"At 9:15 *La Lorraine* to Republic: 'Please tell us if you are in fog and your position.'

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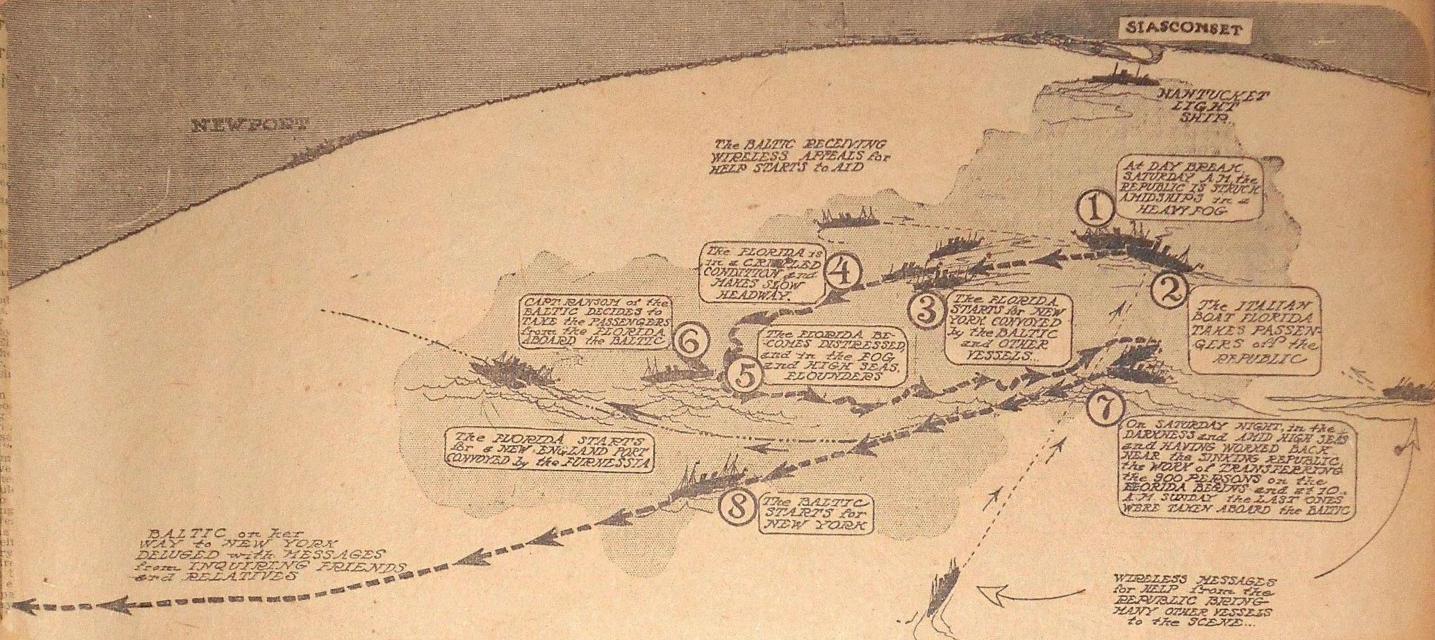
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DIAGRAM OF THE INCIDENTS OF THE COLLISION SHOWING HOW THE WIRELESS BROUGHT AID TO THE REPUBLIC, HOW HER PASSENGERS WERE TWICE TRANSFERRED AT SEA AND SO SAVED.



## WIRELESS TELLS CROWDS NEWS OF CRIPPLED SHIPS

All day yesterday the news of the steamer Seneca was towing the Republic into Long Island Sound.

The first news of a tragedy growing out of the collision reached the city at 2 p.m. It caused much consternation at the Waldorf-Astoria, where a crowd of unusual proportions had gathered. Fear gripped among those who read that the list of the dead was not yet complete.

The message was received by wireless at the White Star offices from the steamship Baltic, and gave the dead and wounded as follows:

Killed—Mrs. E. H. Lynch, Boston; Mrs. W. J. Mooney, Laundon, N.D.; four negroes (names unobtainable).

Injured—E. F. Lynch, husband of Mrs. Lynch; M. J. Murphy, Grand Forks, N.D.

A few minutes later the wireless operator at Cambridge, Mass., picked up this message from the air:

The Republic and Florida were drifting around off Nantucket Lightship. They were at that hour ten miles southeast of the light, with the Gresham and the Merritt standing by. The Baltic, with all the passengers, left there at 3 p.m.

Around 3 o'clock the wireless instructed the men to begin to buzz with the news that the Baltic was steaming slowly to New York through a lifting fog, and expected to make the Sandy Hook early on Sunday morning.

"The Republic is being towed by the revenue cutter Gresham, steered by the Furnessia aft," continued the dispatch. "Florida, refusing assistance, went to the shipwrecked boats. The Merritt tug Bellar was said to be on her way to help the Republic."

About the same time Nantucket dashed word that after the transfer of the passengers of the two wrecked boats to the Florida, both the Florida and the Baltic started for New York.

"If the Baltic goes at her average speed, and does not act as a convoy for Florida, she should reach New York by Sunday evening," the dispatch concluded.

A more detailed dispatch came through about 10 o'clock, by way of Newport, and read:

"Heavy fog continues, adding to the troubles of the steamers Republic and Florida, helpless off Nantucket Shoals. The sea remains calm. The wireless appeal on the Republic has been out of commission for several hours."

An unconfirmed report has it a large sum of money was on board the

*Continued on Page 4.*

### Crowds Await News in Hotels.

The belief that further news would soon be forthcoming drew increasing crowds in the big uptown hotels, where there were wireless bulletin boards.

There was a half hour of suspense, and then only a sentence percolated in through the fog. It was soon learned to New York by Furnessia and New York, that the news was "too busy with important orders." Hard to obtain fuller particulars.

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Republic for the Italian earthquake sufferers, which may be one of reasons the captain of Republic remained in his ship.

Through the local wireless station this morning a message from the White Star line agents in New York was sent to the ship, indicating its arrival at the port of Nantucket Shoals, which is circling in that location for a derelict. The message read:

"Through your changes for the worst, the plight of the Republic and Florida would become serious under their present condition, and severe punishment will be inflicted in Sandy Shoals vicinity at this season of the year."

A few minutes later a dispatch was received from Woods Hole, Mass., which read:

"Republic and Florida now twelve miles south of Nantucket Shoals. Lightship."

From Siasconset, Mass., came the news at 5:45 p.m. that the Baltic was nearing Long Island, bound for New York.

"The Republic is being towed by the revenue cutter Gresham, steered by the Furnessia aft," continued the dispatch. "Florida, refusing assistance, went to the shipwrecked boats. The Merritt tug Bellar was said to be on her way to help the Republic."

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*Continued on Page 4.*

The crippled liner under her own steam crept into the entrance to the port. There she was met by a tug, and at 2:20 the two passed Sandy Hook.

The Florida's bow was badly stove in, and she was down by the head as though her forward compartment was filled with water.

## \$2,000,000 ESTIMATED LOSS OF OWNERS AND PASSENGERS

### THE RESCUE IN OPEN BOATS.

The story of the wreck of the Republic is full of thrilling details. Even with the comparatively small loss of life caused directly by the collision, which lends the incident its tragic aspect, it would be one of the most moving and memorable of all true tales of misadventure at sea. But no feature of it all was more remarkable than the safe transfer in open boats through a rolling sea and in a fog of 1,850 human beings from the disabled Florida to the steamship Baltic. Each of the ten boats could carry only ten passengers, and the work of transfer occupied more than ten hours, yet not a life was lost, not a person injured. The task was prodigious, and we believe the result was unprecedented.

But the question of salvage also arises, to be determined by the Admiralty Courts if the steamer has been rendered and made seaworthy again. Though the Republic sank while being towed to harbor, maritime authorities last night said her owners, the American Line, and the Anchor Line steamer Furnessie might have a claim still for bringing her as far toward safety as they could.

If it develops that she had been abandoned by her captain and crew when these two vessels began to tow her toward the shore, the officers and men afterward returned aboard her. The verdict was said, might still decide that the men of these boats were entitled to salvage. The boats were completely abandoned and had then been succeeded in tow by her safely to port. It is estimated that the salvage due would have been in the neighborhood of \$100,000, to be divided among the owners. It is almost improbable that the crew of the United States naval boat would have been allowed to make claim for their share of the salvage.

Asked about the insurance to retrieve them from loss through the sinking of the Florida, the White Star managers here said last night that she was insured in her own company—that is, the White Star gets a part of its profits each year to meet the cost of the insurance of any of its boats. This sum, which was declared, is more than ample to protect the shipholders fully even if the loss of the Republic becomes twice the present estimate.

Scarcely less noteworthy is the perfect discipline preserved on board the Republic, under Capt. SEALBY, from the moment of the collision until the passengers were transferred to the Florida. As an ill-wind always blows some good to somebody, the testimony of the rescued passengers as to the coolness and bravery of officers and crew will lend new lustre to the bright reputation of the White Star Line. It is sad to think that after all this skillful and successful battling with great danger, the good ship Republic should now lie in 270 feet of water, beyond the reach of divers, to rot slowly away.



## LA LORRAINE TRIED TO HELP

### SOUGHT IN VAIN TO FIND THE RAMMED STEAMSHIP.

Feit Her Way Through the Fog for Hours and at Last Learned That All the Passengers Were Safe—Then Tried to Find the Florida to Escort Her.

Capt. Edouard Tournier, the blue eyed commander of the French liner La Lorraine, after swiftly berthing his big ship yesterday afternoon with almost the cleverness of a Battery boatman putting his Whitehall 18 footer alongside a boat ate a hurried dinner and after giving the reporters ten minutes of his time turned in. He had been on the bridge forty-eight hours without sleep. He had had a mighty blustery time of it on the first four days of the trip, the seas coming aboard forward and making a mess of things there.

He told how, after he had passed through the tumult he was informed by one of the wireless operators at 7 o'clock on Saturday morning that Siasconset was sending out the distress call "C Q D." The operator transmitted the message to the captain and he sent back the signal "G," which the captain said in English was, "I am coming." He headed the Lorraine immediately in the direction of the Nantucket lightship. Then Siasconset's wireless expert set the Hertzian waves vibrating with the announcement that the Republic was wrecked and wanted assistance.

The French commander headed full speed in the direction of the Republic's position, latitude 40 degrees 17 minutes, longitude 70 degrees, given by the Siasconset operator. The Lorraine then gave the news to the Cunarder Lucania, then about thirty miles astern and out of the zone of the Siasconset wireless station. Capt. Tournier got down his chart for the waters off Nantucket and with the help of the Siasconset operator made out roughly the position of himself and the Republic.

He heard through the telephone connecting with his submarine receiver the submarine bell on the Nantucket lightship in the afternoon. He was 120 miles from the scene of the collision when he got the first signal from Siasconset and it took him some time because of pauses he was forced to make, to be certain of the correctness of his course, to get within the sound of the Nantucket lightship bell. He could not say how far he was from the lightship, but it would not have been within vision if the weather had been clear. He peered through the fog with some hope of getting a glimpse of the Republic, meanwhile receiving and sending messages, the purpose of which was that he was on his way and wanted to know exactly where the Republic lay. He was unaware that the Florida had rammed the Republic and conjecturing that she might be aground, he also wanted to know in how many fathoms she was, so that he would not have to endanger his own ship in approaching her. He also prepared to take soundings as soon as he got within the fifty fathom limit.

At last about 6:30 P. M. he got word from the Baltic that the Republic's passengers had been transferred to the Florida, and he was requested by the Baltic to follow and overtake the Florida and stand by her if necessary. Capt. Tournier, under the impression that the Florida was on her way here, stood on his course again, all lookouts keeping their eyes peeled for a glimpse of the Italian ship. She did not materialize from the mist, and the Frenchman, feeling that she had done her best and that the Republic's passengers were all safe in the Ambrose Channel. Capt. Tournier got a few winks before he rose again to take soundings. He anchored off the bar at 4:40 A. M. yesterday and at 7 o'clock got a pilot.

The story of the Lorraine's part in the drama as told by her wireless operators, Messrs. Ernest Monrouzeau and Bour, who worked as they never had before, incidentally struggling a bit with the English of the messages, follows:

Siasconset to La Lorraine, 7 A. M.: C Q D. (Distress call.)

La Lorraine to Siasconset: G. (I am coming.)

Siasconset to La Lorraine: Latitude 40 degrees 17 minutes north; longitude 70 degrees west; Republic wrecked. Wants assistance.

La Lorraine to Siasconset: Your Q D message received O K. Notified captain M L L. (Wireless signal of La Lorraine.)

La Lorraine to Lucania, about thirty miles away: Republic wrecked. Wants assistance. Latitude 40 degrees 17 minutes north; longitude 70 degrees west.

La Lorraine to Siasconset, 7:50 A. M.: Please tell Republic (the Republic can communicate only about 80 miles) we are within 120 miles of her and shall reach her at 2 P. M.

9:45 A. M.—La Lorraine to Republic: Please tell us if you are in fog and exact position.

9:50 A. M.—Republic to Lorraine: Position 40 degrees 17 minutes north, longitude 70 west. We are in fog. (The Republic had drifted off a bit.)

10:25 A. M.—Republic to Baltic (message caught by La Lorraine): Latitude 40 degrees 27 minutes, longitude 70 degrees. Going full speed.

9:53 A. M.—La Lorraine to Republic: Please tell us the depth of water. Our captain wants to direct his steering accordingly.

11 A. M.—La Lorraine to Republic: Now about 20 miles off.

12:45 P. M.—La Lorraine to Republic: Tell your captain we can hear his bell and are steering straight toward you. Also he might make as much noise as possible to direct our steering because the fog is thick.

6:46 P. M.—Baltic to La Lorraine: Republic says to steer for Florida. She is proceeding to New York with passengers. She must have some one to stand by. She is blowing full blast.

La Lorraine to French Line pier: Have been asked by Republic to follow Florida. Will arrive at Sandy Hook daylight.

Baltic to La Lorraine: Baltic along-side both ships. Clear here. Can see lights.

The commander of the Lorraine did not know exactly what to make of this last message. He thought it might mean that the Florida was one of the other ships, but all the same he kept a lookout for her all the way to the Hook.

## MRS. EARLE'S CLOSE CALL

### Fell Overboard From a Smallboat While Trying to Reach the Baltic.

### DRAGGED OUT BY HER HAIR

Author Had Sunk Twice Before Rescued by Italian Sailors With a Boathook.

The first news of the sinking of the Republic was received by the White Star Line Company in this city at 10:31 o'clock and was a despatch from Capt. Seaby himself.

"Republic sunk. All lived saved. Making Gray Head on the Gresham."

Until this message came from Capt. Seaby, the officials of the White Star Line believed the vessel could be towed to some port, and would be saved. Bulletins received last night said the Republic's engines were flooded; that one hold was full of water and another filling, but that she could keep afloat.

One report was that the Republic had gone down in forty-five fathoms of water. A second message said who had sunk in thirty fathoms—both pretty deep to attempt salvage—but an attempt will be made a once to raise the big vessel.

This attempt is expected to be made as soon as the weather clears.

David Lindsey, general agent of the White Star Line, blames the failure of tug boats to respond to the call for help from the Republic for the sinking of the vessel.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, of Brooklyn, was one who had a narrow escape from death, even after she was off the Republic, and when it seemed that there was no serious danger. It was while passengers were being transferred from the Florida to the Baltic.

Mrs. Earle fell overboard out of one of the small boats, just as she was about to get on the ladder that had been lowered over the side of the Baltic.

The small boat had been bobbing about, but all the passengers felt certain the danger was past, as Mrs. Earle went overboard, while a couple of sailors were trying to lift her out of the boat. She sank once before they could do anything to prevent. She came to the surface, then sank again. One of the sailors on the grayway stuck a boat hook into her clothing and kept Mrs. Earle afloat until another seaman grabbed her by the hair and dragged her from the sea.

### Plan to Raise the Republic Is Under Way

## NEWS THE WHITE STAR GOT

FIRST WORD OF FATALITIES  
CAME IN THE AFTERNOON.

All Day Communication With the Baltic.  
Which After Receiving the Republic's  
Passengers Returned to the Wreck.  
Furnessia Also Went to the Aid.

It was not until 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon that the White Star Line offices in this city learned of loss of life in the wreck. At that time this dispatch was received from Capt. Ranson of the Baltic. It was dated 1:30. "Regret first class passengers of the Republic Mrs. E. Lynch and Mr. W. J. Mooney killed in collision, also Mr. Lynch and Mrs. Murphy badly hurt." —  
Eugene Lynch and Mrs. Lynch were booked from Boston. W. J. Mooney from Langdon, N. D., and Mrs. M. J. Murphy from Grand Falls, N. D.

The Westlanders mentioned in the dispatch were members of a party of twelve booked by George H. Bendek, White Star agent at Grand Forks. Mr. Bendek is staying at the Hotel Knickerbocker. Capt. Ranson's advices also say that four of the crew of the Florida were killed.

The casualties reported on the Republic concerned two staterooms almost exactly amidships on the port side and indicate the location of the blow struck by the Florida's iron nose. The staterooms on either side of the two that were wrecked, according to the officers of the line, practically were untouched.

Early steady communication was kept up by the wireless between Capt. Ranson of the Baltic and the officers of his line all Saturday night and yesterday. At 3 o'clock yesterday morning Capt. Ranson flashed that he was proceeding with the transfer of all the passengers from the Florida which at that time was buried deep in the water to the Republic, and part of her crew as well as her own passengers and complement. The weather conditions Capt. Ranson reported as good at that hour.

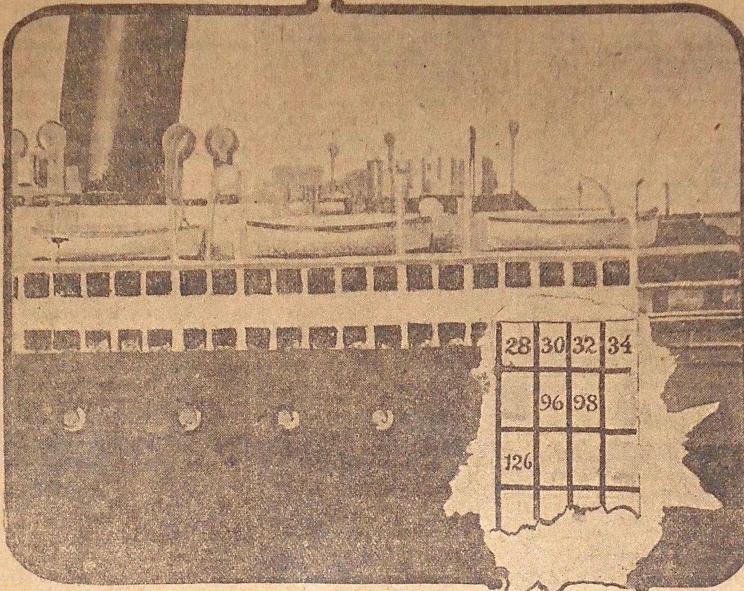
The transfer had been completed at 6 o'clock in the morning, and the Baltic's captain announced that he was about to return to the scene of the wreck to ascertain if possible, the position of the Republic, which had drifted away in the fog of the night. Capt. Sealey and his deck crew, along with Binns, the wireless operator whose work had been so marked a feature of the events immediately following the accident, in small boats had cruised about near the wrecked steamer from the time of quitting her until well on into the day-light hours.

The Baltic located the Republic at 10 o'clock. She approached within hailing distance of the unlucky ship and found that the captain, deck crew and Binns had returned to their posts. Capt. Sealey reported that his ship was holding up well in the weather still held favorable. Capt. Sealey asked for wrecking tugs and was told that they were on the way and that the derelict destroyer Seneca had been ordered to proceed at once from Newport. Binns had got his wireless apparatus on the Republic working again and was able to transmit messages over short distances.

The Furnessia of the Anchor Line was standing by the Republic to await the arrival of the tugs and other craft which had been despatched to her assistance.

The Anchor liner Furnessia sent a wireless message shortly after 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon saying that the Republic had requested help from her and asking for instructions. The Anchor Line instructed the captain to grant any request of the Republic and shortly afterward another message was sent from the Furnessia saying that she had fastened a line to the Republic and was towing her, with the revenue cutter Gresham acting as a rudder. The boats were headed west, the message said, and would reach this port by shoal water. They were making eight miles an hour at the time the message was sent. Two hours later a wireless which was received by the White Star Line said that the Republic was being towed by the derelict destroyer Seneca and the revenue cutter Gresham. The wireless was signed by Capt. Payne of the Seneca and did not give the position of the vessels.

## SECTIONAL VIEW OF REPUBLIC SHOWING STATEROOMS WHERE THE FLORIDA STRUCK.



IN ROOM 28 MRS. H. J. MURPHY WAS INJURED, M. J. BURPHEY SUFFERED. ROOM 30 MRS. HERBERT D. GRIGGS UNINJURED. ROOM 32 W. J. MOONEY KILLED, MRS. MOONEY UNINJURED. ROOM 34 MRS. EUGENE LYNCH KILLED, HUSBAND BADLY INJURED. ROOM 96 MRS. A. WASHBURN ... ROOM 98 COUNTESS PASOLINI. ROOM 126 MRS. J. S. MILLIGAN, MRS. L. J. HEWITT.

At 10 o'clock, the American liner New York which had turned back in answer to the "C Q D" signal which had warned the world of the danger confronting the Republic, had resumed her course to this city. Report had it that she had the Italian Florida in tow, but early in the afternoon P. V. G. Mitchell, manager of the White Star Mediterranean service, said this report was untrue and that the Florida, her nose smashed in, was proceeding to this city under her own steam. Her speed under the circumstances must be slow and the White Star people would not hazard a guess as to her probable time of reaching Sandy Hook.

Through the hours of Saturday night and yesterday there was a continual conference in a room on the second floor of the Bowling Green Building, 9 Broadway, where the offices of the International Mercantile Marine are situated. The officers of the company who took part in this informal meeting of what might be termed the ways and means committee included Vice-Presidents John Lee and P. A. S. Franklin, General Passenger Manager W. W. Jeffries, Mr. Mitchell and R. H. Farley, third class manager.

In addition to the officials named many secretaries, clerks and managers of various degrees remained in the offices of the line most of the night, few getting more than a few hours sleep and the greater majority not sleeping at all. The big room on the first floor of the building in which the bulletins were given out was well filled most of the time with relatives and friends of the Republic's passengers and with newspaper men.

A messenger boy would come in, running for once, and a clerk would tear open the envelope and glance over the message. Then it would go upstairs to the men who sat in conference. Soon the substance of the wireless message would be given out to those waiting, and a few minutes later a clerk would emerge from the conference room with an order to Capt. Ranson or some other bit of instruction to the company's own men or to a tug company.

The men who called in at the company's offices were merely worried—the early reports that no one was hurt had removed the fears of serious casualties. Few women were among the callers at the office, although many women made inquiries over the telephone. Yesterday's quota of inquirers, both those using the telephone and telegraph and those going to the offices of the line in person, outnumbered those of the first day and there were many from out of town who had hurried to New York at the first report of the disaster.

The killed and injured on the Republic were in three staterooms on the port side of the saloon deck a little aft of amidships—the three staterooms at the after end of the line of fourteen on that side of the deck. The end room is No. 34, which was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Lynch; Mr. and Mrs. Mooney had No. 32 and Mr. and Mrs. Murphy were assigned to stateroom No. 28. Mrs. Herbert D. Griggs, wife of the president of the Bank of New York, had No. 30.

A friend of Mr. and Mrs. Mooney who called at the offices of the line yesterday said that just before sailing Mrs. Mooney had told him that they had succeeded in arranging matters so that they would be in a room adjoining that occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, their friends. It is believed therefore that Mrs. Griggs had exchanged rooms with the Murphys. Mrs. Griggs, so far as known, was unhurt, while Mrs. Murphy was one of the two whom Capt. Ranson's messages named as being badly injured.

Staterooms 96, 98 and 100 were on the upper deck, immediately below the rooms where the casualties occurred. Mrs. Washburn, living at the Hotel Belmont, had room 96; the Countess Pasolini, formerly Miss Mildred Montague of Nashville, Tenn., was in 98, and 100 was unoccupied. The same place on the main deck below that was taken up by two staterooms, 126, occupied by Miss Mulligan and Miss Hewitt of Astoria, L. I., and 128, taken by two New York men who were booked through an agent and whose names were not in the line's office books.

William H. White, a lumberman of Fargo, S. D., was on the sailing list along with his brother, A. A. White of St. Paul, Minn. W. H. White was recalled from New York just before the sailing of the ship by important telegrams from the West and was forced to give up the outing. A wireless message was received by him yesterday morning from his brother which read: "815. Safe and well on the Baltic."

At 1:30 yesterday afternoon the line received word that the derelict destroyer Seneca had located the Republic. "United States derelict destroyer Seneca reported twenty miles from the Republic," the message read, "and hastening toward her. With the aid of the vessel and the tugs Republic will be towed to New York."

Officers of the company, in want of definite details concerning the condition of the Republic, declined to give any estimate as to the length of time which probably would be consumed in the journey.

## THE FLORIDA ALL RIGHT, HE SAYS

The New York Arrives, and Capt. Roberts Tells of Summons to the Rescue.

Capt. W. L. Roberts of the American liner New York, which docked shortly after noon to-day, said that the disabled Florida should make this port in safety. "We left her," he said, "at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon, about twenty miles off Nantucket. She was then making about seven knots, and should be off the Hook by 3 o'clock.

"Her nose was all crushed, for forty feet, it seemed. We stood by her till she told us she didn't need our help. As she had no wireless, we had to use the signal flags. She signalled back in answer to our offer of help that she was in no immediate danger, and that we had better go on.

"When we reached the Republic about ten o'clock yesterday morning, everybody had been taken off, except the Captain and a boat's crew. Their wireless was out of order, and we went near enough to speak to the captain through the speaking trumpet. He said he was waiting for tugs then."

From others of the ship's officers it was learned that the New York got the first information of the disaster by a wireless message from the steamer sent by Manager Franklin from the New York. The message read that the Florida was sinking and directed the New York to go to her assistance. One hour later they heard the bark of the Baltic and blundered around in the fog. They arrived morning before they arrived on the scene and got into communication with the Baltic and the two damaged vessels.

## WIRELESS HAS PROVEN VALUE IN OTHER COLLISIONS.

Although never before the Florida had rammed the Republic had wireless played so spectacular and so timely a part in the moving drama of the sea, it had already proved its worth under somewhat similar circumstances several times since its adoption by the big transatlantic liners.

When the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, of the North German Lloyd Line, lost her rudder-post off the Newfoundland banks, on Oct. 27, 1907, wireless telegraphy was of the greatest aid. Capt. Charles Polack, in command, at once wirelessed Oelrichs & Co., the agents of the line here, that his vessel was in no danger and would proceed to Bremen, steering with the propellers.

Daily wireless messages were sent from the crippled Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, and the passengers on board were thus able to allay the anxiety of their friends on shore.

Capt. Polack took the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse into port less than twenty-four hours late, and for this was decorated with the Order of the Crown of the third class, by Emperor William.

Again, when the Kronprinz Wilhelm, of the same line, was rammed while at anchor off Robbie's Reef during a fog, the wireless telegraph at once allayed all anxiety.

Capt. Nierlich wirelessed at once that his vessel had been rammed, but that the damage was slight, being confined entirely to the stern overhang, far above the water line.

The fog was so dense that it was an hour or more before tugs could find either the Crown of Castile or the Kronprinz Wilhelm, but at no time was there any difficulty in the use of the messages Capt. Nierlich sent.

The bow of the Crown of Castile was sighted by a watchful lookout. In sight of the steamer the Kronprinz Wilhelm lay enough to close all the water tight doors, making the vessel practically collision-proof.

# REPUBLIC'S SURVIVORS TELL HOW HEROISM SAVED THEM

## CAPTAIN AND MATE SUNK WITH LINER BUT WERE SAVED

As Republic Was Taking Plunge Commander Sealby Climbed Mast—He and Second Officer Williams Picked Up in Water—Coming Here with Volunteer Crew.

Wood's Hole, Mass., Jan. 25.—When the Republic went down off Nantucket, Capt. Sealby and Second Mate Williams, who had determined to stick to her to the last, went down with her. Both, however, were saved by the Gresham.

Captain and volunteer crew this morning started for New York on the derelict destroyer Seneca.

Here is the story of the sinking of the Republic, told by Lieut. Scott, executive officer of the Gresham:

The Gresham found the Republic at 10 a. m. Sunday. The passengers and all but two officers and the deck crew had been transferred to the Baltic.

Capt. Sealby, the second officer of the Republic, and thirty-five men, who had volunteered to stay by their chief, were lying in boats alongside the Republic, which had a big list to starboard and was down somewhat by the stern. The Republic at this time was about nine miles southeast of Nantucket lightship.

### Went Back to Republic.

A British passenger steamer was standing by, but there was no other boat in sight. Shortly before noon on Sunday Capt. Sealby and his second officer, followed by the crew of the Republic, climbed back on board and the Gresham

How for eight hours the Baltic sought the wrecked Republic, ill guided by the wireless and signals from steam whistles, she came alongside the ill-fated steamer, was told this afternoon by Capt. J. R. Ranson, of the Baltic.

Capt. Ranson said:

"I got the first message from the accident at 6 a. m. It said:

"Republic in collision. Assistance wanted."

"We turned about at once and started back. Our message said the Republic lay in longitude 40, latitude 70. We went there, but could not find the Republic. We groped about in the fog and went as far as 40.27 longitude and latitude 69.50, but still she was not there."

"Then we began to receive messages from the Republic telling us our position with regard to her own. They ran like this: 'You are on our port bow. Can you see us?'

"When we received this we listened for the Republic's bell and then we heard: 'You are very close. Can you see our rockets?'

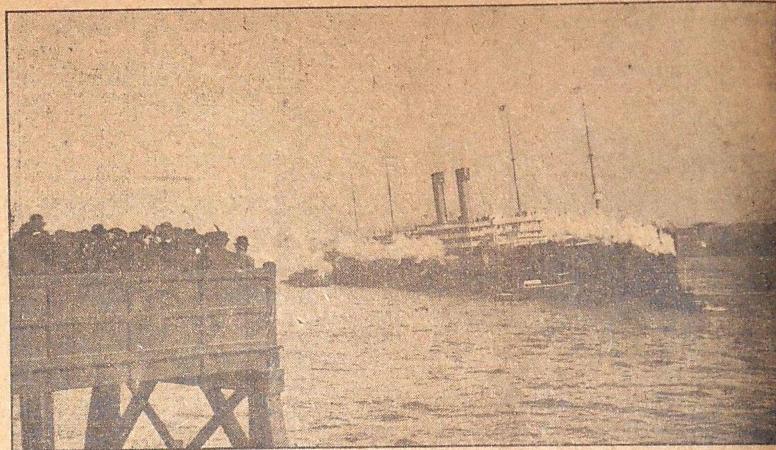
"Then there came another: 'You are too close for safety.'

"Still we could not see her. Then there came another message after an interval: 'Steer southeast.'

### Got a Bad Scare.

"Along about 6 o'clock Saturday evening there came a message which gave me the greatest alarm and made me very anxious for the Republic and her passengers.

BALTIC DOCKING WITH WRECK SURVIVORS



## Baltic's Captain On Wireless Work

### Badly Overcrowded.

We transferred off the Florida's list 13 first-class and \$26 third-class passengers and two of the crew. We transferred off the Republic's list 228 first-class and 211 third-class, and of her crew 244. We had on our own list 88 first-class, 172 second class, 320 third-class and a crew of 315.

"Everybody acted splendidly. The only incident was when one Italian woman fell overboard head first. Her clothing kept her feet uppermost for a time, but a shower of life buoys fell all around her, and when her head came up she grabbed the nearest buoy, and we got her aboard all right."

"In making the transfer the first passengers to be put in the boats were the women and children. According to the statement of Steward Whittle and others, but one man tried to get in first."

"According to the stories of the stewards this man, who is well known, tried to get in before all the women were taken off, and he was rather roughly handled by the stewards and crew—both at the time of the first transfer to the Florida and the second transfer to the Baltic."

"The man was loud in his denunciation of the Republic's men in the cabin this morning and an altercation ensued, after which it was necessary to have him remain in his stateroom to avoid receiving bodily harm at the hands of a couple of score of angry stewards and members of the crew of the Baltic."

"The wireless on the Republic certainly enabled us to find the crippled. As I have described to you, the Republic's captain gauged our signals, and by wireless told us our relative location. As fast as these messages were received by

our operator they were rushed up on the bridge to me, and I was thus enabled to give steering orders that resulted at last in finding the Republic. The messages came probably half an hour apart."

"While the wireless was a great help at times it hampered us in our work."

"The weather was very bothersome. The fog was thick all of Saturday. At night it lightened, but it was thick again on Sunday, making it difficult to transfer the passengers."

"I repeatedly asked Capt. Sealby to come aboard the Baltic, but he persisted in sticking by the Republic."

# FROM THE LOST REPUBLIC.

**Nothing Like a Panic When Florida Crashed Into White Star Liner. Woman Knocks Down a Man on Deck to Prevent Seizure of Boat. Terrible Havoc Wrought.**

## FLORIDA ARRIVES HERE CRIPPLED, BUT UNDER HER OWN STEAM

With the first story of the collision between the Republic and the Florida and details of the thrilling day and night that followed, the White Star liner Baltic docked here this afternoon.

In all the absorbingly interesting stories of the survivors stands out the cool bravery and discipline of the stricken ship's crew, which was the means of saving 700 lives.

Next to the heroism of the crew was that of the passengers. Henry Savage Landor, who was a passenger on the Baltic, said this afternoon:

"In all my travels throughout the two hemispheres never have I seen displayed such a spirit of womanhood as that of the women of the Republic. When we of the Baltic met them it was as they were being brought to our vessel in a tossing sea in small boats after nearly a score of hours spent on the crowded Italian emigrant vessel to which they had been taken from another wreck.

"They had seen, many of them, the mangled body of the woman who had been their fellow-passenger. Yet not only was there not a whimper, not only from those who had escaped physical injury, but from those who were suffering probably untold injury as well."

Dr. J. J. Marsh, physician of the Republic, gave the most graphic story of the accident:

"I was in my cabin and hearing three short whistles knew that something was wrong and turned out. I had hardly got to my feet when the crash came. There was one heavy thud and then the engines stopped. Half a minute later the electric lights went out, and when I opened my stateroom door I found myself in darkness.

The saloon rapidly filled with women and children half-dressed, but everybody did as they were told, and there was no panic. Let me say now that they were true Anglo-American people for pluck. I went on deck and saw the lights of the Florida through the fog. Capt. Sealby gave orders to get the lifeboats ready, and in the meantime all the passengers came upon the upper deck. It was then that Capt. Sealby said to them: 'I do not think the boat will sink. It will go to a certain point and hang there.'

The women and children and the men gave three cheers for the captain, and then with a few exceptions went to their staterooms to get their clothes.

"Mr. Lynch is on board the Florida. He is broken-hearted over the loss of his wife, and said he did not care whether the ship sank or not. His leg is broken. Mrs. M. J. Murphy, of Grand Forks, N. D., sustained a severe injury to her right hand, and there is a steward on board by the name of Woodward who sustained a fracture at the base of the skull. Mrs. Griggs, who was injured, had a miraculous escape. She was found under a pile of debris and for a time it was believed she was lost."

While the conduct of crew and passengers of the Republic was beyond praise, stories by the Republic's passengers show that the transfer from the Florida to the Baltic in the dark hours of Saturday night came perilously near resulting in a riot of the 500 Italian steerage passengers on the Florida, who believed that their vessel was in imminent danger of sinking.

Only the efforts of the officers aided by several of the Republic's passengers quieted the frightened men who sought to be the first to board the lifeboats.

The story of how the Republic went down as related by those who came in the Baltic contained innumerable instances of rare bravery on the part of the White Star liner's officers and men, particularly the stewards, and also a graphic description of the cowardice of an Italian quartermaster aboard the Florida, who was knocked down on the bridge by a belaying pin in the hands of the commander of that vessel.

It is agreed by all the officers of the Republic that nothing was seen of the Florida until she crashed into the port amidships side of the White Star liner. She was blowing her whistle even as she was rammed.

Instead of having a straight stem as supposed, the Florida had a curved bow with a short bowsprit, and to this fact is attributed the awful havoc which she created. She was traveling so fast that afterward when the stewards picked up the body of one of the victims it was found ninety feet away from the stateroom which he had occupied.

**Threw Victim One Hundred Feet.**

The bow tore out more than 100 feet of staterooms along the saloon deck. Mrs. Mooney, whose husband was killed, and who occupied the same stateroom, did not even sustain a scratch.

Of the remains of the two passenger victims of the Republic, Mr. Mooney and Mrs. Lynch, the largest portion of them found was a limb of Mrs. Lynch.

There were scores of remarkable escapes; one woman, Mrs. Herbert L. Griggs, wife of the president of the Bank of New York, being almost buried under a ton of stuff which the Florida threw inward in the crash. Mrs. Griggs's only injury was a sprained back.

In addition to the damage wrought by the bow of the Florida, the port anchor of that vessel fell over the bow and tore out enormous pieces of steel partitions of staterooms on the Republic. The anchor was afterward found in stateroom 92 and went down with the Republic.

**Knocked Quartermaster Down.**

The collision occurred at 5:45 a. m. Saturday, when the fog was densest. Official information furnished to-day shows that Capt. Boltolen was on the bridge of the Florida when the collision occurred. The wheel was in charge of Schroffino Romoff, a quartermaster.

The captain of the Florida admits that he saw the Republic a second or two before the crash. So did the quartermaster.

The captain yelled: "Port! Hard aport!" The quartermaster in his excitement and terror dropped the wheel and ran away. The captain picked up a belaying pin and smashed the quartermaster five times on the head. The quartermaster was to-day walking around the Baltic with his head swathed in bandages and only one eye visible.

The Italian ship went through the outer plating and rail of the Republic for a distance of twenty feet and then crashed through the superstructure for another fifteen feet.

Mr. Mooney occupied suite 28. He was instantly killed. Part of his body was afterward found on the Republic's outside rail. Fragments of his body were

found thirty yards from the stateroom and must have gone through tons of debris to get there.

### A Miraculous Escape.

Mrs. Mooney attributes her salvation to the fact that she occupied the lower berth, although she was only two and a half feet from where her husband slept. Mrs. Lynch was killed in a similar way in Mr. Mooney.

Prof. Coulter is seventy-one years old and very feeble. He was accompanied on his trip by his wife, son and two daughters. Dr. Wager was in a stateroom adjoining that occupied by the professor.

"When the crash came all the lights went out," said Dr. Wager. "I went to the professor's cabin and wanted to aid him in dressing. He would not wait to put on anything but a pair of trousers and a pair of rubbers.

"When I went on deck I was at first unable to find him. Everywhere men and women were running about in various stages of disarray. Finally I located the professor. He was praying. Around him were his wife and children. He apparently suffered no ill effects from the accident."

The stateroom behind that in which Mrs. Lynch was killed was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. William Prendergast, of Worcester, Mass.

"We were awakened by the collision," said Mr. Prendergast, "and arose to find ourselves in complete darkness. We dressed as best we could and fought our way through a crowd of men and women to the deck, where everything was confusion. But there was no panic. It seemed a long time before we were taken aboard the Florida."

### In Scant Clothing.

Mrs. J. E. Lambie, of London, one of the passengers on the Baltic, told how the rescued men and women from the Republic were clothed when they came aboard.

"It was a weird sight," she said. "Some men came on deck with nothing on but trousers. Others were in their pajamas, others in their underwear.

"Women with hair streaming and in bare feet were brought up the ladders in their night clothes. As quickly as the rescued were brought to the Baltic they were taken care of by the crew and passengers."

"Women were taken into cabins and clothed with surplus clothing from the baggage of the Baltic's passengers. Men dug into a nondescript collection of trousers and shirts that the male passengers of the Baltic had provided and attired themselves on the deck."

"Six-footers walked about in trousers cut for men not over five feet tall. Small men were lost in garments intended for giants. Women donned skirts many sizes too large or small. Few were fitted. It was no time for being particular."

"When most of the passengers had been provided with clothes they were taken to cabins and cared for. Hot coffee and other stimulants were plentifully provided."

"The discipline of the crew of the Baltic was admirable. They went about the work of caring for the unfortunate passengers of the Republic as if going to the aid of a wrecked vessel was an every day occurrence."

### Woman Falls Overboard.

During the last named transfer, which began late Saturday night and took ten and a half hours to accomplish, Mrs. Alice Morse Earl, the novelist, accidentally fell overboard from one of the life-boats and was rescued by a sailor.

The Baltic brought in one of the injured men of the Florida, a steward, who, it is thought, will die. She also brought one of the Republic's stewards, John Woodbury, whose skull is fractured. Woodbury was taken to the New York hospital.

Altogether the Baltic brought 2,200 persons, including her own company, passengers and crew, thirteen cabin, \$25 steerage and two sailors from the Florida, 228 first cabin, 211 third cabin and 244 of the crew of the Republic. Fifty-four of the crew of the Republic were left aboard that ship and were saved by the revenue cutter Gresham.

#### Captain Cheers Passengers.

Capt. Sealy remained by his ship, and how he tried to save her was told by his other officers, including Dr. J. J. Marsh, surgeon of the Republic, who has been in two shipwrecks in two years, one of the other occasions being when the Suez ran ashore at the Lizard, in the English channel.

Capt. Sealy was not positive that the Republic would remain afloat through Saturday night. He made two addresses to the passengers, and one speech to the crew. To the passengers in his original talk, which was made from the bridge through a megaphone, he said that he had just succeeded in establishing wireless communication with the company's steamer Baltic, and that she had turned around and was coming to their aid.

This announcement was received with cheers. It was made two and a half hours after the collision. An hour later Capt. Sealy made another address. He said:

"We have wireless communication with the land, and the Baltic and a United States cruiser are bearing down on us. I am going to transfer the passengers to the Florida. Although she is damaged, she is not likely to sink."

"I do not think we will sink for a long time, but I am going to provision the lifeboats, because I believe it better to have them to fall back upon."

#### Women and Children First.

A later speech to the passengers was: "I have ordered the lifeboats to be lowered to take you away. The stewards will direct you one by one to the gangway. I want you to remember that the women and children go first. You, as Englishmen and Americans, won't forget that."

His speech to the crew was not made until every passenger was safely aboard the Florida. It was growing dark by this time. Nothing but the whistle of the invisible Florida was to be heard. The Republic was then almost three-quarters filled with water.

The captain brought all of his men forward in front of the bridge and this is what he said:

"Men, I am proud of you. You have done nobly. I want to thank you for the splendid way in which you have acted. There is not a single coward among you."

#### I Stand by My Ship."

"The Republic may sink to-night. Darkness is coming fast and a great many of you have families. Any of you that want to leave can do so now. So far as I am personally concerned, I'm going to stand by my ship."

Not a man broke ranks. There was a short silence and then somebody started to cheer. It became contagious, and after the shouts were all over Boatswain Charles Barrow came forward from the group of the men and, using his hands for a funnel, hawled up to the skipper: "We're all going to stand by you, captain."

Then there was another cheer. Barrow was one of the many heroes of the wreck. He directed all the lifeboats and had the great burden of getting them ready on his hands. Capt. Sealy never left the bridge from the moment the ship was struck until Sunday night.

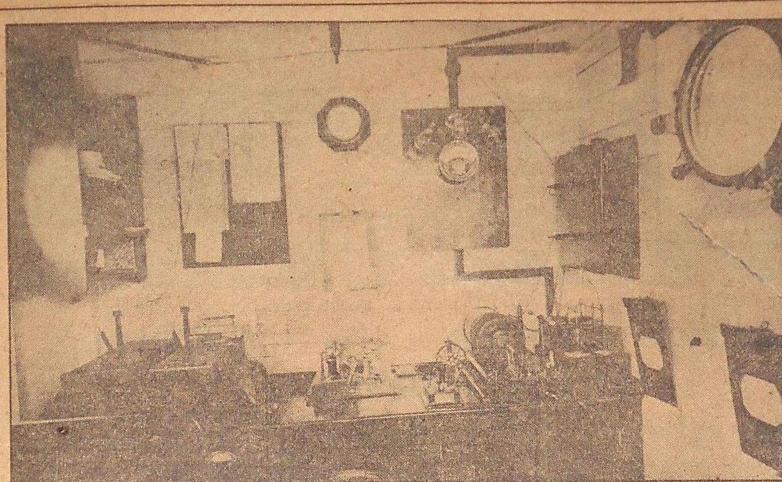
Later when the crew did leave the Republic six sailors decided to spend the night with Capt. Sealy, and they were relieved the next morning about the time that the Baltic had finished transferring the passengers from the Florida.

#### Mrs. Griggs' Story.

Mrs. Griggs, who had a narrow escape, said that she occupied stateroom 30, next forward of the two rooms occupied respectively by Mr. Mooney and Mrs. Lynch. Forward of her were Mr. and Mrs. Murphy.

"I was in my berth when the collision occurred," she said. "I had slept very little during Friday night. The foghorn of our ship and whistles of other vessels kept me awake, although I went to bed early at 9:30 o'clock."

# STORY OF THE SINKING OF THE REPUBLIC



INTERIOR OF WIRELESS ROOM ON THE REPUBLIC.

wanted to use, and who went back with forty-nine shipmates to look after the Republic when the other members of the crew came away.

They also asked that Chief Steward J. S. Stanyer, Bostock, a sailor; H. L. Lloyd, second-class chief steward; Boatswain Barrow, Jack Grant, Harry Elberts and Johnny Williams, all of whom had fallen in at my back,

#### Pinned Down by Wreckage.

"Everything was in absolute darkness. I was pinned down by wreckage and could not move. I think I lost consciousness. I remember that I knocked repeatedly on a piece of wood that lay over my head. Then I cried out as loudly as I could.

"About that time I heard the voice of my bedroom steward, who said:

"There's a woman in there. I know there's a lady in that berth. Let us get her out."

"They pushed their way in by hammering down some of the debris, and Roberts, with a cabin boy, brought me out and carried me through the wrecked Baltic cabin, then through another wrecked cabin and into an alleyway where I was revived."

Stewards Whipple and Jones, both of

Liverpool, found the first portion of the remains of Mooney and Mrs. Lynch. The right leg of Mr. Mooney was cut away at the thigh as though by an axe, and also cleanly severed in several other places below. His jawbone was found 125 feet from his stateroom.

The staterooms demolished were located on the saloon deck.

#### Said Republic's Men Did All.

While the newspapermen were gathering details aboard the Baltic a delegation of the Republic's stewards came to them and asked that particular attention to the way in which the men of the Florida behaved. Said the spokesman, backed up by frequent cries of "that's right!"

"They wouldn't give us any assistance. The Republic's crew did all the transferring. The women behaved better than the men. Few of the women lost their heads. Some of the men did."

The stewards asked that particular praise be given to Robert Greenhalge, a steward, who "stood guard over glory hole and handed out things that the men

wanted to use, and who went back with forty-nine shipmates to look after the Republic when the other members of the crew came away.

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#### Cheered Volunteers.

When the fifty men who finally remained aboard the Republic left the Baltic's side everybody deserted the breakfast table and crowded to the rail to cheer them.

A few disgruntled passengers of the Republic thought that Capt. J. B. Ranson, master of the Baltic, should have begun the transfer from the Florida sooner than he did. The Italian ship being very much crowded, the English-speaking passengers preferred to sit on the boat and promenade decks.

About 10 o'clock Saturday night a delegation was sent to the officers demanding that they be transferred at once. They claimed to-day that the sea being smooth at that time, the work might have been hazardous, for it was rough at 11 o'clock, when the work of transferring began. The Baltic did not finish the work of transfer until 7 o'clock yesterday morning.

#### The Dead on Florida.

The four who were killed on the Florida were an able-bodied seaman, two ordinary seamen (boys) and a steward.

Another phase of the courage of the Republic's people was recited by Capt. Hanson, of the Baltic, who said that a delegation of twenty-five passengers of the stricken ship volunteered to man the lifeboats and save life if necessary.

When the Republic was last seen by the people of the Baltic she had sunk to within ten feet of her promenade deck and her wound was covered with tarpaulin.

Purser H. B. Palmer, of the Baltic, said that the damage to the Republic did not look nearly as bad as that to the Florida. He said that when the Baltic parted company with the Italian steamer the latter had sunk considerably by the head, her bows were all crushed in for thirty feet and her stern was away up in the air.

It seemed hours before the cry of "All ashore!" released the passengers of the Republic from the Baltic.

Like a great tide of human love the crowd swept the survivors into its mad storm of clamor, and they were scarcely landed before they disappeared again.

Women laughing and crying caught up

it is stated that this is the second mishap that the Florida has been in. She is a comparatively new vessel. Her master owns a big portion of her. It is said that she ran aground in the harbor of Naples and sank and that her captain, who is a very wealthy man, paid the entire expense.

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THE MARVELLOUS TALE OF A WRECK.  
An imperilled great vessel's sharp cry for help breaking in, two hours before sunrise, on a stream of commercial "wireless." To any part of the world outside the stricken steamship Republic that was the beginning. In the hours that followed, such a story of sea fact was unfolded through the wonderful service of the Marconi system as sea fiction has yet to equal.

There are technical questions of interest involved in this tale of ocean collision and of miraculously averted wholesale tragedy. Did the submarine signal apparatus in the pilot-room of the Republic fail to give warning of the Florida's approach? And since the piercing of the Republic's engine-room by the Florida's steel prow seems to have been comparable to the driving of a knife into a man's heart, what is to be done to relieve henceforth any modern ship from vulnerability like that here revealed? But matters of construction will be discussed in order in steamship offices and builders' yards. At this moment and everywhere the story is the thing.

That which is absolutely new in the narrative is the working of the wireless. The shock of collision—passengers have been awakened by it many times before. The first rush of the panic-stricken—it was inevitable and is always theatrical. The quick command of the situation by a competent captain and disciplined crew—fortunately for the annals of sea-going this is but an item in which expectation was fulfilled. But the voices out of the air and the fog—

From the thick mists, suddenly, the Florida emerged to deal its destructive blow. The thrust delivered, the sharp prow disappeared behind a gray veil as mysteriously as it had appeared. Then, while the Republic still reeled from the blow, began the succession of those wireless messages in which hardly less of mystery remains because we know that men send and control them at will. These were the voices: First, of appeal from the wounded ship; then, of response from comrades of the deep; after a brief time, to the world at large, blessed assurance of everybody's safety on board; at length, in continuous instalments, the description of passengers transferred and the toll of men and boats "standing by."

A "romance of the sea" was this? The phrase is tame. It was a unique marvel of an age amazingly new. Tongues have been given to the tall ships and those silences over ocean have been broken which were allies to the age-old demons of wreck.

#### C. Q. D.

"C. Q. D! C. Q. D!!"  
Bians sent it flashing out over the sea  
To where'er a ship or a port might be—  
"C. Q. D! C. Q. D!!"  
On went the message of peril and fear,  
Winging its way to whither might hear  
The call borne out on the ether's thin  
breath.  
A cry of disaster and imminent death.  
And, instant, wherever a ship could be  
found,  
Homeward or outward or anywhere  
bound.  
That caught the alarm, it turned in its  
course  
And rushed through the dark with all of  
the force  
Of steam-driven speed to rescue and save,  
Headless themselves of a possible grave  
For them and their crews in the fog-covered waves.  
Again, as so oft, out of peril were  
born  
Names that shall live till earth's final  
morn.  
Names of true heroes as great as of old,  
The records of daring and honor have  
told—  
Rising and Sealy and Ranson, and he  
Who fearless, persistent, sent over the sea  
That call of distress, "C. Q. D! C. Q. D!!"  
J. A. METS.

## SOME OF THE WRECKED REPUBLIC'S PASSENGERS, WHO ARRIVED OFF THE HOOK TO-DAY ON THE BALTIC.



## DESERTS POST AT THE CRASH

Quartermaster of the Florida Leaps  
From the Wheel as the Re-  
public Looms Up.

### KNOCKED DOWN BY CAPTAIN

Action of Helmman Had Much to Do With  
the Disaster, Say Seamen of  
Lost Ship.

According to the stewards and seamen of the Republic, the man who may, in a great measure, have been responsible for the collision was Romolo Schiopino, quartermaster of the Florida, who was in charge of the wheel just before the collision. As the Republic loomed up in front of the Florida, Schiopino deserted his post at the wheel. The captain of the Florida shouted an order to him, and seeing that he had deserted the wheel, picked up a marlinespike and smashed it over Schiopino's head.

Schiopino was on board the Baltic with his head so bandaged that it was possible to see only his left eye. He told some of the seamen what had happened, and their feeling for him was not the best.

According to Steward Whittle, at the time of the collision the Republic was running at quarter speed, about seven knots, and the Florida when he first saw her lights was coming along at a pretty fast clip. Apparently it was just about the time Whittle saw the Florida that the quartermaster of the Florida left his post. Whittle said the Florida at first was coming at right angles toward the Republic, the latter pointing east and the Florida south. There was a blast from the whistle and the Florida swerved slightly from her course, but so much

that the steward said. According to his story he believed the collision might have been started, or at least the impact lessened, by a more glancing blow, had the quartermaster stuck to his post, shoved his wheel hard over, and held the wheel there at the risk of his life. But it would appear from his story, as told by the seamen and stewards, that he did put his wheel over, throwing his vessel to starboard and toward the after part of the Republic, and that his vessel was turning when he let go the wheel and started away, the rudder rolled back, of course, and the rudder straightening out, the Florida full tilt into the side of the Republic.

The statement was also made that the reason for the quartermaster's presence on the Baltic was that he feared to remain on the Florida.

### CAPT. SEALBY ABOARD WHEN REPUBLIC SANK

Menemsha Bight, Martha's Vineyard, Mass., Jan. 25.—Capt. Sealby and the fifty members of the volunteer crew of the Republic were transferred to the derelict destroyer Seneca off Vineyard sound lightship at 8 a. m. to-day and an hour later the Seneca started for New York.

The Republic sank last night nine miles south by east of Nantucket lightship in about forty fathoms of water (240 feet).

Capt. Sealby was picked up from a grating, but was not hurt, and none of the crew was injured. The Gresham, after transferring the Republic's survivors to the Seneca, started for Woods Hole, arriving there at 10:30 a. m.

The information regarding the sinking of the Republic was gained from the captain of the revenue cutter Mohawk, which to-day was found to be the vessel that anchored in the fog off Gay Head last night and was reported to be the

Gresham.

Capt. Landry, of the Mohawk, stated that after leaving New Bedford yesterday morning, where the Mohawk had come off the flats without injury, he steamed for Nantucket lightship and was within fifteen miles of that vessel last night when he received a wireless dispatch from the derelict destroyer Seneca that the Republic, which the Seneca had been towing, had sunk nine miles south by east of the lightship.

The Mohawk was ordered to return to Menemsha Bight and to be in readiness to assist in taking off the Gresham a portion of the crew of the Republic in case there was not room enough on board the Seneca for their accommodation.

During the night Capt. Sealby was heard to send a message to the agents of the line in New York stating that he was not injured and that he had been picked up from a grating after the Republic sank.

The Seneca and the Gresham steamed up through comparatively calm water

in the vicinity of the Vineyard sound lightship, ten miles to the northwest of Gay Head, and there Capt. Sealby and his crew of fifty men were transferred to the Seneca.

#### On Way to This Port.

The transfer was made about 8 a. m. to-day in a thick fog and an hour later the two cutters parted company, the Seneca steaming toward New York while the Gresham began threading her way through the fog up Vineyard sound to Woods Hole.

It is believed that the Seneca will arrive in New York late to-night with Capt. Sealby and his men and that she will go by the way of Long Island sound.

## Woman Killed on Republic Widely Known in Boston

Moved and engaged rooms for them at the Waldorf.

"Why it was only last Thursday night that we gave them a dinner party at the Waldorf. Our good friend from Boston came down to attend the affair, and little did we think that the proposed trip was to end so disastrously."

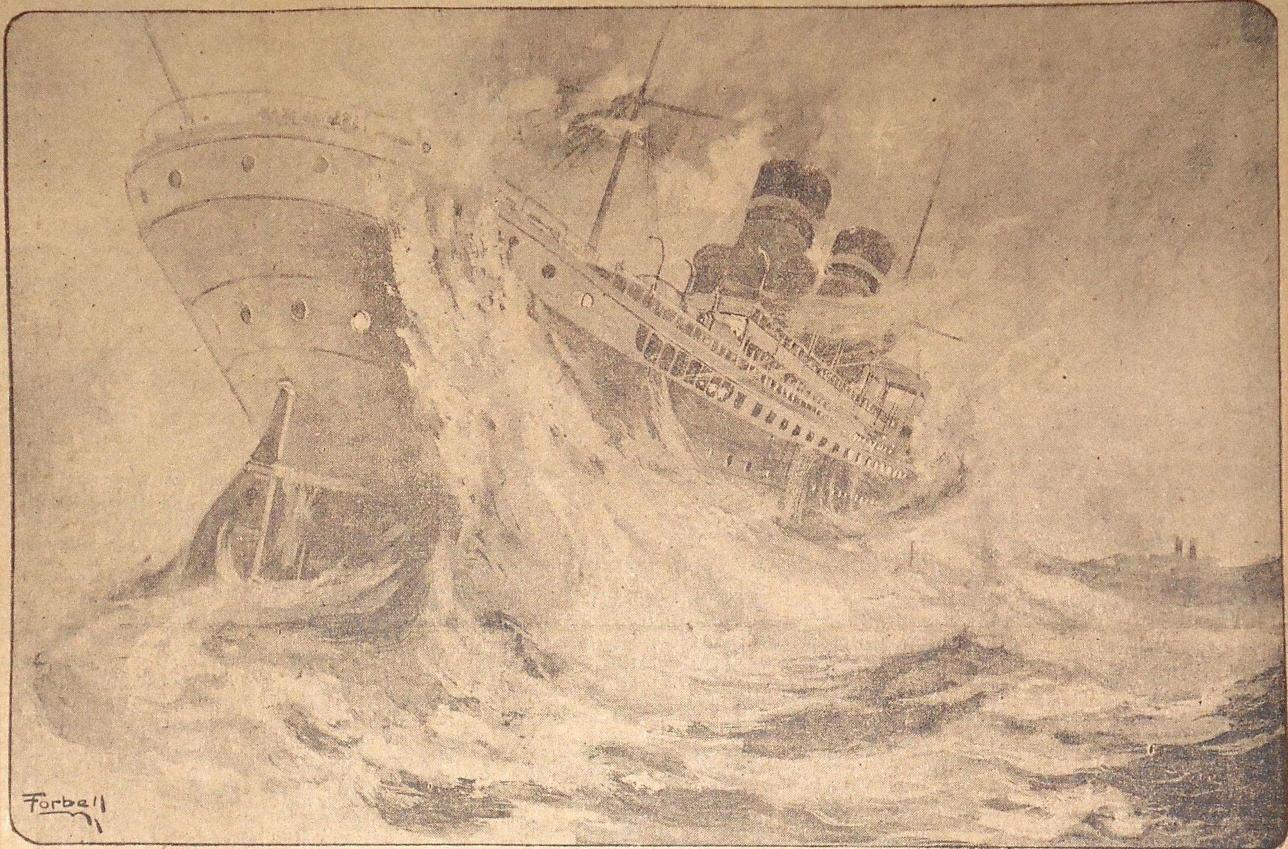
Mr. and Mrs. Lynch were exceedingly popular in Boston, and nearly every night for over a week before they sailed dinner parties were given at the Waldorf.

Mr. Lynch, a member of the Algonquin Club, which gave him a very elaborate send-off just before he left for New York.

Mrs. Lynch, who was Miss Mary E. Glitter, of Troy, was exceedingly charitable and gave thousands of dollars yearly to charity. She had a large collection of pictures containing the names of scores of deserving poor families, whom she aided every year.

The couple lived at No. 8 Elm Avenue, Roxbury, Mass., just outside of Boston.

# The Florida Asking the Baltic via Wireless to Stand By and Prepare to Take Off Passengers



## Passengers Wire Hotel, Asking Accommodations

Forty of the passengers on the steamship Republic went aboard the boat from the Waldorf-Astoria. At least half of these have sent wireless messages to the hotel asking for hotel accommodations on arrival of the Baltic to-day.

At the hotel it was said this morning that many of the persons had left some of their baggage there, so it will not be difficult for them to get some sort of a wardrobe on their landing.

Representatives of the hotel will be at the White Star Line pier when the Baltic comes in, and take the shipwrecked passengers back to the hotel in automobile.

Those on the Republic who had been at the Waldorf were: Mrs. J. H. Brookins; Miss C. P. Brooklyn and Samuel Cubbles, of St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Devereaux, of Minneapolis; Miss M. Mott, of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Mellon; Miss Sarah Mellon and maid; Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Miller and Miss Miller, of Pittsburgh; Mrs. William Seudder; Miss Gladys Seudder; Miss Mamie Seudder and Miss Martha Seudder, of

St. Louis, and Mrs. J. L. Stack and G. E. Van Woert, of Chicago.

"Safe and well," was the wireless message received by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew P. Pond, the parents of Charles F. Pond, of No. 22 West End avenue, yesterday morning. Mr. Pond, who is twenty-seven years old, and a law student in New York, was on his way to Egypt for a tour of the country.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Doughty, of No. 28 Washington avenue, Brooklyn, who were on the Republic, were going to Egypt, intending to travel through that land and later through the Orient, in which latter place they expect to remain until the fall.

"G." (Sent at once, am ready) was flashed back by J. B. Bour, wireless operator on La Lorraine, when he picked up the distress signal. The answer came back:

### BINNS KEEPS WIRELESS BUSY AS REPUBLIC SINKS

"C. Q. D." (Ship in great danger).

This was the first message sent by Wireless Operator J. R. Binns from the Republic Saturday.

"G." (Sent at once, am ready) was flashed back by J. B. Bour, wireless operator on La Lorraine, when he picked up the distress signal. The answer came back:

M. L. L. (La Lorraine), Lat. 40.17, Long. 70 W.-M. K. C. (Republic) wrecks. Wants assistance.

La Lorraine replied at 7:10:

Your C. Q. D. message received  
O. K. Notified captain. M. L. L.

Meanwhile Bour had flashed the news of the wreck to the Lucania, and at 7:50 sent this message to Siasconset:

Please tell Republic we are one hundred and twenty miles off. Shall reach her at 2 p. m.-M. L. L.

Then to the Republic:

Please tell us if you are in fog and your exact position.

The reply came:

M. L. L.—Position, latitude 40.17, longitude 70 West. We are in fog—  
M. K. C.

Then there were these unofficial messages:

I'm on the job. Ship sinking, but will stick to end.

Keep cool, old man. Keep courage. We'll get you out of that fix in a moment.

O. K. Come along. We're waiting for you.

Old man, we are nearly blowing our boilers off. Are doing twenty-two knots.

As La Lorraine neared the Republic Bour sent this message:

Say, old man, now we are on the job, but we can't spot you.

Tell your captain we can hear his submarine bell, and are steering straight toward you. Also he might make as much noise as possible to direct our steering, because the fog is thick.

Finally at 6:40 p. m. Binns sent this:

Republic says to steer for the Florida. She is proceeding to New York with passengers and must have some one to stand by. She is blowing four blasts.

Binns's last word to Bour was:

I'm still on the job, but I'm getting all tired sleepy. Remember me to Broadway. The Republic isn't done for yet. So long. BINNS.

# SURVIVORS TELL THRILLING STORIES OF WRECK

White Star Liner Is Sunk Off Nantucket—Florida Headed Here Under Her Own Steam—Six Passengers Killed in the Collision and Several Injured.

## ALL NIGHT TRANSFER UNDER SEARCHLIGHTS IN BOATS

"The Republic's Crew Were a Splendid Lot of Men," Says H. J. Hover, of Spokane. "We Were Dazed First, but When the Captain Made a Speech We Got Our Nerve."

The White Star steamship Baltic, bringing 1,650 survivors of the collision between her sister ship, the Republic, and the Italian liner Florida, started up the bay at daylight, bound for her pier in North River.

The badly crippled Florida, travelling by her own steam, is somewhere outside, heading for Sandy Hook under convoy of the American liner New York.

The stove-in Republic sank at 8 o'clock last night off Nantucket Island while a fleet of tugs were trying to get her into the nearest port. Her gallant captain, Sealby, one of the heroes of the wreck, and his salvage crew stuck by the sinking ship until the water, rising over the decks, swept them off their feet. They were all saved.

It did not develop until yesterday afternoon that there had been loss of life in the collision. On the Republic Mrs. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, and W. J. Mooney, a banker of Langdon, N. Dak., were instantly killed in their staterooms. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, and Mrs. M. M. Murphy, wife of the financial agent of the Union Central Life Insurance Company, Grand Forks, N. D., were badly hurt. Four unnamed persons on the Florida, presumably steerage passengers, were also killed. The bodies of Mrs. Lynch and Banker Mooney probably went down with the wreck of the Republic last night.

An Evening World tug was the first craft to reach the Baltic after she entered the Hook. As she lay at anchor off Ambrose Light the captain of the rescuing ship and two of the passengers from the lost Republic shouted down the first authentic details of the disaster to the reporters listening below.

A big black hulk slid in through the fog soon after midnight, passing the Hook without signalling, and dropped her anchor with a muffled splash off Ambrose Lightship at 1.15 o'clock this morning. In such an unpicturesque, unspectacular manner did the White Star liner Baltic come to port, bringing with her 1,650 survivors of one of the biggest wrecks and biggest life-saving achievements in the history of Atlantic navigation.

For she had on board the passengers of the lost steamship Republic, barring only two, who were dead, and one who was injured, and all the passengers of the disabled steamship Florida except four in the steerage, who died in the collision between the two boats in the fog of Saturday morning.

As the Baltic halted, the tug Elzelline, under charter by The Evening World, which had been waiting for her off the Hook all night, raced up alongside. From the deck of the dancing tug a reporter for this paper called up through a megaphone.

A moment later a dim figure appeared at the rail. "What do you want?" called out the figure, in a hoarse, weary voice. "I am Capt. Ranson, of the Baltic. Please be brief, gentlemen, for I am worn out, and I have yet the task of docking my ship and getting all these people ashore and cared for."

Then, replying to questions from the tug, Capt. Ranson shouted out this: "All those on board from the two steamers are doing as well as could be expected. Some are suffering from the nervous shock, but the great majority are normal, even the earthquake refugees from Italy, who were in the steerage of the Florida.

"The Florida is following us in under convoy of the American liner New York. She is travelling under her own steam,

"The condition of the Republic is favorable for salvage. She had no perceptible list when we parted from her, although she was well down by the stern." (At this time neither the Captain nor the reporter had any knowledge of what the Republic had gone down off Nantucket Island last night after a gallant effort by her crew to save her.)

With his voice roaring strangely through a speaking trumpet Capt. Ranson went on to supply the chapters, missing until then, in the narrative of the disaster.

## EULOGY IN CONGRESS FOR JACK BINNS, HERO

House Halts in Day's Business, While Mr. Boutell of Illinois Sounds Praises of the Republic's Wireless Operator.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—Pausing for a moment in its legislative activities, the House of Representatives to-day listened to a eulogy of John T. Binns, the Marconi operator on the liner Republic, who remained at his post until the ship went down, following her collision Saturday with the Florida.

Mr. Boutell of Illinois was given unanimous consent to address the House "on a matter of public interest." After referring to the collision Mr. Boutell, amid loud applause, said that throughout the whole critical period, "there was one silent actor in the tragedy whose name should be immortalized." He mentioned Binns by name, and in conclusion said:

"Binns has given the world a splendid illustration of the heroism that dwells in many who are doing the quiet, unnoticed tasks of life. Is it not an inspiration for all of us to feel that there are heroes for every emergency, and that in human life no danger is so great that some 'Jack' Binns is not ready to face it?"

When the roll of honor of the men who took part in the saving of the hundreds of passengers on the rammed White Star liner Republic is made up the names of H. G. Tattersall, wireless operator on the rescuing sister steamship Baltic, who was at his post fifty-two hours without sleep; John T. Binns, who stuck to his wireless key on the crippled Republic when the room had been wrecked by the prow of the Florida, and Ernest Monrouzeau and J. B. Bour of the French liner Lorraine, will be found in conspicuous places.

To the work of these four men, more than to anything else, is due the fact that help came so promptly to the Republic, and their performances emphasize the fact that a new and powerful agency has been developed that will minimize the dangers of deep sea travel.

It was Binns who sat at his instrument, with the wireless 'phone strapped to his head, for a stretch of thirty hours, sending out through the fog-laden air the ambulance call of the sea, "C. D. Q."—which, translated, means "Hurry" and "Danger."

Up and down the coast the call for aid was flashed till finally it was caught by Tattersall on the Baltic.

Although the cabin in which Binns sat on the Republic was smashed, he was not hurt, and his wireless apparatus was not damaged. So, as soon as he realized that the boat was in danger, he began sending blue flashes on the air calling for aid for the helpless liner.

Soon the wireless men on the Lorraine, bound in from Havre, picked up the message, and passed it to the Lorraine, thirty miles astern, and before long there was a constant flash of messages between the Republic, Baltic, Lorraine, and America, and the Baltic and Lorraine were making dangerous rate of speed in the fog in order to reach the scene of the collision.

When the Baltic finally got to the spot, and the passengers were rescued, Tattersall was about to relinquish his post to a subordinate when a question was asked to him from shore:

"I can send no more," said he. "I have been constantly at the key without sleep for fifty-two hours."

Then he went to his berth and turned in for much needed sleep. Binns of the Republic also got a chance to sleep; and the other operators on the French liner, who kept up a steady dash till the Republic was reached, were glad of relief.

## PAY FOR LOSS OF THE REPUBLIC

If the Florida Is Declared Responsible Her Value Will Be the Only Recompense.

### ADMIRALTY LAWYER EXPLAINS

Owners Cannot Be Made to Pay for Additional Damages—Rescue Work Costs Nothing.

The question of who is to blame for the collision between the Republic and Florida and the responsibility for the heavy losses are now the matters which must be settled and the admiralty lawyers will be kept busy. According to Harrington Putnam of Wing, Putnam & Burlingham of 27 William street, in America and most European countries, with the exception of England, the owners of the vessel which is not at fault can obtain from the owners of the colliding vessel only the value of the latter after it had reached port, and its pending freight money.

Taking for instance the collision between the Republic and the Florida, and assuming the latter was to blame, and also assuming that both vessels were to reach New York, there are legal claims against the Florida under these heads:

Injury to the Republic.

Loss of Repub's freight money.

Damage to Republic's cargo, including passengers' baggage, and damages for injuries to passengers, and for loss of life.

Putting all these items at \$500,000, and assuming, for the purpose of illustration, that the value of the Florida after the accident, and her pending freight money, together with the money received from passengers' fares for the voyage, is \$100,000, those having claims against the Florida can only recover their pro rata share of the latter sum, or 20 cents on every dollar claimed.

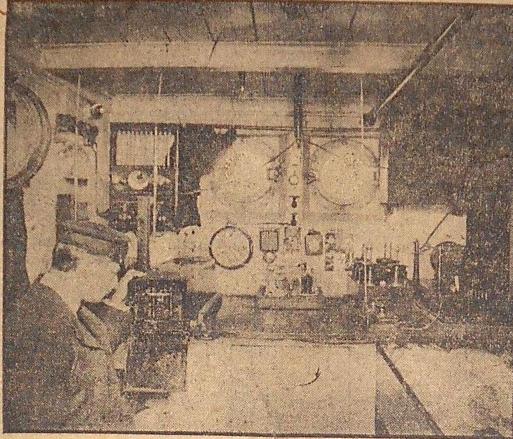
Should the Florida become a total wreck there would be absolutely nothing to pay claims with except the passage money received from the Florida for this trip, because under the law the owners of the vessel cannot be sued on any assets they may have outside the vessel concerned, it having been the established rule that property on the high seas is outside the owner's control. Of course, Mr. Putnam explained, if it could be proved that the colliding vessel was sent out in an un-navigable condition, an action for damages would lie against the owners individually, but this is a very rare occurrence.

On the other hand, assuming that the Republic was the colliding ship, the owners of the Florida and the passengers on her would have a chance to obtain better compensation if she had not sunk, for the Republic was much more valuable than the other ship, and there was a corresponding increase in her pending freight money and in her passenger fares. But now that the Republic has sunk, the passengers on the Florida and the owners of the latter vessel, in case the Republic is held blamable, have only the bare passenger money the White Star Line received for the voyage to fall back on. No claim can be maintained against the other assets of the company.

As regards the liability of the owners of each vessel to their respective passengers this also is limited. Each ticket issued states explicitly the maximum liability, and beyond this the passenger has no claim. His action for any further sum lies against the owners of the colliding vessel. Should he be unfortunate enough to have been a passenger on that ship he can only recover the amount provided for by the contract on his ticket. Baggage that has been damaged by water provides just as tangible a claim as though it had been totally destroyed.

On the question of salvage Mr. Putnam said he did not think any vessel could or would make claim for salvage in the case of the Florida, because in the case of the colliding vessel the law made it imperative for the latter to do so. As for "taking off" of the passengers from a disabled ship by one which had gone to her assistance, Mr. Putnam said it was very seldom that a claim is made for this. It was a matter of policy to save life at sea. He instanced a disaster which occurred some ten years ago.

## WIRELESS ROOM ON THE SUNKEN REPUBLIC FROM WHICH CALLS FOR AID WERE FLASHED



## CAPT. RANSON TELLS OF HOURS' SEARCH IN FOG

Praises Captain of Whaleback, Whose Vessel Whistled for the Helpless Republic—Good Words for the Passengers.

The story of the finding of the disabled Republic and the rescue of the passengers and crew was a more stirring tale than was at first supposed before the details were furnished by Capt. J. B. Ranson, commander of the Baltic. Capt. Ranson, sitting in his cabin on the Baltic to-day, after his sixteen hundred and odd passengers had safely gone ashore, told in a modest way what he had done. A few messages received by him from the Republic, while he was searching for the stricken ship, told an unparalleled story of the sea that would have been impossible without the wireless. These telegrams showed how Capt. Sealy of the Republic, with the aid of Coston lights, the fog bell, and the wireless, finally directed the Baltic to where the Republic was lying helpless.

There was no steam on the Republic, the fires having been extinguished, so that the whistles on the Republic were not available. Again, when the Baltic lost the Republic a whaleback steamer stood by close to the stricken and scattered ship until Capt. Ranson succeeded in finding the Republic a second time. Capt. Ranson paid a high tribute to the captain of the whaleback, which was the City of Everett, for the assistance she had rendered.

### NINE HOUR SEARCH.

The Baltic was upward of nine hours in the finding of the Republic, which was done by 8 o'clock Saturday night. From that time on until 8 o'clock Sunday morning, the task of transferring the passengers from the Florida to the Baltic was continued with interruption. Capt. Ranson said he had no criticism to make of any of the crew or passengers on the ship. He said the passengers in particular had acted splendidly.

Capt. Ranson, in detailing what happened, said he had received the first alarm as to the Republic at 6 o'clock Saturday morning.

"The Republic," said Capt. Ranson, "steered us by Marconi. I have copies of all the messages, and here are some of them."

The first message picked up read as follows:

"You are now on our port bow. Can you see us?"

Another message read:

"You are now very close. Can you see our rockets?"

### LOCATED BY WHISTLE.

Capt. Sealy located the Baltic by her whistle, then sent his directions by wireless accordingly. In a few minutes the operator received this message:

"You are too close to us for safety."

"As a sample of the way in which the

## WOMAN'S BODY CARRIED DOWN WITH REPUBLIC

Mrs. Eugene Lynch, Banker M. J. Mooney and Four Others Killed.

### TRANSFER OF PASSENGERS BY SEARCHLIGHT.

News was received here to-day that when the Republic went down the bodies of Mrs. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, and W. J. Mooney, a banker of Boston, and S. D., which were in caskets on the deck, sank with her.

The other victims killed in the disaster were sailors on the Florida.

Eugene Lynch, husband of Mrs. Lynch, and Mrs. M. M. Murphy, wife of the financial agent of the Union Central Life Insurance Company, of Grand Forks, N. D., were injured.

### Transfer by Searchlight.

The fog which held throughout yesterday had overhung the waters of Nantucket all through the previous night, yet it was at this time that the transfer of passengers from the Florida to the Baltic was made.

The work began at 11:40 o'clock on Saturday night, with ten boats, each carrying ten passengers besides the crews that manned them, doing the work. The vessels lay about a mile apart, and over the intervening water played the rays of the searchlights on the Baltic.

There was a sea running at the time, and the little boats tossed and pitched as they wended their way backward and forward between the two vessels, now laden until their gunwales were almost under, now riding back after depositing their passengers, with the lightness of feathers.

### All Safely Transferred.

All night long the work was kept up until 10 o'clock yesterday morning, when the last of the Republic's passengers and those of the Florida as well, numbering in all 1,650 souls, had been safely carried aboard the staunch liner.

But in the excitement of the work the Republic had been lost to sight. With her engine fires out and her engine room full of water, which washed into it through the gaping hole in her side, the stricken steamer was at the mercy of the winds and waves, drifting hither and thither in a fog which rendered objects invisible when only yards away.

### Republic Found Again.

Capt. Ranson, of the Baltic, set his wireless to work, reported to the office here the safe transfer of the surviving passengers and crew, and announced that he was going in search of the Republic. He had started on what appeared a hopeless task when the fog suddenly lifted a bit.

It was only a little, just enough to show the Republic lying some distance away, but still apparently safe and in no danger of sinking.

The lifting of the fog revealed, too, that a fleet of salvage tugs had arrived at the scene, and that the New York had taken a position near the Florida, while the Furnessia, which had come in the night, was also lying by ready to offer assistance.

### Baltic Starts for Port.

With this help at hand, Capt. Ranson obeyed the next message from the White Star office to start for this city, and the Baltic steamed off on her homeward journey, leaving the Furnessia to care for the Republic, and the New York to convoy the Florida, whose captain declined assistance.

## STORY OF THE SINKING TOLD BY FURNESSIA.

STEAMSHIP FURNESSIA, via SIAS CONSETT, Mass., Jan. 25.—After a search during the night of dense fog, the Furnessia arrived alongside the Florida at 7:30 o'clock on Sunday morning, eleven miles south of the Nantucket light vessel.

The Baltic was already there, and had the Republic's passengers, who had been transferred from the Florida to the Baltic. The Baltic then continued her search for the Republic.

After ascertaining that the Florida needed no assistance the Furnessia proceeded at 8:45 o'clock to search for the Republic, and at 10:35 o'clock in the morning sighted the Republic with the Baltic lying close to.

The Furnessia came alongside the Republic at 10:30 o'clock. The Baltic then started for New York, and the Furnessia stood by. The Republic had the Marconi wireless system on board, still working faintly, which helped the operation greatly.

The Republic had been run into on her broadside, but looked in good condition to tow her. At noon the Furnessia sent a boat alongside the Republic, but officers from the cutter were then aboard her.

At 12:30 the Government revenue cutter Gresham arrived, and made fast ahead of the Republic. The Furnessia made fast astern. A move was then made, proceeding very slowly. At 2 P. M. the Government cutter Seance arrived.

At 6:22 P. M. towing was again begun, but the stern hawsers were carried away at 6:35 P. M., so it was necessary to stand by.

Only the Captain and Chief Officer of the Republic were then on board. All the crew had been transferred to the Gresham during the afternoon.

The night was very dark, only a small light on the Republic's bridge being visible from the Furnessia. There was not a sound of any kind from the Republic heard on board this ship when, at 8:40 o'clock, the Republic disappeared in thirty-five fathoms of water.

It was only when the Gresham reported the Republic sunk and searchlights flashed around that one could see the end of the disappearance. The captain and chief officer were on board when she sank, and fears were felt that they had gone down, but a boat from the Gresham picked both up safely.

After cruising about to see that all possible had been done, the Furnessia proceeded on her way to New York.

## ONE OF THE HEROES WHO LED WORK OF RESCUE ON REPUBLIC



ASSISTANT STEWARD ROBERT.

Meanwhile another big ocean liner had been playing a strange game of hide and seek throughout the night. It was the French *Lorraine*.

Picking up the Republic's first call for help the liner had started for the stricken vessel, although she was then 200 miles away. She reached the vicinity of the Republic at nightfall, when darkness added to the impenetrability of the fog.

She heard the sound of the Republic's submarine bell. On the other hand, sounded that of the Baltic. Apparently the two steamers were close at hand, yet the Lorraine could not locate them.

Here and there she cruised, calling continually with her wireless for word from the Republic, and urging Capt. Seabey to make what noise aboard he could in order that the Lorraine might follow it.

#### Never Came Together.

The game proved unending, however. Never did the boats come together, and at last the Lorraine abandoned the search, when a wireless from the Baltic brought word that she would stand by the Republic and begged the Lorraine to follow the Florida, then already starting on the trip to this city. The Lorraine tried to follow instructions.

"The Florida is blowing four whistles," was the word from the Baltic.

The Lorraine could hear them, and she tried to follow, but presently the whistling ceased, and after another fruitless search through the murk the Lorraine set out on the journey for this port, which she reached yesterday afternoon.

#### MRS. LYNCH'S SISTER AT PIER TO MEET THE BALTIC

A woman paced the dock of the White Star line to-day waiting for the Baltic. She was Mrs. J. H. Bryan, of Cambridge, Mass. It was Mrs. Bryan's sister, Mrs. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, who was killed when the Florida rammed the Republic.

"My poor, beautiful sister," said Mrs. Bryan. Then she broke down and cried. "I cannot realize that she is dead. I can see her yet standing on the deck of the Republic waving her hands to us and laughing. Her husband was at her side."

"Saturday when the news came that the Republic had been in collision I felt instinctively that something had happened to my sister. My heart stopped beating and I fainted. The White Star line people told us not to worry, that no one had been killed."

"My sister and Mr. Lynch had postponed their trip abroad from year to year. Mr. Lynch did not want to cross the ocean. He wanted Mrs. Lynch to go alone. But she said that she would not go without him."

"This year he consented. We came down from Boston together, a very happy party. The night before the Republic sailed Peter Carr, of Taunton, Mass., one of our friends, gave a dinner aboard the ship, to Mr. and Mrs. Lynch and the rest of us. After toasts had been drunk to my sister and Mr. Lynch, wishing them a safe trip, Mr. Carr had us stand up to the toast, "Here's to Davy Jones's locker!"

Mrs. Bryan broke down again and sank into her husband's arms moaning, "Oh, my poor sister. Dead, dead."

Waiting with Mr. and Mrs. Bryan for the Baltic were Miss F. J. Finnegan, a niece of Mr. Lynch, and Jeremiah McCarthy, surveyor of the port of Boston, a friend of the dead woman. Mr. McCarthy and Miss Finnegan came from Boston yesterday at the news of the sinking of the Republic.

Accompanying W. J. Mooney, the North Dakota banker who lost his life in the wreck, besides Mrs. Mooney, were Mr. and Mrs. George B. Winship, of Grand Forks. Mr. Winship is an ex-state senator of Grand Forks and editor of the Grand Forks "Herald."

Also in the Mooney party were Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Tins. Mr. Tins is cashier of the National Bank of Grand Forks. Mrs. J. W. Smith, who was traveling with the Mooneys, is the wife of the president of the bank.

# REPUBLIC HERE

## WHEN SHOCK FIRST CAME TO REPUBLIC

Passengers Awakened by Being Thrown Against Sides of Their Berths.

THRILLING STORY TOLD BY MR. HOVER.

By H. J. HOVER, of Spokane.

(First account of disaster by a passenger, told to the reporters at quarantine.)

The shock came when all of the passengers of the Republic and most of her crew were sound asleep.

Mrs. Hover and I, like most of the Republic's passengers, were awakened by being violently thrown against the side of our bunks. The shock was terrific. Outside, in the passageway, I could hear the sound of running feet. From above, on deck, came shouts and the yelling of orders.

I turned on the electric light and hastily throwing an overgarment over us, Mrs. Hover and I made our way, bare-headed and barefooted, to the music room on the promenade deck.

Meanwhile the alarm gongs were sounding all over the ship, and the stewardards were going from stateroom to stateroom arousing the passengers. By the time we got to the music room the place was full of men and women, some with nothing over them but the clothes in which they had been asleep, others wrapped in ship's blankets and sweater rugs, all more or less frantic with fear and shivering with the cold.

The women huddled together, some weeping, a few hysterical. Most of the men rushed out on deck to ascertain what the trouble was. There we found the crew of the Republic taking the tarpaulins from the lifeboats and standing by ready to swing out the davits. There was no sign of any other ship anywhere. The foghorn of the Republic was letting out shrill blasts, but there was no answering whistle. I don't know how long we were left to wonder what had happened.

Excitement Grew Intense.

Every minute brought more of the passengers on deck and in the music room, and the excitement was growing, instead of lessening. A great number had put on lifebelts, and this sight had anything but a reassuring effect.

Finally, the second officer informed us that there was no danger of the vessel going under. The majority became composed at hearing this, but some of the women were still beside themselves and refused to return to their staterooms to dress, and their clothes had to be brought to them from their cabins by the stewardesses. In less than a half hour, however, mostly every one had managed to get clothed and was in the music room and dining saloon awaiting developments.

After a little, we heard an answering whistle and the Florida came looming out of the fog on our starboard quarter. There was an exchange of questions and answers between the two captains and the injury to the Republic having been discovered to be more serious than was at first supposed, we were told that we were to be transferred to the Florida.

#### Order to Transfer Caused Terror.

This announcement caused more terror than had the shock of the collision even, but after a while comparative calm was obtained, and the transshipment was begun. The women and children went first, of course. I shall never forget the scene. The Florida could barely be made out, standing by, less than a cable length away.

The sight of the first boats pulling off from the Republic was watched with a lump in the throat of every one. The boats would stand out, under the searchlight, and then fade away into the mist, lost to view.

The Florida's boats had also been put over the side, and it was a sort of contest between the crews of the two ships as to which would behave more splendidly than the other and take over the greatest number of people in the least time.

When it came the turn of Capt. Seabey and the officers and men of the Republic to abandon the ship they refused. It was the thing to do, of course; nevertheless to see it done gave us all the creeps.

#### Heartbreaking Experience Again.

We stayed aboard the Florida all day Saturday, bobbing up and down and packed like sardines. At 7 o'clock word came that the Baltic, which stood by us several hours, would take us off.

Once more we had to go through the heartbreaking experience of going from ship to ship in the lifeboats. It was the same thing as in the darkness of the early morning, except that the sea was running high instead of being quite still.

I shall never forget it! For more than eight hours the little boats hurried from one ship to the other in the darkness until 1,600 people had been taken over to the Baltic. The crew of the Florida, following the example set by the crew of the Republic, remained on board, as did one of our passengers, Mr. Eugene Lynch, whose wife had been killed in the crash between the two ships and who himself was too badly injured to be removed.

We are here now, and it is all over, and I intend to sail on another ship next week, but just the same I hope that this is the only experience of this kind I will ever have.

#### Saw Vessel Disappear.

The Gresham and the Seneca had both been slowed up by the filling of the Republic's holds with water. Their wheels churned in the rough waters.

At the same time her bow shot skyward, only to be drawn down as the water filled her every compartment, and then she settled and in a few minutes her topmast and flag were all that remained. Gradually the lights from the Gresham and the Seneca, which had the big vessel in tow, showed that where the Republic had labored behind the towlines was a bubbling sea. The vessel had disappeared.

The water rose to their ankles; it rose to their knees, and then to their waists. Then the Republic, with what seemed a gasp of death, careened again and went to the bottom like a rock.

Sailors Dragged to Safety.

The lifeboats had to fight hard to keep from being drawn down by the suction. They managed to keep out of the curl of water that whirled about the sunken Republic, and they were still standing by when two men appeared. They were Capt. Seabey and his mate. They were clinging to a grating. Both were hauled aboard, almost exhausted. Then about the place where the Republic had gone down the small boats made their way. Sailors were found swimming and dragged to safety.

When the last boat put back to the Gresham there was not a man missing. Every sailor had been accounted for. They were chilled to the bone and exhausted, but they recovered rapidly.

The ropes which bound the Republic to the Gresham and the Seneca were long. It is well they were or the two bows would have been dragged down to the bottom. The two bows were quickly cut when they saw there was no hope of doing more for the sunken vessel. Tim McLean, of the Seneca, stood by. Then they set sail for Gay Head.

## C - Q - D

### The Wireless Cry for Help.

# CAPTAIN ON DECK AS REPUBLIC SANK; CREW OF GRESHAM SAVE HIM

White Star Liner Rests on the Bottom of the Ocean Ten Miles South of Nantucket—Every Sailor of Her Complement Accounted For.

SIASCONSET, Mass., Jan. 25.—In forty-five fathoms of water, the big steamship Republic rests on the bottom ten miles south of Nantucket Island.

Exactly where the Republic dived to her grave is not known at this time. The fog is dense; the seas are not smooth—in fact, the waves are high, and it may be that she will never be located.

She went down at 8 o'clock last night after a gallant fight against weather conditions which included winds, a nasty sea and a fog which almost concealed her from view as she suddenly careened, then wavered, and then, as the water filled her stern she sank with a gurgling and spouting of water.

Boats were lowered from the two tow boats in a jiffy. The men of the Republic's crew scrambled into the lifeboats. These men did not show cowardice. Had they done so the smaller boats would have been swamped. They came slowly. Each man seemed to wait some one else to go first, and there was no hesitating, no mad flight for a place of vantage.

When the life-boats were filled they were rowed quickly back to the Gresham, only to return to the side of the fast-sinking Republic.

Capt. Seabey and his mate and a few other seamen were left on board. Seabey was told that his ship was sinking. He refused to leave. So did his mate. The water rose to their ankles; it rose to their knees, and then to their waists. Then the Republic, with what seemed a gasp of death, careened again and went to the bottom like a rock.

The lifeboats had to fight hard to keep from being drawn down by the suction.

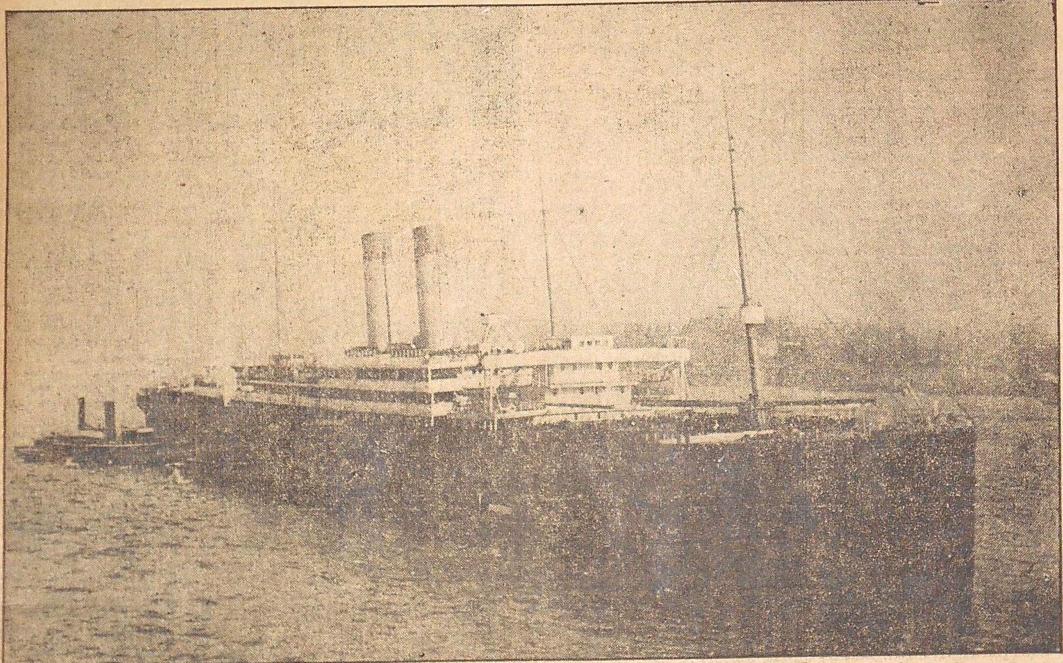
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# REPUBLIC SURVIVORS SAFE IN PORT; THRILLING STORIES OF THE RESCUE

WHITE STAR LINER BALTIC REACHING HER PIER TO-DAY  
WITH 1,650 SURVIVORS FROM THE REPUBLIC AND FLORIDA



## REPUBLIC'S CAPTAIN CLIMBED THE MAST AS HIS SHIP SANK

WOODS HOLE, Mass., Jan. 25.—Thirty-eight fathoms down, at a point fifteen miles west southwest of the Nantucket South Shoals Lightship, lies the wreck of the great White Star liner Republic. She sank at 8.10 o'clock Sunday night. So reads the log of the revenue cutter Gresham, which put in here at 10.30 o'clock this morning after a thrilling experience and a vain effort to save the big ship. Lieut. Philip H. Scott, executive officer of the Gresham, told the following story of the cutter's experience and the sinking of the liner:

"The Gresham found the Republic at 10 A. M. Sunday. The passengers and all but two officers and the deck crew had been transferred to the Baltic.

Capt. Sealby, the second officer of the Republic, and thirty-five men, who had volunteered to stay by their chief, in boats were lying alongside the Republic, which had a big list to starboard and was down somewhat by the stern. The Republic at this time was about nine miles southeast of Nantucket Lightship.

"A British passenger steamer was standing by, but there was no other boat in sight. Shortly before noon on Sunday Capt. Sealby and his second officer, followed by the crew of the Republic, climbed back on board, and the Gresham sent a line on board the Republic, which was taken in over the bow.

"The captain of the Gresham offered to tow the Republic or to stand by and pick up the crew if anything happened. At the same time the British passenger steamer sent two lines aboard over the starboard quarter to assist in steering the Republic. The little fleet started up at 12.30, but the Republic proved very unmanageable and could not be steered, as the north-east wind continually swung her around.

"The captain of the Gresham tried to head north-northwest, but only did a little better than westerly. At 5 P. M. the derelict destroyer Seneca arrived and took a line ahead of the Gresham.

"At this time very little progress was being made, and it was reported from the Republic that she was making water fast, especially by the stern. About dark another government boat arrived on the scene whose identity could not be learned. She proved very useful in turning her searchlights on to the Republic.

"At 7 o'clock last night the entire crew of the Republic were ordered by Capt. Sealby to abandon the ship, and, getting into their lifeboat, easily overtook the Gresham. The men said that they could not persuade Capt. Sealby to leave his vessel, and the second officer of the Republic refused to leave the side of his commanding officer.

"At 8 o'clock the bow of the Republic, illuminated by the rays of the searchlight, was seen rising fast. Five minutes later two pistol shots were heard and two blue lights were burned. At 8.10 the Republic's bow shot up high in the air and she sank in thirty-eight fathoms of water, in a position fifteen miles west-southwest of Nantucket South Shoals Lightship.

"A lifeboat was dropped from the side of the Gresham and a crew, under the command of Gunner Carl Johnson, started off. The boat returned with the captain and an hour later with the captain and the second officer on board. They had been picked up clinging to some wreckage. Neither had on a life preserver.

"When the Republic began to sink Capt. Sealby climbed the mast and remained there until his boat went down. The second officer jumped from the rail to the sea and said that he fell some distance and sustained slight bruises in striking the surface of the water. Capt. Sealby was unhurt.

"The Republic was struck on the port side a little more than two-thirds of the way aft. A large hole was torn in her side which was clearly visible but, as sometimes happens in such cases, she had a big list to starboard.

It was generally stated that on the deck of the Republic when she went down rested two caskets containing the bodies of those passengers who had been killed in the collision.

Gunner Johnson declined to discuss his exploit in leading the rescue of Capt. Sealby and Second Officer Williams, but from other members of the crew the story was obtained.

When the Republic's crew, at the command of Capt. Sealby, left the steamship, said gunner, he could see before the final plunge of his ship that the towing hawser might be cut and the possibility of the Gresham being drawn under avoided. Those on the Gresham were watching for the signal, and when at length it flashed out, accompanied by two pistol shots, the connecting hawser was severed with an axe.

At the same instant the Gresham's lifeboat was lowered and Johnson, with four of the Gresham's men and four from the British, sailed swiftly toward the whirlpool made by the sinking liner. One of the men was thrown into the darkness, a small star, possibly a flagstaff, shot up and struck him in the face, causing a bad bruise. The boat came by accident upon Second Officer Williams as he was swimming. Although he was hampered by his heavy long overcoat he had managed to keep afloat.

A few moments later, steering toward a faint cry which came out of the darkness, the boat ran up to a floating grating to which Capt. Sealby, almost exhausted, had clung.

The boat's crewmen then were guided back to the Gresham by signals. As they drew up alongside, and those on board the cutter learned that the two officers of the Republic were safe, both American and British sailors tried to entice each other ashore, but many of the Republic's men wept as they helped their captain to the deck.

After being furnished with warm and dry clothing Capt. Sealby and Second Officer Williams, rapidly recovered from their exposure.

#### BRAVERY OF PASSENGERS.

According to officers of the Gresham, Capt. Sealy and the men of the Republic praised the conduct of the Republic's passengers during the hours immediately following the accident when it was known that the vessel might go down at any time. He said that when the Republics were being made to abandon the ship one woman began the time of waiting for them to lay sitting down on the deck of the Republic to play solitaire.

Another passenger, a man, came up to the first officer, and, apologizing, spoke to him on such an occasion, when he knew the ship was very busy, said that he had not been injured, and asked that she take him in one of the first boats. The man was also injured, but made no mention of the fact. Capt. Sealy said that room was made for both these people, as they were injured, in the first boat that left the ship.

#### REVENUE CUTTER'S GOOD WORK.

MEMEMSHA BIGHT, Island of Martha's Vineyard, Jan. 23.—The revenue cutter Gresham, which was assisting in towing the steamer Republic with the derelict destroyer Seneca, when the White Star liner made her final plunge to the bottom off Nantucket Lightship last evening, reached a point ten miles off shore early today.

Capt. Sealy and fifty members of the crew of the Republic were transferred to the Seneca off Vineyard Sound Lightship at 8 A. M., and about later the Seneca started for New York.

The crew of the Gresham stated that the Republic had sunk nine miles south of Nantucket Lightship in about forty fathoms of water. Capt. Sealy was picked up from a grating, was not hurt, and none of the crew was injured. The Gresham, after transferring the Republic's survivors to the Seneca, started for Woods Hole.

Capt. Landry of the revenue cutter Mohawk, which had been on the scene last night, brought further information concerning the Republic's sinking. He stated that after leaving New Bedford yesterday morning, where the Mohawk had come off the flats without injury, he steamed directly for Nantucket Lightship and reached it after two miles, finding that vessel last night when he received a wireless despatch from the Seneca that the Republic, which the Seneca had been towing, had sunk nine miles south by east of the lightship. The Mohawk was ordered to return to Mememsha Bight and to

In readiness to assist in taking off the Republic a part of the crew of the Republic in case there was not room enough on board the Seneca for their accommodation.

During the night Capt. Sealy was heard to send a message to the agents of the line in New York, stating that he was not injured, and that he had been picked up from a grating after the Republic sank.

#### TRANSFERRING THE CREW.

The Seneca and the Gresham steamed up through comparatively calm water in the vicinity of the Vineyard Sound Lightship, ten miles to the northwest of Gay Head, and there Capt. Sealy and his crew of fifty men were transferred to the Seneca. The transfer was made about 8 A. M. today in a thick fog, and an hour later the two cutters parted company, the Seneca steaming in the direction of New York, while the Gresham began threading her way through the fog up Vineyard Sound toward Woods Hole.

It is believed that the Seneca will arrive in New York late to-night with Capt. Sealy and his crew, and that she will go by way of Long Island Sound to Siasconset, Mass., Jan. 23.—Wireless despatches tell in brief the story of the sinking of the Republic.

The ill-fated steamship went down about 8 o'clock last night, while the revenue cutter Gresham, which had been towing the derelict Seneca had her in tow. The ship had reached a point about ten miles south of Nantucket when the Republic was seen to be rapidly sinking. Small boats were instantly lowered to rescue Capt. Sealy. But when the small boat came alongside the Gresham's boat, Capt. Sealy and his mate were found clinging to a grating, with the captain all but exhausted. The Republic, when the end came, went down suddenly, stern first.

#### LITTLE CHANCE TO RAISE THE SUNKEN REPUBLIC

Wrecking Company Officials Say She Is Too Far Out at Sea.

At the office of the Merritt-Chapman Wrecking Company the opinion was expressed that if the Republic lay in forty fathoms of water there was no chance for raising her, for the chief reason that it was not possible to conduct such wrecking operations away out at sea.

Under other circumstances, it was explained, while the question of depth would figure, the kind of bottom on which she lay, sandy or rocky, would be the more important factor in determining the chances of success.

# THOUSANDS ON THE PIER CHEER MADLY AS SHIP COMES IN

**The Baltic, Bringing Also the Passengers From the Florida, Reaches Her Dock After the Plucky 12-Hour Struggle Bringing 1,650 Aboard in the Small Boats.**

## FLORIDA COMES IN LATER WITH TUG STEERING HER

**500 Steerage Passengers on the Florida Charged the Gangway, to Be the First to Get Off, But Were Beaten Back—Bodies of Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney in Caskets, Sank With the Republic.**

Saved from a death beneath the waves, the four hundred and more passengers who started so merrily for a cruise through the Mediterranean last Friday in the ill-fated White Star liner Republic were put ashore in New York again to-day from the steamship Baltic, also of the White Star Line. Some of them have given up all desire to tempt old ocean again; others, however, will rest in hotels here until the company arranges for another ship to take them across.

Saved on the Baltic also were the passengers on the Lloyd Italian liner Florida, the craft that rammed the Republic early Saturday morning in a fog off the Nantucket Lightship and was badly damaged herself. Those on the Republic were first carried to the Florida in small boats when it was seen that the White Star craft was sinking. Then it was found that the Florida was none too stanch, and when the great Baltic hove in sight after hours spent in groping through the fog in search of the doomed ship whose wireless had called for help, it was decided that the passengers from both the Republic and the Florida should be put aboard the new comer in whose spacious decks there would be more than enough room for all.

#### A NERVE-RACKING ORDEAL.

As a result 1,650 men, women, and children were transported by the Baltic's small boats, aided by the cutters of the Florida. Of the passengers on the Italian liner were many refugees from the earthquake in southern Italy. It was the second trip in small boats for the Republic's passengers, and a nerve racking ordeal for all concerned.

With the captain and crew of the steamship Republic, who remained with the stricken vessel until she sank last night, safe on the derelict destroyer Seneca making for this city, the last chapter of the sea drama of Saturday which cost six lives was thus drawing to a close.

The six dead and two injured on the Republic is apparently the sum total of casualties, but the Republic, having sunk, will either be a total loss or very heavily damaged.

The officers of the Baltic report the deaths of Mrs. Eugene Lynch of Boston, Mass., and W. J. Mooney of Langdon, N. D., together with four negro sailors whose names are not known. The bodies of Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney were placed in hermetically sealed caskets. They sank with the steamer.

The Florida passed in by Sandy Hook about 2.20 P. M. with a tug in tow to assist in steering the liner. The Florida's bow was badly stove in and she was down by the head as though her forward compartment was filled with water. She was towed to her pier at the foot of Forty-second street, Brooklyn.

Stories told by the Republic's passengers show that the transfer from the Florida to the Baltic in the dark hours of Saturday night came perilously near resulting in a riot of the 500 steerage passengers on the Italian boat, who believed that their vessel was in imminent danger of sinking. Only the efforts of the officers aided by several of the Republic's passengers quieted the frightened men, who sought to be the first to board the lifeboat.

While the passengers of the Republic were being carried to the Baltic word was spread about the Florida that she was in danger of sinking, and the Italian steerage passengers, who until this time evidenced no fears, became greatly alarmed. They pressed about the entrance of the gangway, which was guarded by Chief Steward Stanyer and three of the other ship's officers. The Italians made several rushes for the gangway, but were repulsed by the officers and one or two passengers of the Republic, who used their fists and a few convenient spikes.

One officer is said to have drawn a revolver, while another used a rope end. All night long while the slow progress was made in the transfer

of passengers the Italians were in a constant state of hysteria and fright. One Italian woman was knocked off the gangway, but was pulled aboard a lifeboat.

The first transfer of passengers, that from the Republic to the Florida, was effected without incident, but when it was found that the Florida had insufficient accommodation for the large number on board, and that she would make slow time to New York in the order to retransfer all passengers to the Baltic was given. The night was dark and the fog hung thick over the troubled sea. Twenty lifeboats were used to carry the passengers from the Florida, which lay at distances varying from 200 yards to 500 yards away, to the Baltic. The searchlights from the Baltic cut a path of light through the banks of mist, and the sailors worked with a will.

Then, after toiling from 8 o'clock in the evening till 8 on Sunday morning, the task was done, and the Baltic headed for New York, leaving the Republic to the care of the revenue cutter Gresham and the derelict destroyer Seneca.

The Baltic anchored three miles outside the entrance to Ambrose Channel at 1.15 this morning, where she waited for the fog to clear away. Shortly after 9 she started to come in, and reached her pier at 12.30 o'clock, where a great crowd was waiting her.

#### CHEERS FOR SURVIVORS.

There were fully 5,000 cheering people standing on the dock of the White Star Line at the foot of West Eleventh street, when the big liner was made fast. As the gang planks were put down and the rescued passengers descended to the dock the excitement was intense. Women were crying and throwing their arms about friends and relatives who were there to meet them. Men congratulated one another on being on land again, and there was a general scene of rejoicing.

Shortly after the Baltic docked two ambulances, one from St. Vincent's Hospital and the other from the New York Hospital, arrived at the pier, and the surgeons were hurried aboard the steamship. They were taken at once to the state rooms where those injured in the collision were.

Mrs. M. J. Murphy of South Forks, S. D., was the first to be taken from the steamship. She suffered from a fractured hip and as she was being carried down the gang-plank on a stretcher, her husband, Michael Murphy, who received slight injuries, walked beside her. Both were placed in an ambulance and hurried to St. Vincent's Hospital.

Dr. Monroe of the New York Hospital continued after Stewart Woodworth of the Republic, who had suffered from a fractured skull, and Charles Worrall, an officer of the Republic, who suffered from a fractured arm. Both men were carried from the Baltic to the ambulance. Four Italians, who were also injured, were taken away in the ambulances.

As the rescue ship Baltic was awaiting the day and lay seemingly at rest after her exertions before entering the channel and coming up the bay, a newspaper tug boat, and a great bulk and through megaphones repeated balloons were hurled up the liner's side. The lights twinkled in the saloon and on the bridge and at her masthead there was no answer to the shouts until two figures dimly outlined made their appearance on deck, then when the newspaper men claimed the first direct victim of the disaster. It was then 1.30 in the morning.

The spokesman was H. J. Hoover of Spokane, Wash. With his wife, he had planned an extended automobile trip abroad and was outward bound on the Republic when she was rammed by the Florida.

In response to queries through the megaphones, Mr. Hoover gave a graphic account of the safe transfer of the passengers from the Republic, and later of the same operation from the Florida. The transfer of scantily dressed and frightened men and women from the Florida lasted twelve hours, beginning at 8 o'clock on Saturday night and ending at 8 o'clock yesterday morning. During the night the searchlights of the Baltic illuminated the sea, making a weird picture as boatload after boatload was safely gotten on board the Baltic. Two of the Republic passengers tumbled into the sea while being placed in a boat, but were rescued.

There was little or no panic aboard the Republic at the time of the collision, although after it was seen that the Florida was disabled most of the Italian passengers, refugees from the earthquake-stricken cities, were in great fear and shrieked and prayed aloud for safety.

According to Mr. Hoover's account of the crash, the injury to the Republic was about as bad as that on the port side just forward of the centre hatch. The 100 and 28 were stove by the bow of the Florida, which withdrew from the gap almost instantly and vanished in the mist astern, leaving one of her anchors in the rear. The ship struck the demolished starboard of the Republic. The collision and withdrawal were so swift that no one had had a chance to identify the smash.

#### FLORIDA COMES ALONGSIDE.

In half an hour, however, summoned by the distress blasts of the Republic, the Florida picked her way through the murk and came alongside. Captain Sealy had his own boats lowered, and in these and those of the Florida all the passengers in a placid sea. Among the wounded who of the wounded liner were put aboard the Florida. This operation took two hours were put on the Italian liner was Eugene Lynch, whose wife had been killed in their stateroom on the Republic. Mr. Lynch's leg was broken in three places and he was otherwise injured. As it was considered unsafe to transfer him to the Baltic, he was left in charge of the Florida's surgeon.

Mr. Hoover said: "There was very little panic aboard the Republic, although many came on deck in their night clothes. The discipline of the crew was perfect. Three of the compartments of the Republic were flooded. This is not going to prevent my wife and I making our auto trip. Telegraph to Spokane that we are all right."

The crash of the Florida into the Republic came between 3 and 4 o'clock on Saturday morning when every one was in bed, continued Mr. Hoover's story. A great many passengers were thrown from their berths in the darkness and many rushed wildly on deck in their bare feet, although the discipline of the crew and the conduct of the captain prevented disorder. As the Florida disappeared in the fog almost immediately those on the disabled Republic and to the port that had been abandoned, and the wounded vessel when she was adrift. They were relieved to see the Florida approach again to render assistance and immediately boats were lowered and the transfer of passengers from the Republic to the Florida was begun.

#### THE WOMEN GO FIRST.

Carrying out the rigid rule of the sea, the women were placed in the boats first, and in two hours all were safely off and on board the Florida. Conditions were terribly crowded, however, and at the conference between the captains of the Florida and the Baltic it was decided that another transfer of passengers was necessary. Accordingly this second hazardous undertaking was begun. While the sea had been smooth during the transfer of passengers from the Republic to the Florida, the waters were now rough and the operation was necessarily more dan-

Karen and of longer duration. Thirty dressed passengers crowded to the Baltic's rail and watched the work while those who remained on the Florida waiting for the next boat load saw their comrades lifted safely to the new haven. It was during this that the two passengers fell overboard but were rescued little the worse for their experience.

Mr. Hover's story in his own words is as follows:

"The shock came when all of the passengers and crew were sound asleep. Mrs. Hover and I, like most of the Republic's passengers, were awakened by being violently thrown against the side of our bunks. The shock was terrible. Outside, in the passage way, I could hear the sound of running feet. From above, on deck, came shouts and the yelling of orders.

"I turned on the electric light, and, hastily throwing an over garment over us, Mrs. Hover and I made our way barefooted and half naked to the deck on the promenade deck. Meanwhile the alarm gongs were sounding all over the ship, and the stewards were going from stateroom to stateroom arousing the passengers. By the time we got to the music room the place was full of men and women, many of whom were still in the clothes in which they had been asleep, others wrapped in ship's blankets, and steamer rugs, all more or less frantic with fear and shivering with the cold.

The women huddled together, some weeping, a few crying. Some of the men rushed out on deck to ascertain what the trouble was. There we found the crew of the Republic taking the tar-paulins from the lifeboats and standing by, ready to swing out the davits. There was no sign of any other ship anywhere. The foghorn of the Republic was letting out shrill blasts, but there was no answering whistle.

"I don't know how long we were left to wonder what had happened. Every minute brought more of the passengers on deck and in the music room and the excitement was growing instead of lessening. A great number had put on life-belts, and this sight had anything but a reassuring effect. Finally the second officer informed us that there was no danger of the vessel going under. The majority became composed at hearing this, but some of the women were still beside themselves and refused to return to their staterooms to dress and their clothes had to be brought to them from their cabins by the stewards.

#### ORDER TO CHANGE SHIPS.

"Less than half an hour, however, mostly every one had managed to get clothed and was in the music room and dining saloon awaiting developments. After a little we heard an announcement that the Florida came up looming out of the fog on our starboard quarter. There was an exchange of questions and answers between the two captains, and, due to injury to the Florida, having been discovered more serious than was at first supposed, we were told that we were to be transferred to the Florida.

"This announcement caused more terror than had the shock of the collision even, and after a few moments of silence was obtained, and the transhipment was begun. The women and children went first, of course. I shall never forget the scene. The Florida could barely make out, standing by, less than a cable length away.

"Eight of the first boats pulling off from the Republic was watched with a lump in the throat of every one. The boats would stand out, under the searchlight and then fade away into the night. When it came to the Florida, boats had also been put over the side, and it was a sort of contest between the crews of the two ships as to which would behave more splendidly than the other and take over the greatest amount of the passengers. When it came to the turn of Captain Seaby and the officers and men of the Republic to abandon the ship they refused. It was the thing to do, of course, but, nevertheless, to see it done gave us all the creeps.

#### PACKED IN LIKE SARDINES.

"We stayed aboard the Florida all day Saturday, bobbing up and down and packed in like sardines. At 7 o'clock word came that the Baltic, which stood by us several hours, would take us off. Once more we had to go through the heart-breaking experience of going from ship to ship in the darkness.

"It was the same thing as in the darkness of the early morning except that the sea was running high instead of being quite still.

"I shall never forget it. For more than eight hours little boats hurried from one ship to another in the darkness, until 1,600 people had been taken over to the Baltic. The crew of the Florida, following the example set by the crew of the Republic, remained on board, as did one of our officers. Captain Crandall and his wife had been killed in the crash between the two ships and who himself was too badly injured to be removed. We are here now and it is all over, and I intend to sail on another ship next week, but just the same, I hope that this is the last experience of this kind I will ever have."

Dr. J. Marsh, physician on board the Republic, gave a graphic story of the accident on the big liner. Dr. Marsh said:

## CAPT. RANSON OF THE BALTIC AT THE RAIL OF HIS SHIP NEARING PIER



But there was no panic. Immediately the chief steward ordered coffee and rolls for tea, and we drank and ate.

"Wouldn't you afraid the boat would sink?"

#### LIKE A ROW ON A LAKE.

"No. The captain had sent word that the vessel wouldn't sink, and I guess we all believed him. No, one can't say enough for the way the boat was handled. The officers and the crew acted magnificently. About 8 or 9 o'clock we were told to go up on the boat deck and get into the boats. Women and children were first. Some of the men were a little excited, but not many. They were into the boats lowered. So far I know there was not a mishap. It was still foggy, but we could see the Florida about a mile off, and our journey to her was like a row on a lake. The sailors who were rowing us joked and talked about the ship and the damage I was in. The transfer to the Baltic at 2 A. M. Sunday morning from the Florida was not so easy, because the sea was rough and the wind blew pretty strongly.

"I am thankful, and feel pretty good, now. I am not afraid of the water. The sofas and the wood and steel must have hit me. It's not so bad, though," said Mrs. Griggs smiling a weary smile. She was met at the pier by her husband, and will remain in this city at a hotel for a few days. She is en route to Pau, in southern France, on business.

"It was a long, long time before we knew we were to be transferred to the Florida, although there had been much conjecture and talk on the part of the crew as to what was to be done. Finally Captain Seaby, on the bridge, turned himself toward us with his hand uplifted as a signal for our attention, which, needless to say, was quickly given. Then in a voice which was hardly louder than a whisper:

"The passengers of the Republic will be transferred to the steamship Florida."

"Those, I think, were his exact words, which I am not certain. There was an amplification of the message, and one which Captain Seaby told us on the start was that the women and children would be the first transferred. The lifeboats swung out from the davits. The passengers got into them in very good order, and there was no jostling and no confusion of frenzy. The Italian women of the steerage and the Portuguese showed themselves a little fearful, but the excellent discipline about them kept them in control. All the conduct of the women was almost excellent.

#### ONE MAN WAS SCARCED.

"It is unfortunate that right at the start there should have been an exhibition by one of the men that was otherwise.

He was not an old man either, but he surely did seem the most scarce person of all. Despite the order that the women were to be first in the transfer, he climbed into the first boat, and the same one in which Mrs. Crandall and myself found ourselves. There was a yell of derision from the passengers who crowded the rail as they looked down after the old man had been lowered to find the rest of the men passengers were in the small boat. The sailors who were to row the lifeboat and the officer in command of them plainly showed their contempt for the fellow. An order was shouted to them to put him back where he belonged.

And he came back up to the high deck of the Republic in very ignominious fashion, being made to haul his way up a ladder, which he had not the ability to do with any kind of grace that could befit his becoming, and the passengers jeered all the while he was making the ascent."

The woman pointed as they told their story to a steamship about a mile off, giving the distance as about three miles. They seemed to lay claim to the Republic at the time of the transfer.

"The sea was calm at this time, very calm," said Mrs. Crandall. "There were about four seamen rowing our boat. I think that the lifeboats were being lowered in pairs, and our boat was the last to be visible to us in the first lifeboat. The lifeboats were going down one at a time at fairly close intervals, in very pretty and almost uniform procession. There was all so much to be admired in the proceedings that our fears were all the more dispelled."

## FLASHED CALLS THROUGH FOG 'TIL AID CAME

"I'm on the job. Ship sinking, but will stick to the end."—Wireless Operator J. R. Binns, of Republic, to Wireless Operator J. B. Bour, of La Lorraine.

"Keep cool, old man, keep courage. We'll get you out of that fix in a moment. Nearly blowing our boilers off. Doing twenty-two knots."—Bour, of La Lorraine, to Binns, of Republic.

How wireless operator Binns saved the 701 lives aboard the White Star liner Republic after her collision with the Florida was first told by J. B. Bour, chief Marconi wireless operator aboard the French liner La Lorraine, which docked at Pier 42, North River, at 2 p.m. yesterday. The unofficial messages flashed across the void by the heroic Binns and his friend, Bour, are part and parcel of the unwritten romance of wireless telegraphy.

To his coolness and devotion to duty, it is now learned, was due the prompt assistance accorded the stricken passenger steamer by sister liners. As he himself expressed it by wireless, Binns was "on the job" from the time the Florida crashed into the Republic and the last passenger had been transferred to the collision vessel. It was a stretch to the hour, and every minute of that time the telephone receivers, which are part of the wireless apparatus, crackled with his ears listening ears.

There has been a more shining example of that calm courage that goes hand in hand with a sound sense of business than this.

Binns, up on another boat deck of La Lorraine, the reporter found a haggard man, whom everyone expected to be dead. The man was smoking and talking with his assistant, Ernest Monrouzeau, also sunken-eyed from sleeplessness. The man was a wireman, and when he awoke, a new light came into his eyes when the name of Binns was mentioned.

#### There's a Man.

"Ah! There's a man," he said. "He was there in every sense of the word when the call of duty came. If Captain Seaby, of the Republic, proved seamanship and high courage, this man Binns showed equal courage and a sure and certain readiness to put his ship in instant communication with the nearest land and wireless station. I believe that man easily worked thirty hours with the wireless phones strapped to his ear. Not a bad job, you can imagine, when the operator is menaced by a ship supposed to be sinking!"

"But I know Binns; he's the sort that can be depended upon. He did his duty during the Blucher at the time of the Japanese earthquake. It was the same when he was aboard the Republic during the San Francisco earthquake. He's only twenty-six years old, but he is now making his forty-first trip across the Atlantic."

"You know the story of how wireless saved the Republic? Well, I'll tell it to you. It was at 7 a.m. when my buzzers first began working. This is what I got from the wireless: 'C. Q. D.' That was repeated half a dozen times. 'C. Q. D.' in our code means 'Ship in great distress.' It is the international call for assistance, and the end of the code where every vessel within the radius of the danger zone must obey at all costs."

"I immediately responded by the single word 'G.' which means 'Send at once.' And he came back up to the high deck of the Republic in very ignominious fashion, being made to haul his way up a ladder, which he had not the ability to do with any kind of grace that could befit his becoming, and the passengers jeered all the while he was making the ascent."

The woman pointed as they told their story to a steamship about a mile off, giving the distance as about three miles. They seemed to lay claim to the Republic at the time of the transfer.

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"Your C. Q. D. message received. O.K. Notified captain. M. L. L."

"In the meantime I had got in communication with the Cunard liner Lurline at 7:05, and had relayed to her the message we had received from the land station.

"Captain Tournier, after receiving the message, consulted his charts, made his computations, and gave orders for the ship to head for the scene of the shipwreck. This all took time, but at 7:30 o'clock he sent out from Captain Tournier, who was on the bridge at the time, and at 7:10 a.m. sent the following message to the Siasconset station on Nantucket:

Lucania Is Reached.

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"Please tell Republic we are one hundred and twenty miles off. Shall reach her at 2 p.m.—M. L. L."

"Things began to get exciting after that, especially when we received strange messages that might be flashing across the expanse of fog-laden atmosphere. We were ploughing ahead at high speed, and putting all our strength on our objective point. Then we pointed straight for the area within which the Republic was either lost or sinking."

"At present we are about 100 miles offshore. Last night, I got the 'G' sign from Binns on the Republic. This was the message I flashed:

"Please tell us if you are in fog and your exact position."

"There was a torturing five minutes wait, and then came the answer:

"Lat. 41° 15'—Posit. latitude 40.17, longitude 70° West. We are in fog."

"Then it began to get in unoffical touch with Binns. 'Hello, there, old man, how are you?' I flashed.

"'I'm on the job!'

"'I'm on the job. Ship sinking, but will stick to the end.' Binns flashed back to me.

"'Keep cool, old man.' I flashed in

"I was in my cabin and hearing three short whistles knew that something was wrong and turned out. I had hardly gone to the door when the alarm gong sounded all over the ship, and the steward was coming to my stateroom door I found myself in darkness."

"The saloon rapidly filled with women and children, half dressed, but everybody did as they were told, and there were no ranks. Let me say now they were no ranks. The Italian women of the Republic were the most frightened, and the Portugese stopped.

"Half a minute later the electric lights went out and when I opened my stateroom door I found myself in darkness."

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return. "Keep courage. We'll get you out of that fix in a moment."

"O. K., old man," he flushed back.

"Come along, we'll get you out for you."

At the time I kept flashing unofficial messages to my friend to keep cool and keep his courage. After the official message saying we were twenty miles away I flushed back again.

"Old man, we are nearly blowing our boilers off. Are doing twenty-two knots."

"When we received the Republic I said this: 'Say, old man, now we are on the job, but we can't spot you.' He answered quickly enough: 'O. K., old man, come alone.'

"Then another phase of the Republic's own story came to us through our submarine bell. On orders from Captain Fournier, she flashed this message to the Republic at 12:45 p.m.:

"Tell your captain we can bear his warning bell and the steamship will tow you down. You might make as much noise as possible to direct our steering because the fog is thick."

"While making toward the Republic, Captain Fournier had also sent the following message via Slosanet to General Agent Paul Fauguet, of the French Line:

"Going help Republic, sinking forty-five miles west Nantucket Lightship; heavy fog; our own position on chart uncertain; going on sounding; will do all possible save crew and passengers."

"During the afternoon we kept in wireless communication with the Republic, and learned that she had been hit by the Florida, and that her passengers had been transferred with the miners, but were unable to get into direct communication with her. In the meantime we got in wireless touch with the Baltic, and I was awaiting orders from her as to assistance. Finally, at 6:40 p.m. I got the following message:

"República says to steer for the Florida. She is proceeding to New York with passengers and mine men coming to stand by. She is blowing four blasts."

"Captain Tournier, after receiving this wireless, decided at 6:50 p.m. to turn the telephone wireless to Fauguet, French Line Pier 42, North River, New York, via Slosanet; the Republic's passengers have left for Florida. Baltic has followed. Will arrive Sandy Hook daylight."

"Then came our first official message as we put about to proceed upon our course. It was from Captain Ramsom, of the Baltic, and read: 'Bal-

tic now alongside both ships. Clear here. Can see lights.'

"But as our twin screws began revolving and we started coming for the Baltic, we got a final flash from good old Blins:

"I'm still on the job," he flashed, "but I'm getting all fired sleepy, and we're not far away. The Republic has done for yet. So long. Blins (signed)."

"And I guess Monroeville and I are sleepy too. You know we had a lot of fun on the ocean. We had a great time. There isn't often such opportunity for the pretty ladies to give their husbands and sweethearts a kiss when they are aboard a ship running with the assistance of one opposed to be sinking with many souls aboard."

# 5,000 GREET SURVIVORS AT THE PIER OF THE RESCUE SHIP, BALTIC

that although we passed near the Republic no one could see us. It was black as pitch. Meanwhile we received another wireless. Thank God for those wireless messages.

"They saved the lives of hundreds. It was from the Secretary of the Navy, and it said: 'For God's sake do what you can for the poor unfortunate on the Republic.'

## Sight Sinking Ship.

The Secretary said in his wireless that the passengers had been taken off the Republic, and he said: "Do the best you can for the crew." Yesterday it lighted a bit, and we backed in near the lightship. It grew lighter, and we could just discern the Republic in tow of a small boat.

She was in a position southeast of the Nantucket Lightship. At 11 o'clock we found her after travelling eight miles further. The Furnessia was standing by.

"Then we spoke her and they took a line made of a short wire hawser and dashed into our bits. We started ahead. The Republic was then full of water and was drawing forty feet more than she should. The big vessel was pretty close up to her deck. Her fires had been drowned out and she was waterlogged and helpless. We steamed alongside. We have been wireless in my experience have had such a hand. She pitched so hard that we made little headway. But we held on just the same."

"The crew of the Republic and the boats of the Furnessia came over to us with all the crew of the Republic except Captain Sealby and his first officer. At the risk of Captain Sealby, who feared the Republic was sinking, we took all of his crew aboard.

## Stood by His Ship.

"Never have I seen such an instance of bravery. Captain Sealby had all the sand of the Sahara Desert in his heart, and he stood by his ship to the last. Then we began to fear that the Republic, which was taking in water very fast, might pull us down.

"I wanted to take precautions and not risk the lives of my men and the men who had been taken aboard, even though they were in danger of drowning and would risk their lives. When I have men's lives in my hands I want to take care of them. When I have men's lives in my hands I want to take care of them. We took the big hawsers and bent them on to the Gresham's wire hawser. We secured out in good shape. We had 32 fathoms of wire and 10 fathoms of hawser. We continued to tow, but made poor progress. Along about 4:30 that wireless advised destroyer Species went to a rescue, which they offered to come if we needed them. We asked them to come. They appeared somewhat later.

"They took a line over our bow and that made a procession. We asked the captain of the Republic if he had not come aboard our ship. He said he had come by his ship until she sank, and until every inch of mast was covered by the sea. He requested us to have a crew ready to take him aboard if he could not swim. Never have I seen such a picture as that. Never have I seen such a picture in my life. Although it was misty and thick the flashlight of the vessels which had come to the rescue could be seen shining on the sinking ship.

## Cheered Brave Sealby.

"When the captain said he would stand by his ship every man of us stood up and cheered.

"The Republic was then sinking fast and the captain and first mate, covered in heavy blankets, climbed higher and higher in the rigging. The Republic was getting heavier. Our boat went into shallow water near the shoals. The wind was then blowing heavily from the southeast. The fog was thick but we could see the waves of a narrow sea and choppy. I knew that the Republic was settling by the stern."

"At 8 o'clock last Saturday night we received a wireless despatch from Wellfleet stating that the steamship Republic had struck two vessels southward of the Nantucket Lightship," Captain Perry said. "We were at Provincetown. The fog was thick and the waves were rolling high. But in fifteen minutes we were ready with steam up. Our engineers worked hard and violated every rule concerning sea traffic.

"We started our searchlight and it helped us wonderfully. We searched all that night. The waves kept rolling higher and the fog grew thicker and thicker. All that night we burned our Coston signals, but the fog was so thick

the boat was cast down on our lee by the men and they rowed like Trojans. The boat could be seen on the crest of a wave and then it sank out of sight deep down between the waves.

It was a hard fight, but the boat finally drew up to within a hundred yards of the ship. Then the searchlights on our ship

were thrown through the mist onto the sinking vessel. It was most dramatic.

## Captain on Top Mast.

"We could see the captain on the top mast. He was planning to desert the ship by the trucks. The sea rolled higher and higher and the vessel kept going down. The captain cried, 'Come up here to the rigging and the mate replied: 'The rigging be damned.'

"With that she sank, and it didn't take two minutes. The captain was holding to the trucks. We kept the lights on the wreck."

"Gunner Johansen and the men in the boat rowed to the wreck. The men and Gunner Carl Sosala and the mate on a hatch. Both were nearly dead. They didn't even have life-preservers on. They were taken into the boat and rowed to shore.

"In the meantime the Gresham had been headed toward the wreck. We came around prettily. Then on the deck of the Gresham we rescued the lifeboat with the two rescued men. In an instant a cheer went up from every man on the Gresham. We're cool. Captain Sealby and his mate almost gave them stimulants and coffee and put them to bed. Never did I expect that we could save them."

"Just as the Republic sank our carpenter chopped the hawser connecting us to the liner. The Republic settled like an old iron kettle. She was probably about 10 fathoms down. She went down with her flag flying. We sent a wireless saying: 'All hands safe on board the Gresham.' The message was received at Slosanet late night. Then we stood northward for Gay Head. It was thick all night, and we had a nasty sea. No one had had sleep for three days, but that made little difference to us.

## Transferred Crew.

"We made Gay Head light later than we expected. As we neared Gay Head we communicated with the Seneca, which had stayed with us. We transferred the rescued crew to the Seneca." Then we stood northward for Gay Head. It was thick all night, and we had a nasty sea. No one had had sleep for three days, but that made little difference to us.

The loss of the Republic, after the gallant efforts to save her, must come as bitter disappointment to the reading public the world over. For the wonder of the wireless telegraph's achievement is not merely the summoning of aid from all directions, but the instantaneous reporting of this life and death struggle of Nantucket. It has penetrated the mystery of both ocean and fog and made continents eye-witnesses of what, had there been a gale blowing, must have become one of the worst of the ocean's tragedies.

Surely, Mr. Marconi must have a very satisfied feeling in his heart as he reads of this achievement. It may, of course, be true that there would have been no additional loss of life had the Republic been without a wireless equipment. The Florida would probably have groped her way into port with her double load of passengers even with her bows smashed, as did the old Guion Liner Alaska after ramming an iceberg in midocean, in the early eighties. But had the Florida herself gone down at once, the only recourse for the Republic's passengers would have been the boats. Then the wireless would have proved of even greater value.

Surely the fortunate conditions of sea and wind off Nantucket on Saturday will not blind any one to the necessity hereafter of equipping every passenger-carrying steamer with the wireless system. It should be made compulsory, like the carrying of side lights and blowing of the whistle in fog, even though it is not yet clear that the collision could have been avoided and the Florida also carried a wireless outfit.

A crew of four men from our ship and a crew of the same number taken on board from the Republic, under orders from Gunner Carl Johansen, who deserves praise more than any one else for daring, jumped like a streak and manned the lifeboat. I never expected that the crew of men which set out to the rescue would come back. The sea was rapidly getting worse.

"The night was getting blacker. I again thought if the Republic had to go down I wanted to risk his life. I didn't want my men jeopardized. In the meantime, one of the Republic's

# SEES LITTLE HOPE OF SAVING SUNKEN LINER REPUBLIC

Head of the Merritt-Chapman Company Declares Difficulties Are Too Great to Be Overcome in the Open Sea—Loss \$2,500,000.

The sunken steamship Republic, with her cargo and baggage or passengers, which will aggregate a value of \$2,500,000, seems destined to join the great fleet which strews the bottom of the Atlantic. She is a total loss.

"An attempt to raise the Republic is an impractical project," said Mr. Merritt, head of the building firm of Merritt, Chapman & Company, to-day. "And it is unlikely that such attempt will be made."

The main obstacle in the way of raising the vessel is her location. Reports received by the various wrecking firms is that the Republic is resting on an even keel in thirty fathoms of water ten miles south of Nantucket Island. She is in the open sea.

"The depth of water could be easily overcome," said Mr. Merritt. "But as yet no man has discovered a method by which a sunken vessel can be raised at sea." If she were in a good location in a body of sheltered water, for instance—we could tackle the job with some assurance of success. We have raised a boat in eighty fathoms of water, but in this case everything is against us.

Not an Easy Task.

"If the saving boats was so easy," continued Mr. Merritt, "the sea, even the harbor, would not be lacking in opportunities. Right here in New York waters there are two sunken vessels but nobody is making an attempt to raise them. The Finance, of the Panama line, is lying directly in the main channel of Sandy Hook, but no attempt has been made to raise her. The English freighter Daghestan is not far away, but yet nobody is trying to lift her.

"As yet we haven't the exact location of the Republic, though I understand she is lying ten miles south of Nantucket. That part of the sea is unprotected from rough water, and we might work on her for a month and then have everything knocked to smithereens by a heavy sea."

Of the various methods adopted to save a sunken boat Mr. Merritt explained that compressed air had been used for fifty years.

"We are not conversant with the plans of Mr. Arnold in lifting the sunken Yankee," he said. "It is my opinion that even that would be impractical in a rough sea."

It appears that the diving work in connection with the salvage of vessels is the simplest part of the work. The

thirty fathoms—180 feet—which cover the Republic is not a serious impediment.

If the Republic were in a sheltered harbor the first work of the divers ordinarily would be to cover her with a canvas jacket from bow to stern, deck and all. That method is more commonly adopted in the case of smaller vessels. The Republic is 511 feet long and 15,375 tonnage.

## Would "House Her Up."

In that case, Mr. Merritt explains, the divers would probably be ordered to "house her up." A foundation of heavy timbers would be placed beneath her keel and upon this a watertight house would be built until it reached the surface of the water. A vessel when completely boxed up in that manner can be pumped out so as to give her considerable displacement. Even that would not cause her to rise to the surface. The lifting is the hardest part of the task. Huge pontoons are built so as to completely surround the location of the vessel.

From these steel cables are passed beneath the boat and fastened to the pontoons on the other side. The cables are then gradually tightened. The displacement of the boat is increased so that they cannot be forced beneath the surface of the water, and consequently the vessel has to rise. Once on the surface the divers would work in toward the nearest land and beach. There she is thoroughly pumped out, patched up and dry docked.

In doing this work the divers must be comparatively smooth at all times. A heavy sea would tear the timbers away. If the sea gets rough and the work would have to be done over again, the starting point.

From this it can be seen what a task would be involved in raising the Republic. She is in a sea that is not protected from storms and in addition to this there is a continual land roll.

## Derrick of No Use.

"Derrick did you suggest?" and Mr. Merritt responded.

"Derrick," he explained, "are very useful in raising small vessels, but they would be more feeble on a huge vessel like the Republic. As a derrick is of no use when it comes to raising a weight exceeding 300 tons. Of course, if enough derrick could be sent into the sea they might assist in raising her, but that would be impractical."

"As far as I can see at present the only way to save the Republic would be to house her up and then lift her by pontoons and cable. You can see the impossibility of that."

Mr. Merritt explained that it would be interesting from a scientific point of view to attempt the floating of the Republic, but the expense would be enormous and the outlook such a risk that, from a business point of view, it would be absolutely foolhardy.

# RIOT ON BOARD THE FLORIDA IS QUELLED BY CREW

Captain and Officers Are Forced to Draw Revolvers on Emigrants Who Fought to Escape After the Crash.

The steamship Baltic arrived this afternoon at her dock with the survivors, the wounded and part of the crew of her sister White Star liner, the Republic, that is now on the bottom of the sea off Martha's Vineyard. With the Baltic came stories of American and English heroism. A little disgruntled group criticised the crew of the Republic for not saving at least some of the baggage. Five men drew up resolutions to this effect when aboard the Baltic. This set of resolutions was quickly protested against by nearly the other 100 percent of the rescued, who gave thanks that their lives had been spared, and commanded the Republic's officers for their bravery and discipline.

James B. Connolly got into an altercation with Spencer, a boat steward of the Republic, while coming in on the Baltic, and the two were kept from blows by the intervention of others. Connolly was swamped with requests for an account of the accident and tried to send it by wireless. Some say the Baltic crew and Spencer were very discourteous to Mr. Connolly, who has probably missed his mission—that of reporting the race back home from Gibraltar of the American battle ship fleet. Connolly was sent to record this race by President Roosevelt.

## QUARTERMASTER'S HEAD BATTERED.

A quartermaster of the Florida, which rammed the Republic, was brought in on the Baltic with a battered head. It was said by the survivors that he got this from a belaying pin in the hands of the Florida's Captain, and that the Captain was enraged at the quartermaster for disobeying or misinterpreting orders, which resulted in the collision. The quartermaster denies this.

That a terrific panic ensued on the Florida among her steerage following the collision was made known with the arrival of the Baltic. The frightened Italians, thinking the Florida was sinking, drew knives and rushed for the boat davits. They were driven back by the captain, officers and crew at revolver points and quiet was restored.

One male passenger of the Republic, it was told to-day, gave the crew of the Republic much trouble by trying to get into the first boats that left the sinking ship for the Florida. The rule of the sea that the women and children should go first was preserved, but this man insisted that his wife and children had been sent away in the boats and that he felt it his duty to

follow them. It was afterward learned that he had no wife and children, at least on the ship. He was compelled to stand back and go on the boats when the men were sent away.

The rescued passengers and crew charged the responsibility of the collision to a quartermaster of the

Florida. He was brought in on the Baltic with a badly battered head.

This quartermaster was himself non-communicative until told of what he was charged with. According to the stories of the passengers and crew from both the Republic and the Florida that were brought in on the Baltic, the quartermaster either disobeyed or misunderstood an order from the captain of his ship that resulted in the collision. It was further stated that the battered head he nursed was received from a belaying pin in the hands of the Florida's captain during the latter's rage following the collision.

## SAYS HE IS NOT TO BLAME.

"I was on the watch from midnight to four o'clock," said the quartermaster, "and therefore was in my bunk when the crash took place. I could not be blamed for it."

Asked as to how he received his injuries, he answered that he didn't know.

The dead in the wreck now turns out to be eight. In addition to the killing of Mrs. Eugene Lynch and W. J. Mooney, cabin passengers on the Republic, who were caught and crushed in their staterooms by the ripping bow of the Florida, three stokers were also crushed to death in the hold of the liner. Besides these three sailors asleep in the forecastle of the Florida were caught like rats in a trap and ripped away with the iron plates of the Florida's bow.

The dead of the Republic have gone with the ship to a watery grave. The officers of the ship were too intent on saving the living to preserve the dead, and the bodies were wedged in the wreckage so that it would have taken hours to extricate them.

The Baltic brought to port just 130 passengers rescued from the Republic. She also took aboard at sea 244 of the sunken vessel's crew, 825 steerage passengers from the Florida, thirteen cabin passengers from that ship, and two of the Florida's crew, the quartermaster, accused of the responsibility for the collision, and a steward, both of whom were injured. Thus with 189 of her own passengers and a large list of steerage passengers the Baltic was rather well crowded.

## OFFICERS QUELL RIOT WITH REVOLVERS.

It was learned that a terrible panic ensued in the steerage of the Florida following the collision; that men drew knives in an effort to get to the boat rails, and that the riot was only halted when the captain and officers of the Florida drew revolvers on the crowd.

The Florida was towed into port by the John J. Timmons, and the tug Mutual is ast and acting as a rudder.

The grateful thanks of the rescued passengers was extended to six stewards of the Republic. They are Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Williston, Miss Worcester, Mrs. Murray, Miss Williamson and Mrs. Baller. It was Mrs. Watson that rescued and cared for Mrs. Mooney, whose husband was killed. Mrs. Mooney is in a serious state from shock and hardly has been able to comprehend that her husband is dead and his body now on the ocean bed.

Frank Spencer, the boat steward of the Republic, told of taking the passengers from the sinking ship. He said:—

"The transfer from the Republic to the Florida was accomplished without a hitch, you might say. The women were sent away first with the children. Then came the men."

From Spencer and others it was learned that several instances marred the bravery and unselfishness of the Republic's passengers. Two men from the first cabin tried to jump in a boat full of women, but were hauled back to the deck of the injured ship. One man ran about the deck excitedly, with a life preserver strapped about him, and begged to be allowed to join his wife and children in a boat. It was found that he was unaccompanied by either wife or children.

## WOMAN STAYS WITH HUSBAND.

Against these minor showings of cowardice or flight stands out strongly the conduct of Mrs. Epsy, wife of Major John Epsy. She refused to go in the first boats and announced that she would remain with her husband and dismember with him. Stewards finally forced her into a boat with other women.

This boat was three-quarters of an hour in getting to the Florida. It had to be put back time and again to escape being smashed against the side of the Florida, which was rolling helplessly in the trough of the sea.

After the passengers had been retransferred from the Florida to the Baltic five men of the rescued gathered together in the smoking room and drafted resolutions criticizing the officers and crew of the Republic for not saving at least some of the baggage. This brought forth a storm of disapproval and protest from the others and one man exclaimed:—

"You should be ashamed of yourselves; you should be glad you are alive."

During the discussions and protests Mr. Connolly and Spencer, the steward, almost came to blows.

That Binus, the wireless operator, worked under great difficulties in sending out his appeals for aid and in summoning such a large relief flotilla to the side of his ship is shown by the fact that his wireless operating room was badly wrecked. The side of it was ripped away by the prow of the Florida, and even the table and chair were smashed. However, the operating machines were spared, so that Binus could rig them up in working order.

Dr. J. J. Marsh, the surgeon of the Republic, said:—

"I heard the whistles and then the crash. I was toppled out of my bunk, which was on the other side of the ship from where the Florida struck. Following the crash there was a dull thud and then a ripping and tearing sound that lasted some time. The engines were stopped and all the lights went out. All was in darkness. Everything seemed unusually quiet. There was subsequently some excitement, but calm was quickly restored."

This is Dr. Marsh's second shipwreck experience. He was the surgeon of the Suez, which was wrecked on the rocks off Sicily several years ago. S. F. Fletcher, barber of the Republic, said:—

"All the lights were quickly extinguished and the people awakened to find themselves in utter darkness. The behavior of the passengers was remarkable. Captain Seely soon appeared and made a short speech to the crew calling on every man to do his duty regardless of his personal safety. Then he gave the general orders that coffee and rolls be served to the passengers.

The scene on the White Star pier was one that will ever be remembered by those that witnessed it.

The Italians taken from the emigrant ship Florida, which rammed the Republic, had been crowded onto the aft deck of the Baltic, and their cheers and cries were perhaps the shrillest of all that were heard in the din of cheers and wailings as the Baltic drew in.

Tales of heroism on the part of the officers and crew of the Republic and the brave work of the crew of the Florida came along with the cries and cheers as passengers from the wrecked ship fell into the arms of waiting loved ones on the dock.

## TALES OF RESCUE GONE OVER.

It was told over and over again how the passengers were first taken in small boats from the Republic to the Florida, and then from that ship to the Baltic in the dead of night and with an augered sea tossing these small craft about and threatening to swamp them.

Despite all of this hazardousness, not a life was lost in this work, although several were thrown into the sea, to be dragged back by the boat crews.

The accident was explained with the arrival of the Baltic. During the dense fog that prevailed off Nantucket on Saturday morning the Florida was going slowly and the captain of the emigrant ship gave an order to change course. This order was misinterpreted by the quartermaster on the bridge, it is alleged, and soon the Florida ripped into the Republic's side.

The Florida's captain was so shocked and enraged that he split the head of the quartermaster with a marlinspike as he stood on the bridge, it is said.

The Republic's dead went down with her. It was impossible to get the bodies extricated from the wreckage and furthermore the rescuers were more intent on saving the living than of preserving the bodies of the dead.

# MAGIC OF WIRELESS PROVED SALVATION OF STRICKEN LINER

Your men who stuck untiringly to their posts through the worst of the wreck of the White Star liner Republic figure prominently in the story of the disaster, and to their continuous efforts is due much of the praise for saving many lives of those who were aboard the Republic when she was rammed by the Florida.

The ominous danger signal, "C Q D," sent out from the Republic immediately after she had been struck amidships in a heavy fog, brought hurrying to her aid the wireless operator from the Steamerstation.

From his post high up in the Republic, a young man, J. C. Binus, who is only about six years old, sounded the first note of warning to the ship's all about, and his message was caught by the signal station at Siasconset.

Binus sounded the alarm again from the Republic and was caught by the Steamerstation. In an instant the wireless operator at the station had hurried to his post and sent out to sea to the big French liner Lorraine, which was en route to Europe.

With his partner, J. B. Bour, Monrovia, he sounded the alarm again and again from the Republic and was caught by the Steamerstation. Captain Tournier was handed the message that the steamer Republic had been rammed more than a hundred miles away.

Meanwhile on the steamer Baltic, wireless operator caught up the message and sent it to the ship, and all the big liners were on the alert as the ship's nose was headed as nearly straight as possible for the Republic.

Just before the steamer Baltic reached the stricken monster of the sea, was told when the Baltic and Lorraine reached this port that the crew and encouragement, the passengers said, had been received when the passengers from the coming ship.

Passengers who had been on the Republic, and were transferred and brought here, said they had ascertained that the Republic with its light except that shed from a few candles that they were at times as comfortable as Captain E. B. Binns, who could not be with them much, as his service were needed on the bridge.

## SENATE ON WRECK.

### Resolutions Passed Praising Work of Rescue.

ALBANY, Jan. 27.—The following resolution offered by Senator George M. S. Schulz of New York, was adopted unanimously to-day by the Senate:

Whereas, On the night of Jan. 23 to Jan. 24, 1909, a collision took place upon the high seas between the steamships Republic and Florida, whereby the lives of over 1,600 passengers were put in jeopardy; and

Whereas, Such passengers were rescued through the peerless heroism of the Marconi operator on board the steamship Republic, and of the officers and crews of the colliding steamships and of the steamer Baltic, the revenue cutter Graham and the derelict destroyer Seneca; and

Whereas, It is the desire of this body to publicly express its admiration for the heroic services rendered by all who took part in that accident.

Now, therefore, be it Resolved, That the Senate of the State of New York does hereby express its high appreciation of the magnificent services rendered on that occasion by the officers and men of the ships stateside, and that in testimony of such appreciation and for the purpose of making a permanent public record thereof, this resolution be spread upon the Journal of this House.

In supporting the resolution Senator Raines said:

"The gentleman who is first named in the resolution, the operator of the Marconi system, has been most highly complimented by the press. In response to the compliments extended to him he said: 'I simply did my duty.' I suppose every officer of that ship did his duty, but there are so many that fail to perform their duty, not only in emergencies of that kind, but in other emergencies that I think it may be well, Mr. President, to adopt the resolution offered by the Senator, as expressing our appreciation of the fact that there are men in public office, officials and employees of companies, instructed with the safety of the lives of men, women and children, who, in an emergency, are capable of overlooking the necessity of taking care of themselves, and performing the duties which they owe to those in their charge."

# "JACK" BINNS A SECOND BLUDSO

Congress Halts to Pay Tribute to the Brave Wireless Operator of the Steamship Republic Who Stuck to His Post Till the Last.

"And I'll hold her neeza aga" the bank illustration of the heroism that dwells in many who are doing the quiet, unnoticed tasks of life," began Mr. Boutell in his eulogy. "Is it not an inspiration for all of us to feel that there are heroes for every emergency and that in human life no danger is so great that some 'Jack' Binns is not ready to face it?"

When the speaker, after briefly referring to the disaster, said that throughout the name of James R. Binns, the wireless telegraph operator on board the White Star steamship Republic, who was an actor in the tragedy whose name should be immortalized, the House rang with

"Binns has given the world a splendid appla-

use. It was a remarkable scene, when the greatest body of legislators in the world paused in its activities to render homage to a humble telegraph operator, who, before to-day, was unknown to fame. When Mr. Boutell asked for permission to bring the matter before the House, unanimous consent was given him to speak, and every Congressman on the floor and auditor in the galleries vigorously applauded the address, which will cause the name of "Jack" Binns to flash around the world as one of the truly great heroes of the twentieth century.

One of the most graphic stories of the affair was told by General Brayton Ives, who was on board the Republic.

"I was asleep in my stateroom, which was just forward of the point where the two vessels came together," said General Ives. "There was no sense of motion after the collision, although there was a great deal of noise coming from the various parts of the ship. The passengers, both the men and women, acted splendidly, and it was due to the bravery displayed by everybody that there was little confusion."

"Immediately after the crash the lights on the ship went out and the darkness was complete. On my dresser was a candle in a holder which had been presented to me on Christmas by a woman relative. Never did I think that it would do me such excellent service as it did. I thought of this candle as soon as the ship became enveloped in darkness and, striking a match, lighted the wick. By this illumination I was able to find my way out into the corridor and to grope my way to the deck."

## PASSENGERS UNAWARE OF DANGER.

"As I reached the deck I noticed that the Republic was sinking astern. For the first hour after the collision the passengers did not seem to be aware of their danger, but the peril that we were facing afterward became apparent to us. It was when we donned the life preservers, preparatory to taking to the lifeboats, that most of the passengers seemed to realize fully just how serious our position was. The order was given at ten o'clock to transfer the passengers and we began leaving the sinking boat in a smooth sea at that hour."

"Excellent discipline was maintained while the transfer was being made. The crew acted splendidly, obeying their orders quickly and proving that they had been well trained for such emergencies. There wasn't the slightest bit of crowding and no one appeared to care whether the rescued passengers were first class or steerage. Class was entirely overlooked. The women were taken out first and the men passengers followed. If any man lacked courage he failed to show it while the rescue work was in progress."

"The conditions on the Florida after the transfer were very bad. The boat was overcrowded and the rescued passengers found it impossible to go below or inside the cabins. Practically everybody was compelled to remain on the decks until we were again transferred to the Baltic."

## 1,515 Survivors Greeted at Pier by Hysterical Friends

Welcome by a great crowd of hysterical women and anxious-faced men that completely covered the White Star line pier, 1,515 passengers from the ill-fated Republic and the disabled Italian liner Florida arrived in this city this afternoon aboard the Baltic. Vivid stories of the collision which sent the Republic to the bottom were brought in by the survivors, whose care-lined faces gave mute but eloquent testimony of the nerve racking ordeal of the double transfer at sea which they had been compelled to go through.

To the credit of the two thousand souls aboard the Republic and the Florida at the time of the collision, only a few of them, apparently, acted in a cowardly manner.

For the officers and crew of the Republic, as well as for the passengers of that vessel, only words of praise were heard. Those who were aboard the Florida, however, declared that some of the men in the steerage, maddened with fright by the shock of the collision, attempted to get to the lifeboats before the women and children had been transferred.

## SOME DREW KNIVES IN MAD RUSH.

It was stated that some of them even drew knives in their frantic efforts to fight their way past the officers and get into the lifeboats.

The officers of the Florida, however, kept their heads and by a liberal display of drawn revolvers soon quelled the incipient riot which at first threatened the steamer.

Only one man of those who arrived on the Baltic, however, came in for very bitter criticism. He is quartermaster of the Florida, and is charged by the members of the Republic's crew with being directly responsible for the crash which sent the ill-fated Republic to the ocean's bed.

## BLAME QUARTERMASTER.

The crew of the Republic assert that the quartermaster of the Florida was on the bridge at the time of the collision and that he failed to execute properly an order given him by the captain, his failure resulting in the Florida crashing head on into the Republic's side.

The quartermaster denied the charge made against him and asserted to the newspaper men this afternoon that he was not on the bridge at the time of the collision, but was in his berth asleep at the time.

When the Baltic, carrying the survivors of the wreck, arrived down the bay she was met by the General Putnam, which had started for Quarantine before daylight, carrying a body of officials of the line and a party of customs officials. Aboard the General Putnam were J. H. Thomas, general manager of the operating department of the White Star line; Messrs. P. V. G. Mitchell, W. W. Jeffries, and R. H. Farley, of the passenger department; Alexander McKeon and Matthew Conely, deputy surveyors; Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Peacock, of No. 306 West Eighty-fifth street, who met Mrs. Mooney, whose husband was killed; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Crookroft, who met Mr. Crookroft's father, a passenger on the Republic, Dr. P. J. Finnegan, whose sister-in-law, Mrs. Lynch, was killed, and Colonel James A. Grover, whose daughter was a passenger on the ill-fated vessel.

## HUSBAND KILLED, WIFE UNINJURED.

It developed upon the arrival of the Baltic that Mr. Mooney had met death by being crushed as the prow of the Florida crashed through the deck of the Republic. Mrs. Mooney was asleep in the same stateroom at the same time, but escaped injury by reason of the fact that she was sleeping in a bunk in the rear of the cabin. It was not until after her husband's bruised and battered body was taken from the debris that she knew he had been killed. The shock rendered her insensible, and she was only revived after she had been pulled from the wreckage by the purser, Mr. Barker.

## MANY THRILLING STORIES.

The survivors told many other stories of thrilling rescues as the Republic sank. One of those who was saved under remarkable conditions was Mrs. Albert L. Driggs, who was asleep at the time of the collision and who awoke to find herself facing the gravest danger. Mrs. Driggs' stateroom was completely demolished by the impact of the two vessels, and it was with the greatest difficulty that a steward of the name of Roberts pulled her from the wrecked timber. Several passengers told of the acts of valor performed by this steward, declaring that he had worked incessantly through the worst of the excitement without showing a single sign of fear.

# MISS DEATH BY NARROW MARGIN

Getting aboard the Baltic from the Florida, according to the rescued passengers of the Republic who arrived to-day, was a very different matter from the previous transfer from the wrecked Republic to the Italian immigrant ship.

The best of discipline prevailed on the Republic and the passengers were taken to the boats without any difficulty.

Women laughed and joked as they fastened life preservers about themselves and there was no sign of panic or agitation until the work was accomplished.

In the subsequent transfer from the Republic to the Baltic, however, the passengers say that it was necessary to beat back the immigrants, who crowded forward in their efforts to board the boats before the women and children were taken off. Even then many men were taken on, even though many men were taken on and sent aboard the Baltic before the women were rescued.

One American girl, tall and athletic in build, is said to have knocked down a man who tried to crowd her mother out of place. Her spirited act brought a cheer from her fellow passengers.

The fact that the sea was rough and that a heavy swell was running added to the difficulty of the work of rescue.

## NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.

Miss Clara Morse, who was a passenger on the Republic, together with her sister,

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, a writer, of Brooklyn, had a narrow escape from drowning and was only saved by the courage of two sailors, who jumped into the water after her.

Mrs. Morse fell overboard just as the submarine boat, which contained the ladder, was standing in the boat, which swerved away, and Miss Morse lost her hold.

Much praise was given by the passengers to the work of Fourth Officer Broekbank of the Baltic, who stood by from the moment they saw the passengers as they came in the boat.

Mr. Broekbank was completely unharmed, and the company was safe.

Another passenger, a man, succeeded to a find for immediate necessities of the rescued, which amounted to \$25 pounds.

This money will be used for medals to save distinguished themselves in the work of rescue, as the passengers' wants were supplied.

The committee in charge of this fund was composed of Robert H. Ingalls, Charles Wood and Arthur Rice, of Paris.

## CAPTAIN ADDRESSED CREW.

Captain Sealy, after the passengers had been removed, addressed the men of his crew, standing on the bridge, and said:-

"Men, I have no words to express my

thanks to you for standing by me so nobly.

There is no immediate danger. Any one

who wishes to leave the ship, however, is

at perfect liberty to do so."

The answer to this was three hours, and the men stayed on the Republic, which was taken in tow by the British and the Seneca in an effort to reach land.

## PASSENGERS WERE CALM.

Professor John M. Coulter, of the University of Chicago, who was on the Republic with his wife and two daughters, was met at the Baltic by Henry Pratt Judson, president of the University of Chicago, who took the Coulters to an up-town hotel. Professor Coulter said that there was no panic following the ramming of the Republic, and was surprised at the calm of the passengers he was in touch with. Mr. Snyder, of Middletown, N. Y., and a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Snyder, wife and other women saved a young passenger who fell into the water while being transferred from the Republic. The woman with the child was very nearly under the life boat when Miss Snyder seized her, and the other woman got hold of her hair. In this manner she was held until the boat crew lifted her into the life boat.

Samuel Cupples, seventy-two years old, of St. Louis, multi-millionaire, had his wife and grand children on board the A. J. Wagges, on the Republic. Despite his age, Mr. Cupples quickly jumped into his boat and clippers when the crash came and again collected his family on the deck above.

## NARPLY A RIOT.

Stories told by the Republic's passengers show that the transfer of passengers from the Florida to the Baltic in the dark hours of Saturday night came periodically near resulting in a riot of the half-drunken steerage passengers of the Florida, who believed that their vessel was in imminent danger. Only the efforts of the officers, aided by several of the Republic's passengers, quieted the frightened men who sought to be the first to board the Florida.

Dr. J. J. March, physician on board the Republic, gave the following graphic story of the accident on the big liner. "I was in my cabin and heard a sharp whistle blow that something was wrong and turned out. I had hardly got to my feet when the crash came. There were loud bangs and then the engines stopped. Half a minute later the electric lights went out and when I opened my stateroom door I found myself in darkness."

## TRUE AMERICAN PLUCK.

"The saloon rapidly filled with women and children, half dressed, but everybody did as they were told and there was no panic. Let me say now they were thoroughly true Anglo-American people and pluck. I went on deck and saw the Captain, the First Officer and the Second. Captain Sealy gave orders to get the lifeboats ready and in the meantime all the passengers came up on the upper deck. I heard that Captain Sealy said to them: 'I do not think the boat will sink. It will go to a certain point and hang there.' The women and children and the men gave the order for the boats and then with a few exceptions went to their staterooms to get their clothes. Mr. Lynch is off board the Baltic. He is a widower and the son of his wife, and said he did not care whether the ship sunk or not. His leg is broken. Mrs. M. M. and G. C. Ferko, N. J., suffered a severe injury to her arm and limb and there is a steward on board by the name of Woods, who sustained a fracture at the base of the skull. Mrs. G. C. Ferko, who was injured, had a miraculous escape. She was found under a pile of debris and for a time it was believed she was lost."

## SUMMONED BY WIRELESS.

Captain Roberts' one hope, he said, was that he could reach the Florida in time to help in the transfer of the passengers or, if that was accomplished, that he could assist in getting to a port. He was worried the night before the accident over of steam toward the scene of the collision, when an eleven o'clock he got another wireless. "Come with all speed," wrote the cable, "the engine appears to be all right." The message appeared. "All the passengers have been removed, but stand by for Florida."

The submarine boat kept up their communications during the night, the whistles continued all through the night, but they heard no answer until several hours after midnight. The Marconi instruments were keeping them informed of the movements of the Baltic, and they kept the nose of the New York turned toward the point from which the Baltic had gone.

According to officers of the Gresham, who made for Woods Hole, Mass., after the accident, Captain Sealy and the men of his crew had been unable to get in touch with the Gresham.

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According to officers of the Gresham, Captain Sealy and the men of his crew had been unable to get in touch with the Gresham.

## *Taking Passengers of Republic and Florida From Latter Ship to Baltic by Searchlight.*

The transfer of passengers rescued from the sinking Republic by the Florida to the Baltic, together with the passengers of the crippled Florida, was one of the most amazing features of the disaster. It was undertaken at night as a strong east wind gave promise of a heavy sea and the rescuers feared to wait for daylight.

The Baltic moved to the windward of the Florida and turned her searchlights on the water between into which her ten boats were lowered. Each boat could carry her own crew and twenty passengers. It was just 8 o'clock Saturday night when the work began and it was just 8 o'clock yesterday morning when the last boat load, the eighty-third, reached the Baltic. The women and children were transferred first. Not a life was lost. Two passengers fell overboard in getting into the small boat, but were fished out safe.

the spark gap, the other side of the spark gap being connected to earth.

These waves that are set up in the aerial wire which reaches from the spark gap through the cabin roof to the mast head, travel out in all directions with the speed of light, and wherever they fall upon an aerial wire connected

to a wireless receiver they produce sounds corresponding to the Morse characters in the telephones attached to the receiving instrument.



*Wireless on Both Boats  
Would Have Averted*

Had the Florida been equipped with the Marconi wireless system the collision with the Republic would have been avoided.

In foggy weather all liners equipped with Marconi apparatus, and in touch with one another constantly, keep each other advised of their position, speed, identity and condition of weather hundred miles. In addition ships are fitted with an auxiliary storage battery for just such an emergency as occurred on Saturday off Nantucket Shoals.

## Method of Communication

The Marconi instruments are placed in a cabin especially built for the purpose and usually located on the boat deck. This cabin is fitted with a comfortable berth, writing desk, locker and instru-

ment table, and here the operator lives and works.

Each marconi ship and shore station is supplied monthly with a communication chart.

This chart shows at a glance what  
ship or shore stations should be within  
range.

The cabin is fitted with direct telephone to the bridge, by means of which the captain or chief officer is kept in close touch with all that goes on. The marconi operators are classed as officers and are directly under the command of the captain.

The transmitter equipment of the R. public consisted of a ten-inch spark coil operated from ship's power, Morse key being placed in the circuit to make and break; thus forming the Morse code. For instance, the new f.

mous call of C. Q. D., if printed in Morse (as used to be the case with the older wireless receivers), would easily be understood by an operator.

But in the more modern apparatus where the receiving is done entirely by means of telephone receivers, the incoming pulses would come as a series of buzzing sounds corresponding in length to certain dots and dashes. When the operator presses the key the current from the ship's mains passes into the primary or heavy winding of the induction coil, and from these is transformed up

At this extremely high pressure the current leaps across an air gap, thus making a spark and setting up other currents in a wire attached to one side of

amount in salvage, which any vessel aiding the ship with her valuable cargo to reach port might claim.

Fate played an odd game with the destinies of some of the passengers aboard the Republic. In the placing of passengers aboard the vessel to one allotted the fatal stateroom which death was to visit in the space of twenty-four hours; another it removed to a safe berth.

but not necessarily fatal injuries.



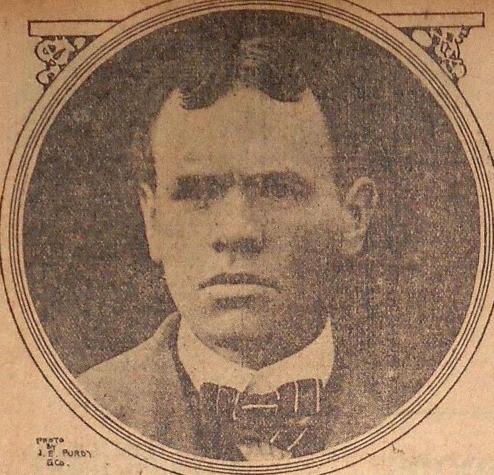


PHOTO  
J. B. CONNOLLY

## CONNOLLY TELLS SHIPWRECK STORY

By James B. Connolly.

Writer of Sea Tales Whom President Roosevelt Sent to Join Battle Ship Fleet.

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ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP BALTIc, VIA SANDY HOOK, N. J., MONDAY.—It was about twenty minutes to six o'clock Saturday, in a black fog, about one hundred and ninety miles out from New York and fifteen miles south of Nantucket that the Italian emigrant ship, the Florida, of Naples, inbound, and the Republic, outbound, came together.

The bow of the Florida struck the side of the Republic at the midship section and kept on grinding toward the stern. When she at last cleared five staterooms on the saloon deck of the Republic and two on the deck below were ripped out.

The rooms on the lower deck which were against the ship's side were torn out by the dukes of the Florida's anchor, which finally was wrenched off the bow and found later in one of the wrecked staterooms.

The rooms of the saloon deck were well inboard, protected by a ten foot width of deck, and yet the bow of the Florida cut clear through that deck and splintered everything—bunks, wash basins, trunks, mirrors—left everything in them a mess and the rooms gaping to the outer world.

Mrs. Lynch, in stateroom No. 34, and Mr. Mooney, in No. 28, were killed almost instantly, cut into pieces by the jagged bow. Mr. Lynch, husband of the dead woman, had his leg broken, while in another of the rooms Mrs. Murphy, wife of a South Dakota banker, was badly smashed up, but will live. Neither Mrs. Mooney, in a bunk beneath her husband, nor Mr. Murphy, in a bunk above his wife, was injured.

The plates of the Republic were started below the waterline and so the engine room filled almost immediately. In six minutes, or so, the electric lights went out, which made matters bad for awhile, threatening to bring on a panic with men and women, lightly clad, flying around dark passageways. The ship brought no emergency lanterns into service and only for frequent match sputterings by passengers and a few candle ends produced by the stewards, nobody could see anything until daylight came.

The Florida, which had her bow mashed in flat to the forward bulwicks, looked worse than the Republic. Three Indian sailors sleeping in the forecastle, were plastered like so much clay against the steel wall, and two more were injured.

After two hours boats were cleared away and otherwise it would have been a terrible calamity.

### HERALD-TELEGRAM TUG MEETS THE BALTIc

OFFICIAL TO THE EVENING TELEGRAM.  
SANDY HOOK, N. J., Monday.—The Baltic with 1,000 survivors of the Republic's disaster came up to the Sandy Hook lightship at 10 o'clock after one o'clock this morning. The pilot boat New Jersey and the Herald-Telegram boat

boat, the Ocean lug Eugene F. Moran, were waiting the Baltic when she came into sight. As the big steamship, shrouded with light, loomed up out of the fog it was seen that most of the passengers, including Captains Perry and Sealy, were still clinging to the Baltic's sides and Mr. Connolly threw to the deck his written account of the disaster to receive Dennis J. Riordan, a pilot, the passengers crowded to the rail. Among the survivors, Captain Riordan, Captain John Conroy, and James B. Connolly. The Herald-Telegram envelope was weighted with a block of wireless telegraph claimant Mr. Conroy.

Connolly's account of the accident was as follows: "He has followed me since the Republic had seen. As the Herald-Telegram boat came alongside the Baltic Mr. Conroy regulations to talk from this ship, is as

## WRECKED CREW HERE TO-NIGHT

WOODS HOLL, Mass., Monday.—The revenue cutter Gresham, Captain Perry, which had been in constant attention on the steamship Republic which sank last night in Nantucket Sound, arrived in this harbor at eleven o'clock to-day. The crew of the Gresham, though tired out, told of the thrilling experiences in succoring the passengers and crew of the ill-fated steamship.

The hours after the crash of the Florida had been of intense anxiety to all of the people who had hurried out there, but the last few seconds were the climax, for, within two minutes after the first real suspicion that the government cutters were not going to be able to save the ship, the magnificent hull and cargo sank into the sea at a depth which precludes the possibility of ever saving her or the cargo, which, included with the ship, will cause a loss of more than \$1,750,000.

The final plunge of this floating palace nearly carried to their death the faithful commander, Captain Sealy, who had absolutely refused to part from the vessel so long as there remained the least possible chance of saving her, and the first and second officers, who were the only ones of the entire crew who had cared to remain on board while the effort was being made to tow the Republic in.

Captain Sealy, true to his charge, went down with his ship so far that only by the extreme exertions of the Gresham's crew was he finally saved from a piece of flatsom that had washed off the deck. The first officer was also picked out of the water and the second officer, in jumping from the rail to the water, was seriously injured, but he, too, was safely caught up just before the awful suction caused by the sinking ship could pull him to his death.

### Loyal to Captain.

Probably never before has any more loyalty been shown a captain in trouble than that accorded by his first and second officers in this disaster, and the almost broken hearted Captain Sealy was scarcely more affected when his ship finally plunged than when he grasped the hands of his men in congratulating them on their rescue.

That part of the scene, as witnessed by the Gresham's sailors, was more touching than any they had seen throughout the ordeal. The Gresham's officers say that the final loss of the ship was a great surprise to all concerned, as, when they began towing her yesterday, Captain Perry, who has had large experience in towing disabled ships, said the trip would probably end successfully. But the end came suddenly and cut out all calculations. At no time during the disaster was there any sign of a panic or fear among the passengers. Captain Perry, of the Gresham, learned of one woman sitting calmly in her stateroom playing a game of cards and awaiting her turn to be transferred.

Another instance was of a man who calmly asked the sailors who were lifting a woman into the boat to handle her gently, as she was suffering with both legs broken and that she was his wife.

While it was generally believed that the Republic would be safely towed in by the Gresham, both Captain Sealy, of the Republic, and Captain Perry, of the Gresham, decided not to take any undue chances for life and other property. So, when the hawser was run on board at seven o'clock last night, all but the two officers of the crew were

sent aboard the cutters. It was agreed that a blue light displayed from the Republic would indicate great danger, and that those on board the Gresham should immediately cut the big towing hawser and hasten to the rescue of those on board the steamship.

At about seven o'clock, in the pitchy darkness, made even more dense by the heavy bank of fog, the doomed ship started for New York.

### Signal Is Displayed.

It had been decided to steer to the south of Block Island to avoid the narrow sound channels and then proceed up along the Long Island shore so that, if necessary, the ship could be beached, but when off No Man's Land, a little island south of Martha's Vineyard, Captain Perry and the Gresham's crew, who were steadily watching the Republic's movements, were horrified when they saw the ominous signal—the blue light—flare from the steamship's mast.

Not an instant was lost, nor was there a hesitating movement, and the faithful blue light had barely a chance to flicker before an axe in the hands of a brawny sailor had descended, cutting the cable. In another instant the long boat which had been lashed along side in case of emergency was cut loose and four men of the Gresham's crew and four of the Republic's had jumped aboard and were speeding astern to succor Captain Sealy and his two officers.

That they were not a moment too soon was illustrated later when the bruised and beaten bodies were taken on board just before the awful moment when the great suction caused by the sinking steamship would have pulled all beneath the waves.

Those on board the Gresham say they do not think either of the men was seriously hurt. After the Republic sank, the hawsers were coiled in and the little procession filed up for an anchorage off Gay Head, where, from sheer exhaustion, all were willing to remain for the night. This morning the sailors on the Gresham were transferred to the Seneca to proceed to New York, and the Gresham came here, where she is now tied up at the dock.

### THE BENEFICENT WIRELESS.

The rescue of the passengers and crew of the Republic, rammed by the Florida on Saturday, is the marvelous result of one of the greatest inventions of the twentieth century—the wireless telegraph. To the initiated this is one of the greatest mysteries; the power of communication across miles of space with no visible means of carrying a communicating force; and, truly, it all but puts to flight the wonders of the genii of Arabian story tellers and their feats of magic. The author of Aladdin might have startled his hearers with a tale of the telephone in Aladdin's enchanted palace; but even that mystery is simple to those who do not understand it, compared with the Marconi's invention which may be said to have robbed the sea of its final terror by putting those who sail upon its bosom within reach of swift and sure succor when needed, at all times and places.

# CAPTAIN'S STORY OF SINKING SHIP

## SEALBY STUCK TO LINER IN HER DEATH THROES

In the pilot house of the revenue cutter Manhattan, as he was coming ashore to-day, Captain Sealby, of the Republic, gave what he said was his first account of the happenings immediately following the collision between his ship and the Florida. He said:

"There was a rumble and a crash. Of course everything was in more or less confusion. It is pretty hard to keep your wits about you under such circumstances. I am sure that all of the officers, all of the men and all of the women, as well, behaved nobly."

"Everything was done to quiet the fears of the more timidous. We did everything we could to keep up the spirits of everyone. What happened directly after the collision, the setting of the boat, the brave action of the men who helped the women get away, the fine spirit exhibited by all concerned, you already know.

"We Arranged to

Stick to the Ship."

"I don't want to say anything about the collision itself or the happenings after except in a general way. Others have told those things. But I can tell just what happened on board the Republic as she went down.

"Mr. Williams and I had arranged to stick to the ship until she should sink or be beached. The derelict destroyer Seneca, the revenue cutter Gresham, the steamship *Fremont* and the tug Scully were towing by the side of the Gresham towing. All four vessels had their searchlights trained on the Republic. It was very dark and somewhat foggy. Mr. Williams and I were in the pilot house. We were quite comfortable with our overcoats and blankets and really did not think the Republic was going down so fast. We were not uncomfortable, but were somewhat stupid from loss of sleep. There was some wind and quite a little sea.

"Sealby sat at a table a terrible rumble and crack out and below. The storm began to go down rapidly. Then, I think, I turned to Mr. Williams and asked him what we thought about it.

"Well, Captain," he replied, "I don't think it will be a long run. Let's make a sprint for it."

"All right," said I. "When you are ready let her go."

"Let me burn a blue light," said Williams. "This I did, and placed a photo frame with a burning revolver to attract attention of those on the neighboring vessels in case they should not see the blue light."

"Then Mr. Williams and I ran from the bridge to the saloon deck, making for the forecastle. We carried our blue lights and a lantern. I suggested making for the foredeck.

"Climbed Up With

Water at Our Heels."

"When we got to the saloon deck forward the water was just creeping up on the deck aft and the stern was sinking rapidly. The incline of the deck was so steep that it was like climbing a steep hill to make our way forward, and we had all we could do to keep from slipping back. The water climbed up right after us at our heels. I heard Mr. Williams catch at the port rail and hang on, half over the side. I took to the rigging and climbed up as far as the main deck, and then down again. The ship was standing with her nose out of the water and the forecastle was at such an angle that if I had dropped I would have handled about handily."

"I rested at the masthead light a moment while I took another blue light from the lantern and tried to light it. The light was wet. This was the last shot from my revolver just as the water swelled up and caught me under the chin."

"A few minutes later a boat from the Gresham picked me up. I found they had already rescued Mr. Williams, who shook hands quite gayly with me as I was dragged aboard."

## Captain Sealby and Officers of Wrecked Liner Republic

J. MARROW, 4th Officer.

R. WILLIAMS, 2d Officer. J. H. STANYE, Steward.



J. FELLOWS, 1st Officer.

J. CROSSLAND, Chief Officer.

CAPTAIN SEALBY.

Photographed especially for the Evening Journal upon their arrival here upon the Revenue Cutter Manhattan.

## "I'm No Hero," Says Modest "Jack" Binns

"Jack" Binns, the heroic wireless operator of the lost liner Republic, whose grit saved hundreds after the crash with the Florida, made the following modest statement as he came ashore to-day:

"It's a treat to me, y'know, to get a good smoke. While I was going through that inferno on the Republic I did not have a single cigarette.

"A heavy fog hung everywhere as we were passing Nantucket, and I was wearied by my long vigil. For al-



"JACK" BINNS.

most twenty hours I had had no sleep, and I had just turned in for a little nap when the crash came. The sound awakened me.

"I dressed in a hurry and when I realized the seriousness of the accident, I sent out and appeal for help. I don't know how long I remained on duty, but it seemed an age. I am ready now for a good, long sleep.

"I don't see why they call me a hero. What I did was only in the way of duty, and any other man in my place would have done the same thing."

## 16 STOKERS REAL HEROES OF DISASTER

By JOHN A. MOROSO.

Enveloped in the dirty yellow folds of the velvet of the fog, aboard a rapidly striking ship, passengers and crew of the White Star liner Republic found their only hope spoken in the crackling of the spark on the Marconi wireless apparatus as the call "C. Q. D." was sent out in every direction along the ether waves asking for help.

The stokers—Englishmen—had been drilled often to jump from the deck into the water of the ocean, through the great steel doors of the air-tight compartments and close them and bar them at the sound of a alarm. They had no time to waste in the fatal sickness, only the heavy gush, gush, gush of the sea pouring in overhead.

As modic as a boy ever told of his fears, in his efforts as shame-facedly as a boy admitting some trivial offense, George Chadwick, the head of the stoker band, told me on the Baltic just what he had done.

"When we saw the sea coming in, he said, we just jumped into the compartment door. We went them fast and tight. Each of us had his post for drill and each man jumped to it. In some way we beat off drift, because

"that's why we had those blistered doors screwed fast in eleven seconds."

Now that's the record time in drills, our captain said, and he added, "I'm sure the collision to be sure that we don't get the time wrong."

Chadwick didn't seem to think that he and his fellows had done anything heroic.

"I asked him if the quick work

in closing the compartments did not mean

that the Republic was kept adrift until

she was gone, and he said,

"Oh yes sir," he said, "Y know

she couldn't have floated for any

time if we hadn't shut them doors."

Heroes Lost in the Shuffle.

When the stokers came up to the chill

of the deck, stripped naked and still

shaken with sweat, they found coats

torn by the collars and mingled with

the rest of the crew, and with the frightened

and terrified passengers. They were heroes lost in the shuffle and stood around awaiting orders, ready to go down with the ship at the command of the captain, ready with the surroundings apart and build a giant raft, ready to infinite in that rough way to be washed ashore, pitt dead in baskets and slip them overboard.

Their simple fidelity to duty, their lack

of the fear of the death of rats cornered them in their cabins, holding their power of muscle in yielding the iron doors at the compartment doors, their celerity in reaching their posts—these things saved many lives. Human beings from dropping to the bottom of the sea in forty-five fathoms of water.

And there eleven seconds of heroes here shivered men, women and children, in the pitch black of night at sea. In a

row. Every light was out, and there was in the place of the stars a dark fog curled down a mighty rear in the hearts of every one.

George Raymond Lee, well on years and prominent in the financials of New York and America, laughed a laugh of nervous pleasure as he told me about the resounding candle a friend had given him as Christmas gift. The General had kept it for the dons. All this was wanting a flicker of light to break through the grueling gloom of his stateroom. He had a fourth candle, however, and found a match and softly shone the yellow light from the wick of the taper.

Used Christmas Candle.

"I was never so pleased at a Christmas gift in my life," he said. "With the little light I made my way about and with the others soon reached the top deck, where we were to await whatever fate was in store for us."

Riot on the Florida.

The thousand people aboard the Republic were loaded into small boats and sent clambering up the sides of the Florida. Aboard the latter ship were 826 Italian emigrants. They, with the few cabin passengers and the crew, did not look with any great degree of hospitality on this invading host. But the officers of

the Florida drew their revolvers when the emigrants became ugly, and finally the people of the first-class cabins of the Republic, and the fashion of New York, were stroking aboard, rubbing elbows with the poor, and the ignorant newcomers to America.

Known as a third-class ship, the *Flemish*, the *Baltic* was too comfortable a place for the refugees from the sinking Republic, the people who had started out to Europe for part of the year in the Mediterranean.

"Although the smell was awful," said one handsome woman to me in the saloon of the *Baltic*. "There were more men than women, and they had to be in the steerage class at the time. Some of them frightened us, for they got

angry and showed their knives, but any one who was on the Baltic was a first-class ship on its way to the horizon."

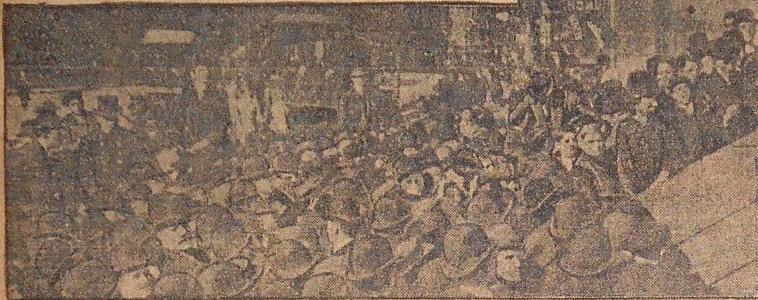
Then, finally, came the *Baltic*, and once more the trimmers of wealth and high society were shipped to the steerage for no mode of pleasure. Aboard the *Baltic* they found state-rooms and dinnertime and entertainment. The emigrants followed the steerage past the *Baltic* in their resounding craft. While they had made room for the first-class passengers, when they took refuge on the *Baltic*, they when they were encircled, found on the resounding ship was that strong line of social demarcation which kept them of themselves and their wives comfortable in their day beds in their ring and comfortable quarters.

So the *Baltic*, nicely equipped, cashed in on the rich, and easily throve, and with some people hungry and other people glutted with food and things to drink, steamed for New York.

Meanwhile, the *Baltic*, disgusted, lit her nose high in the air and slid to the bottom, so far down under the sea that never a gewgaw or a bit of misery of the rich could be given her from it.

And aboard the *Baltic* loaded the sixteen stokers, taking it easy and enjoying the holiday as the men in the public places. Life was all fun and sparkle for them then. To-day they are looking for jobs.

# SEALBY HAILED AS SEA HERO



Photographed to-day especially for the Evening Journal.  
Arrow points to the captain of the Republic, hero of the day in New York, who, with Wireless Operator "Jack" Binns, was wildly acclaimed at the pier and in the streets.

Captain William I. Sealby, of the liner Republic, wrecked at sea by the Florida, hero of the day in New York, who, with Wireless Operator "Jack" Binns, was wildly acclaimed at the pier and in the streets.

More than two thousand persons were crowded on the dock and as the gallant captain appeared he was first kissed by women admirers and then picked up by the men and carried on their shoulders out into West street.

"You're all right!" yelled a dozen men.

"Who's all right?" chorused another crowd.

"SEALBY!" was the deafening response, roared from masculine throats and shrilled by feminine voices.

Binns also was lauded as a hero and was kissed by the women, while the men grasped the hand that had sent the wireless flashes which saved the hundreds of souls on the Republic.

The wild and joyous demonstration lasted for half an hour, when Captain Sealby and Binns escaped from the crowd, went on board the Baltic, bathed, donned new clothes and proceeded to the White Star offices at No. 9 Broadway, whether they had been summoned to testify at an investigation into the collision.

Here they were met by hundreds of persons in the financial district, and again the captain and the wireless operator were cheered. Captain Sealby was practically carried into the offices by the great crowd and there compelled to mount a chair and make a little speech.

After this he and Binns appeared before the officers of the White Star line and told secrets of the collision which they have kept to themselves ever since the Republic sank off No Man's Land. At the conclusion of the investigation it was stated that a public report would be given out to-morrow.

## Suit for Millions Over Republic Wreck.

Following the investigation by the officials of the White Star Line, it was stated that the White Star Company is considering a suit against the Lloyd's of London Line that will involve millions.

Statements made at the investigation by Captain Sealby and Wireless Operator Binns are said to have indicated that the responsibility for the collision did not rest with the crew of the Republic.

## Enthusiastic Broadway Crowd Carrying Captain Sealby Into White Star Offices



Photographed to-day especially for the Evening Journal.  
Arrow points to the captain of the Republic, hero of the day in New York, who, with Wireless Operator "Jack" Binns, was wildly acclaimed at the pier and in the streets.

"Yes, and the Rev. Mr. Snively saw it too," added Mr. Phelps.

There was a meeting at the Waldorf of the committee of five passengers from the Republic composed of W. P. Devereux of Minneapolis; A. L. Clark of Winona, Minn.; L. G. Phelps, of Wyoming; William Snider, of Waterbury, N. Y., and J. J. Gilligan, of St. Paul, Minn.

They discussed ways and means of recovering for the baggage lost on the Republic, which was valued at 14 first class and 824 third class. My crew numbered 99 men. The Florida, built in 1905, at Riva Trigosa, near Genoa, is of 5,600 tons, 150 feet long, 2000 horsepower and a speed of 16 knots.

### Passengers Deny Charge Against Connolly.

Practically all of the passengers who attended the meeting at the Waldorf decided that there was any truth in the accusations made against Connolly. William P. Devereux, a grain dealer, of Minneapolis, characterized the charge as "untrue below the belt."

"From the time the work of transferring the passengers to the Baltic was begun," said Mr. Devereux, "until the last woman had left the ship, I stood at the place where the work was being done. During all that time I did not once see Mr. Connolly. If he had done the things which he is said to have done, I would have seen him."

F. J. Gilligan, of St. Paul, Minn., who was Connolly's roommate, also defended the writer.

Connolly's criticism of the behavior of the Republic's stewards after the collision, according to Mr. Gilligan, was responsible for all of the trouble.

"It was not until after he got into a fight with one of the Baltic's stewards," said Mr. Gilligan, "that I heard anything of his alleged cowardly conduct. I was with him from the time of the accident until the passengers were transferred and I did not see him do any of the things it is charged he did."

"The whole story is a downright falsehood. It is a contemptible attempt on the part of the Republic's crew to get even for the attack Mr. Connolly made on them. I did not know Mr. Connolly before I met him on the liner, and I think that the whole truth should be known."

### Government Also Begins an Inquiry.

Inquiry is also being made by the Government into charges that the life saving apparatus on the Republic was inadequate, and that while the liner had a certificate to carry 2,411 persons, its life saving equipment could have cared for only 1,372 persons—about one-half of the boat's carrying capacity.

In the charges laid before the Government it is set forth that, while every one on board the Republic was properly cared for while the boat was sinking, the successful rescues were due

order that my location might be determined. Lifeboats were manned and awaited the signal to be lowered from the deck.

"Within thirty minutes from the crash, a lifeboat came to the rescue where the Republic boarded us, stated that his ship was sinking, and asked immediate assistance. He said that there was no immediate danger of the Republic going down, but that Captain Sealby asked him, 'I take all the passengers aboard, and you are safe.' The officer said that my vessel was at the disposal of the captain of the Republic."

### Sent Out

Four Lifeboats.

"I then sent my first officer, in command of four of my lifeboats, to the rescue of the passengers of the Republic. The four lifeboats of women began arriving at about 7 o'clock. There was some difficulty in taking the passengers aboard, as the sea was not heavy, there was no great danger. Our two passenger ladders were lowered at both port and starboard sides of the ship, and in this way the work of taking the distressed people aboard was facilitated.

"This work continued until 10 o'clock. The four lifeboats of the passengers of the Republic were safe and sound on the Florida.

The greatest difficulty we experienced was the transfer of Mr. Eugene Lynch. He was badly hurt, and it was necessary to tie him in a bag and then have him lifted by the davits. It was at this time I arrived in the infirmary, where our doctor rendered every medical assistance possible.

"The fog impeded the transfer of passengers to a great degree. Every accommodation available was gladly given to the sufferers. Naturally, as our steerage-class quarters are limited and our steerage was full, we had to send for many of the unprivileged people to remain on deck. Blankets were supplied to them, and we did all that was possible."

"I resent any allegation that members of our crew abandoned any member in any way with the women passengers of the Republic. My officers and quartermasters were everywhere about and did not sleep while the passengers of the Republic were safe."

"It was a great relief to me when the Republic's passengers were transferred to the Baltic early Sunday morning. I felt that my ship was safe, but it involved tremendous responsibility."

"I do not believe that the wireless could have prevented the collision and probably the ship would not have been sunk immediately."

"She'll make my full report to the Italian Consul for this afternoon. The Republic's passengers were transferred to the Baltic early Sunday morning. I felt that my ship was safe, but it involved tremendous responsibility."

"I do not believe that the collision was not the fault of my ship. It was most regrettable, but in my opinion, was due to the unavoidable accidents of the sea, for which the fog alone must be blamed."

## TO RAISE REPUBLIC IS IMPRACTICABLE, DECLARES MR. MERRITT

The sunken steamship Republic, with her cargo and baggage of passengers, which will aggregate a value of \$2,500,000, seems destined to join the great fleet which strews the bottom of the Atlantic. She is a total loss.

"An attempt to raise the Republic is an impracticable project," said Mr. Merritt, head of the wrecking firm of Merritt, Chapman & Co., "and it is unlikely that such an attempt will succeed."

The main obstacle in the way of raising the vessel is her location. Reports received by the various wrecking firms is that the Republic is resting on a rock in six fathoms of water, ten miles south of Nantucket Island, in the open sea.

"The depth of water could be easily overcome," said Mr. Merritt. "But as yet no man has discovered a method by which a sunken vessel can be raised at sea. If she were in a good location, in a body of water, and her hold were accessible, we could tackle the job with some assurance of success. We have raised a boat in eight fathoms of water, but in this case everything is against us."

"The working of pumps was so easy," continued Mr. Merritt, "the sea, even the harbors, would not be lacking in opportunity. Right here in New York, we are working on the hulls of ships, but we are making an attempt to raise them. The Finance, of the Panama Line, is lying directly in the main channel of Sandy Hook, but she is not yet ready to take her load. The English freighter Daystar is not far away, but yet nobody is trying to lift her."

"We haven't the exact location of the Republic, though I understand she is lying ten miles south of Nantucket. That part of the sea is unprotected from rough water, and we might work on her for months without being able to get everything blocked to smother her in a heavy sea."

# Brave Crew of the Republic Lined Up on the Deck of the Seneca



## FLASHES TO SIASCONSET

### DISASTER'S STORY AS HEARD BY WIRELESS MAN ASHORE.

Short Bulletins that Came to Him from Vessels Which Sped Toward the Rammed Republic After Saturday's "C. Q. D." Call—A Code in Which the Ship Is Known as "He."

Of the many versions of the crash between the Republic and the Florida, one story that remained to be told to-day was that of the operator at the Siasconset wireless station, on the outermost tip of a sandspit, sticking out into the waters from the Nantucket beach. The narrative was taken from the official log of the operator. He turns in a log weekly to the head offices of the wireless company in this city.

It was at 6:40 o'clock on Saturday morning when the cry for help flashed out of the fog. Before that, during the hours that came after midnight, few trivial jottings marked communication established with one ship or another, steaming aimlessly through the muck that covered all the coast. It is easy to imagine how the operator straightened up in his seat when his receiver began to buzz faintly, ever so faintly, because in the stricken Republic, miles away out to sea, the water was creeping into the engine room and flooding the dynamos and drawing out the current.

"SC, SC" (Siasconset, Siasconset). This is MKC (White Star Republic). CQD."

Stuttering, pausing, as if for breath, the message continued:

"We have been run down and we are sinking rapidly. Send assistance rapidly. Our position is 175 miles northeast of Ambrose Light Vessel. Latitude 40.17, longitude 70."

#### A WOMAN AT THE KEY.

"I immediately got busy," said the Siasconset operator, in his report, "and asked Woods Hole to inform the revenue cutter, lying in harbor, which she did."

The operator at Woods Hole is a woman, Miss Wright, and she proved herself level-headed in that time when quickness of decision was absolutely necessary. "Then I called CQD, and, getting LL (La Lorraine), informed him of the distance. Then I got MBC (White Star Baltic), and he was doing the same. At this time I began to get very strong signals, from some unknown foreign ship, signed F. Gave him news. He is full-speed to the rescue."

There was a break in communication after this, until 8:04 o'clock. Then:

"Received captain's message from KC, saying he was rammed by unknown ship and is sinking. Twenty-five south of Nantucket, and is no danger."

There is something peculiarly typical of the reckless courage of the Republic's commander in that message. He was sinking, but he would not admit he was in danger.

Messages came thick and fast in the next two hours.

8:20—"Cannot hear KC; probably out of business," wrote the Siasconset man.

8:35—"Two messages from KC."

8:42—"Hear KC calling to BC."

8:45—"Had KC; told KC that BC and LL are rushing to his assistance."

#### A WORD FROM THE FRENCHMAN.

The next message was from the Frenchman. At 9:12 La Lorraine flashed through the miles of fog:

"We are coming; our bollards are nearly bursting."

9:15—"KC says his passengers are OK on steamship Florida."

9:35—"Hear revenue cutters and navy stations working."

9:42—"LL calling KC."

9:47—"LL gets KC and asks what depth of water they are in and what kind of ground over, to direct his steering."

Evidently, at this stage of the game, the Frenchman was feeling nervous as to his bearings. He wanted to know what depth he might expect under his keel.

"Thick fog with LL," the Siasconset operator went on. "KC said to him, 'Tell your captain to look for our rockets.'"

9:58—"BC calling KC."

10:12—"I started KC traffic to BC."

This meant that communication between Siasconset and the two White Star ships, the lamed and the rescuer, was fully established.

10:25—"Cleared BC. Sept six; received none."

The man at Siasconset meant by this that he had finished communication with the Baltic; he had sent her six messages and had received none from her.

10:26—"BC and KC exchange MSGs (captains' messages)."

10:49—"BC sending messages."

10:51—"Sent six and received ten."

The Baltic had become loquacious by this time. The next few entries in the log have to do with the sending and receiving of messages. At 11:19 the Siasconset operator wrote:

"Sent KC six to BC."

Translated into plain English, this means that he had transmitted the Republic's messages and pleas for help to the Baltic, too, coming up to her aid. He added:

"BC gives by now. PC and RCG talking."

#### "BY NOW"—KEEP QUIET.

"By now" is a slang term of the wireless service. It means "keep quiet." The Baltic was flashing it so that she could have quiet, to enable her to make out the faint sputters from the key that "Jack" Binns was manipulating in the operating-room of the rammed ship. PC was the Portsmouth navy yard and RCG was the revenue cutter Gresham, likewise steaming to the scene of the mishap.

For the next few minutes there was merely an interchange of messages between Siasconset and the various ships that were steaming across the great circle of fog-hung sea, toward its centre, the Republic. At noon, the operator jotted down, quenched:

"LA (Lucania) starts captain's message, but BC stands us off."

The Lucania had received word of the accident, and was rushing northward toward the converging circle of rescuing ships. "Stands us off" may be construed as meaning that the wireless of the Baltic was interrupting conversation.

12:30—"Cleared LA. BC repeats (relays) that KC will take only MSGs."

1:59—"Cleared LL."

2:05—"RCC kicking up about not getting information sooner."

This, it may be remarked, was a slur on the wireless operator at the Portsmouth yard, which doubtless caused the lonely man in the hut on the Nantucket sand-dunes to chuckle as he wrote.

2:30—"Cleared BC."

#### LONG MESSAGE FROM BALTIc.

3:05—"BC sends to LA—Republic expected to sink; has been in collision. Passengers are on board Florida. Am searching for both ships. Position 40.15, Longitude 70. Assistance required to take passengers off disabled Florida."

3:30—"BC and KC busy. Am piled up here for KC. Biz here, also, for LA, LL."

It was about this time that the messages began to pour in for the shipwrecked passengers of the Republic. The operator was getting worried as to his ability to handle the pile, under the circumstances.

4:00—"BC asks LL to stand by. LL traffic here yet?"

This last meant that the operator had not been able to get off his messages for La Lorraine.

4:35—"BC and KC trying to locate each other. KC hears BC's bombs to westward. Am standing by (keeping quiet) here, to give BC a chance to find KC. Gresham, Mohawk, and Acushnet, all jamming."

"Jamming" is another word of wireless opprobrium. The Siasconset man inferred by it that the revenue cutters were inter-

ferring with his signals. If there is anything that makes an operator "hopping mad," it is to have some one else flashing out a current so powerfully that it interrupts the direct transmission of his message.

#### THE CUTTER REPROVED.

"BC is striving to read KC," continued the log. "Gresham calls me and asks if Republic has apparatus, and what is his call. I told him: 'Stand off. You will only increase jam if you start calling him. BC, LL, and LA are most important boats, and should have way made for them, if possible.'

All of which amounted to telling the cocky little revenue cutter that, while her assistance was appreciated, she had better give room to her bigger sisters.

5:54—"BC gives by call and calls KC."

6:03—"BC says: 'Think I can find you. Give me plenty of warning when I get near you'."

6:14—"BC sends captain's message to LA—Florida in bad way. Needs convoying in. Don't know position. She is blowing four blasts!'"

6:55—"BC sending to LA—Stand by Florida."

7:21—"BC has found KC, at last."

So the long search was over. The remaining entries in the log tell of the final happenings on the day of peril and suffering and bravery.

7:45—"Am clearing now. LA asks BC if he can proceed now and leave BC to escort Florida."

8:30—"BC sending captain's message to LA. Am trying to take it, although it is not easy on account of jamming of revenue cutters and shore stations using up air."

Certainly one gets the impression that the Siasconset operator has a deeply-seated "grouch" against the navy.

12 P. M., "BC to NK (New York)—'Am taking passengers aboard and escorting Florida. Have left captain and boat's crew alongside Republic. He is still afloat. Wind is freshening.'"

That was the end of the Siasconset man's log.

## REPUBLIC 88 FATHOMS DEEP

### CAPTAIN ON THE FOREMAST AS SHE DIVED STEEN FIRST.

Had Made a Gallant Fight to Save Her—He and His Second Officer Plucked Up From the Water—Wreck Lies Too Deep to Be Dangerous to Navigation.

Wood's Hole, Mass., Jan. 25.—The White Star steamship Republic lies at the bottom of the ocean in thirty-eight fathoms of water about forty-eight miles south of the Island of Nantucket at longitude 40° 28', latitude 49° 32'. That is the position of the wreck as given by Capt. K. W. Perry of the revenue cutter Gresham, which went to the Republic's assistance from Boston.

The water at the place where the Republic lies is so deep that the vessel is not regarded as a menace to navigation, as her mastsheads are fully ninety-six feet below sea level at mean low water; the Gresham reached here at 10:30 o'clock this morning. She had transferred during the night Capt. Sealy and forty-seven of the Republic's crew to the derrit destroyer Seneca. This transfer was made when the vessels were off the Vineyard South Lightship. The Seneca started for New York, while the Gresham went through Vineyard Sound and touched here.

The Republic went down at 8:30 o'clock on Sunday night while she was being towed by the Gresham and the Seneca. Capt. Sealy was the last man to leave his ship. When she took her final dive stern first into the deep he had climbed up the foremast, declaring that he would stand by the ship until there was not a spar left above the water. Capt. Sealy was picked out of the water. He was floating on a hatch. Just before he was found Second Officer Williams of the Republic had been taken out of the water. Both men were pretty badly used up, but they recovered soon after they were taken on board the Gresham.

Capt. Perry told of the gallant fight that Capt. Sealy, his officers and his men had made to save the Republic, and how, even until the vessel took her final plunge, he was still sure that he would be able to get her to some port where she could be repaired, and in these efforts he was supported by his officers to a man.

The Gresham was at anchor off Provincetown on Saturday morning, and at 6 o'clock a wireless message was received from the Wellfleet station on Cape Cod which said that the Republic was in distress about twenty-five miles southwest of Nantucket light vessel. "For at that time was as thick as a wool blanket," but Capt. Perry at once put to sea.

He took the bridge himself and very slowly the vessel groped her way, making her course by dead reckoning and using the wireless freely to find out more about the disabled steamship. Some of the messages received said that vessel was in one place and some in another.

All day and all night the Gresham hurried as fast as possible and in the night Capt. Perry was vainly trying to get some trace of the Republic. Coston signals were burned, but nothing could be found of the Republic. On Sunday morning Capt. Perry got word by wireless to take a position four miles south of the Nantucket Shoals light vessel and then steer north, and at 10 o'clock he made out two vessels through the mist.

One was the Republic and the other the Anchor Line steamer Furnessia. The Republic was very low in the water. Her main deck was almost awash. A large hole had been torn in her port side and she had a heavy list to starboard. This often happens on a vessel. She will list away from the side that is injured.

The Republic was then nine miles southeast of the light vessel and Capt. Sealy. Second Officer Williams and the members of the crew were in boats alongside the crippled steamship. The Republic as well as having a list to starboard had settled somewhat by the stern.

The fog was thinning out somewhat but a northeasterly wind was kicking up a nasty sea. Capt. Perry signalled the Republic and Capt. Sealy replied that he thought that if the sea went down the ship could be towed to some port or to some shoal spot and beached. Capt. Sealy and the crew of the Republic climbed back on board that vessel soon after they had been sighted by the Gresham, and then lines were sent to the Republic from the Furnessia and from the Gresham at 12:30 o'clock, and efforts were made to tow the disabled steamship toward New York.

It was hard towing. The Republic was unmanageable. She would not steer and continually swung around.

The wind increased and kicked up quite a sea and at 3 o'clock, when it was impossible to make any headway, Capt. Perry signalled to Capt. Sealy that he thought it would be well to abandon the vessel, but Capt. Sealy refused, declaring he would stick by his ship until she went down. Capt. Sealy said he would let Capt. Perry know when he thought it advisable to take the crew off. The Republic had settled much more in the water.

Shortly after this Capt. Sealy signalled that he would send his crew to the Gresham, but he and his second officer remained by the ship, Second Officer Williams declaring that he would stand by his captain's command.

Then the derrit destroyer Seneca arrived and another hawser was stretched to the Republic. The Furnessia took a stern in order to try and steer the Republic while the Gresham and Seneca did the towing.

Late in the afternoon the Furnessia cut her hawser, fearing that the Republic might founder at any moment and possibly drag that vessel down. When this was done the hawsers of the Gresham and Seneca were paid out to 150 fathoms.

The Republic was ploughing in the seas, sometimes dipping so heavily that those who were watching her feared she would rise again. Capt. Sealy and his plucky officer stuck to their posts on the bridge. As night closed down Capt. Sealy signalled that he would burn a tiny light when he thought the end had come and a boat was kept in readiness on the Gresham to be sent to rescue the captain and his officer.

Sealy and Williams had been up all through the previous night. They had worked hard and under a most severe strain to save the lives of the passengers and they are almost exhausted. The weather got thicker and a drenching shower made things more uncomfortable. The Gresham and Seneca stuck closely to their hard work, and stern of them could be made out through the mist the ghostly outline of the Republic. About 7 o'clock the tug Mar. 1. Sealy, which had been chartered by the White Star Line, arrived from Providence and at the Gresham and the Seneca turned their searchlights on the Seneca she too used her siren and steamed slowly along in company with the others. With these lights Capt. Sealy could be seen standing on the bridge. His officer was on the deck just below. Capt. Perry tells what followed:

"The Republic was filled with water, was in fact water logged, and was ploughing in the water like a porpoise, first nose down, and then stern. With every lurch the tons of water in her seemed to roll backward and forward with a tremendous force which must have played havoc within her."

"I was watching the swirl about her and finally when things looked bad made another appeal to the captain and his officer to come away before it was too late."

"Shouting through his hands used as a megaphone, Capt. Sealy replied, 'I shall not leave the ship as long as a spar is above water. Never mind how hard it blows or how hard the sea runs. Look out for the other boys, but my place is here, and here I shall stay until the last minute.' The words came out of the fog with an emphasis which lacked the slightest tremor or fear, nor had it the ring of bravado. Rather it was the final decision of a brave ship's master who realized his duty in the face of great peril and had the pluck to face it.

"Then the rolling swell became choppy on top and the water leaped high about the steamship, whose port side was plugged with collision pads, showing where the Florida had rammed her. We could see that the end was near. At one roll of the Republic Second Officer Williams threw the whole width of the vessel; at the next lurch Capt. Sealy was forced to climb further on the bridge. Every dive she made her rail went lower into the water. A big wave, formed partly by the vessel's swirl, struck her broadside. There was a heavy lurch aft and we could almost see her forecastle. Then she quivered and settled down again. The end was near.

"We could see Capt. Sealy climb into the fore rigging. Nothing could be seen of Officer Williams and we thought he had been washed overboard. The vessel gave another plunge, then her bow lifted. Two pistol shots sounded and a blue light blazed in the rigging and with one final plunge the Republic went down stern first. As she settled Capt. Sealy climbed higher and higher on the mast, still sticking to his ship until every spar had disappeared.

"A boat had been in readiness on the Gresham but a heavy sea had washed this away and another was in its place. The hawsers were cut as the steamship went down and Gunner Johansen, with four other rescuers, Hanson, who acted as coxswain, Becker, Mattson and Smits, all of the Gresham's crew, manned the boat. Gunner Johansen, with his sheath knife cut the painter and in an instant the men were pulling hard to find Sealy and his officer.

"The boat disappeared in the fog. Minutes rolled by and nothing was seen or heard of her. The searchlights of the Gresham, Seneca and tug Sealy were kept playing over the water where the Republic had settled. On the Gresham the men of the Republic's crew who had been taken off in the afternoon lined the rails and each man was eagerly scanning the waters trying to see the bobbing heads of the men swimming. The lifeboat found Officer Williams. He was clinging to small pieces of wreckage. He was quickly dragged on board and the boat started to return to the Gresham. Williams gasped: 'Don't mind me, boys; keep after the captain. He must be about there somewhere. I'm all right.'

"Again the lifeboat headed out into the fog and although the boat could not be seen from the three vessels on which the searchlights were being operated those lights helped the men in the boat and they were able to see through the fog and right in the midst of the wreckage they found Capt. Sealy clinging to a hatch. The lifeboat returned as quickly as possible to the Gresham, and when those were in the lifeboat the sixty-nine men in the Gresham's crew and the forty-seven men of the Republic, who were lined up, gave a cheer and a tiger for Capt. Sealy, another for Officer Williams and then another for Gunner Johansen and his four assistants which must have been carried for miles across the sea that had but a few minutes before swallowed up the fine steamship Republic.

"Capt. Sealy and Officer Williams were carried down a long way with the Republic and were exhausted when they came to the surface. Williams had jumped from the deck and had been hurt when he struck the water. Both were rubbed down and put to bed and were soon feeling better. The last thing that I noticed on the Republic was that as she settled she flew the British Naval Reserve flag from her main mast."

"As I look back at it I don't see how our boys ever saved Capt. Sealy and his second officer. It was one of the most thrilling spectacles I ever witnessed. Capt. Sealy and his fellow officer can't be more than 37 or 40 and his companion here when things happened fast showed that he had sand. He didn't risk the lives of his men and he even wanted his second officer to join them and leave the ship, but Williams stuck fast, showing a loyalty to his commander stronger than life itself."

## BROKEN FLORIDA CREEPS IN

### SEEMINGLY READY TO DIVE TO THE BOTTOM.

Her Wounds Show Clearly Why the Baltic Took Off Her Passengers and the Republic's—No Explanation of the Collision Until Other Side Is Heard From.

With her flag at half mast and two black cones swinging dimly and funerally from her foremast as a warning to harbor craft that she was not under control the Florida came out of the haze that hung over the harbor entrance yesterday afternoon, a ship so badly crippled that it seemed a marvel that she kept afloat.

It was really only part of a ship that the marine observers described just about noon making her way slowly toward the lightship, and it looked even then, with the harbor for which she had been making close at hand, that she was about to dive to the bottom. As she steamed slowly along, her stern high in the air and her bow completely gone, she told more eloquently than words of the blow which had sent the Republic to the bottom.

For thirty feet back of where her figurehead formerly used to ride the waves, yacht-like, the bow of the Italian had been forced to the watertight compartments just a few feet behind the mass of tangled and twisted iron, had kept her afloat, and the margin of safety seemed perilously small. Had any sea been running after the collision not even this bulkhead could have saved her, probably.

It was apparent from the condition of the Florida that she had hit the Republic no glancing blow but had rammed the bigger ship squarely, and as she pushed her way through the other ship her own prow had been pushed back clear to the bottom of the companion-way leading to the forecastle, where many of her crew were asleep.

As one looked down these stairs there was nothing but a jumble of beams, iron plates, part of bunks and furnishings to be seen, and from the outside it looked like some of the buildings at Messina, whence some of the Florida's passengers ad left. Only the FLO of her name was left.

Lynch was taken to the Long Island College Hospital. Father Lee rode in the ambulance with him. Mr. Lynch was able to tell his friends something about the accident.

"I was sleeping in the berth and my wife was on the couch opposite," he said. "I wanted her to sleep in the berth, but she insisted upon my taking it. I heard the whistling and was wondering what was in any danger when there was an awful noise, the whole side of the steamer gave way and I saw my wife being carried past me on the prow of the vessel which had run into us. I never can forget it. I was picked up and knocked to one side. It seemed as if my cabin fell on top of me. I felt the other ship back away, but I couldn't move. I knew my wife was dead. I called with all my strength, but nobody heard me. There was no way could I get out and I lay there helpless for four hours, all the time believing that we were sinking and that I was to be drowned. From time to time I tried to call, but I felt it was useless. I believe I should have died very soon if they had not come and got her over."

In the mass of wood and iron that once formed part of the forecastle were the bodies of two of the crew, crushed in their bunks while they slept. They were La Valletta, a native of Montevideo. Another seaman, D. Amico Salvatore, was also crushed in his bunk. They managed to get him out and he died in the ship's hospital.

As soon as the ship got in a gang of longshoremen were at work clearing the wreckage away trying to get the two bodies. They were got out at 11 o'clock last night.

Capt. Rospino didn't have a great deal to say about the accident, and it was evident that one of the purposes of the agents in meeting him down the bay was to caution him against telling his story, for the present day at any rate. All the officers were likewise cautioned and reporters were told that the same should not be published off by a lawyer who said that he represented the company.

Before this had happened the reporters had had a short talk with the captain. "I do not care to say anything as to the accident," said the captain through an interpreter, "until the captain of the Republic has made his report. All I care to say is that we were going along at half speed in a thick fog and were blown into the wharf, and I am afraid that we heard a bang the next second it seemed to come over our port bow. The next moment we saw a big ship directly ahead of us crossing our bow from starboard. Then we struck it enough to hit the deck and were blown away and lost each other."

"After the accident I saw the fire signal and we kept on whistling. All the time we was manoeuvring trying to locate the other vessel. In about two hours we saw a small boat with an officer in it coming toward us. He told us that the public had been badly damaged and asked us if we were in such a position that we could take her passengers. I told him that we could, and he took them off his boat. Everything was orderly and there was no confusion. I shall make my report later."

The purser of the Florida said that the Florida had used seven of her boats and that all told they had made twenty-two trips.

"I was in charge of the first boat to put off to the Republic," said the purser. "We had no trouble getting the passengers into the boats, except in the case of the Italian immigration officer on the ship who came off for a few moments after the reporters had been barred. The purser was o<sup>t</sup> duty at the time and was asleep in his bunk forward. He was awakened by the agents in the meantime. That is probably how such a story got around. As for our captain, he is a perfect seaman."

Richard & Co., the agents, put the lid on very tight last evening. Reporters were not only barred from the ship but from the pier as well. All of the crew were watched to see that they did not get away.

The Florida came in tow of two tugs from Fire Island. They were sent out by the agents, and the tugs, Capt. Oscar L. Richard said, were worth about \$1,000,000 which would have meant some salvage if Capt. Rospino had taken a line from anywhere else.

# REPUBLIC MEN ARE WELCOMED

Demonstration as  
Last Survivors  
Land.

## CHEERS FOR CAPTAIN

Binns, the Wireless Opera-  
tor, Also Central Figure.

A great welcome was accorded Capt. Inman Sealby of the ill-fated liner Republic when the skipper and his officers arrived at the White Star office at noon to-day. With the group of ruddy-faced seamen who came to the headquarters of the line

who came along with Third Officer Stubbs, got into the building before the crowd realized who he was. Binns would say nothing, however, until he had seen the officers of his company.

The Marconi man wore an old raincoat and a heavy pair of seamen's shoes. He wore a White Star service cap and appeared to be a much embarrassed young man. Stubbs wore a heavy marine coat. His left foot was covered with an old shoe, the toes of which had been cut away.

"I jammed it up a bit on the night of the second transfer," he said in an apologetic way.

Capt. Sealby was greeted by Mrs. J. P. Weyland, the wife of a lawyer, living at 48 East Fifty-third street, who invited him to stay at their home. The Weylands are old friends of the Sealby family.

When all the ship's officers had arrived they were taken into the private offices of the officers of the line and thanked personally for the way in which they had carried themselves.

"I'm all right," said Sealby when he landed from the revenue cutter Manhattan at the White Star pier at the foot of West Eleventh street this morning. "Never felt better in my life." The skipper smiled readily and strode along with the confident step of a man equal to all emergencies. He is about 40 years old.

Many of the stewards and firemen of the Republic were waiting at the pier to get a look at the "old man" and a rousing cheer went up as he left the cutter, followed by his officers and seamen. The skipper wore the same heavy overcoat he had on when he jumped from the rigging of the Republic as she surged downward for the last time. He never managed to get free of the coat altogether.

The stewards and firemen caught sight of Boatswain Charley Barrow and carried

Then he managed to get through the revolving door and was instantly stormed by the crowd inside. Everybody wanted to shake hands with him, it seemed. There were many passengers who had been on board the Republic and with the officers of the line they joined in the uproarious welcome. Capt. Sealby was speedily hoisted to a table and a speech demanded. He seemed quite overcome but said in a quiet voice:

"I am glad to be here and to see you all again. I think there is little more to be said just now."

Replacing the brown cap loaned him by Capt. Ranson of the Baltic, Capt. Sealby went immediately into the private offices of the company for a conference. Wearing the cap and a dark overcoat, also borrowed from Capt. Ranson, and carrying a cane, the bronzed skipper looked unlike a sailor.

In the office of Supt. Pennell at the pier the captain met some of the women stewards of the Republic, who crowded about him and shook hands. He asked if they were all well and comfortable. All the old crew of the Republic are quartered aboard the Baltic.

After a final talk with his officers Capt. Sealby left to go on board the Baltic for a hot bath in Capt. Ranson's bathtub. He passed through lines of cheering stewards and sailors, saluting them every few steps. As he went up the gangplank a bugler gave a call and the officers of the Baltic all saluted.

In the companionway of the Baltic stood Binns, the 25-year-old wireless operator who saved the situation. He was loath to talk, being reticent about his own great work.

"There's the chap that saved my life," said Binns, pointing to a young steward in a white jacket. This was 16-year-old Jack Douglas of Liverpool, who kept Binns supplied with food and carried his messages while the Republic was sinking. Douglas is added to the hero list. It was no easy matter climbing over the wreckage to and from the wireless room, but young Douglas stuck to the task until ordered from the ship.

Binns hails from Peterborough, England, and has been in the employ of the Marconi concern for about five years. He was on board the Hamburg-American liner Blucher at Kingston, Jamaica, at the time of the earthquake there, but did little wireless work at that time.

Also a warm welcome was extended to Second Officer Williams, who stuck to the ship with Capt. Sealby. He is a youthful looking officer, but tall and strongly built. He is 34 years old and comes from Liverpool. Fourth Officer Morrow of the Republic had his foot jammed in clearing away one of the boats and went to the offices in a cab.

Among the Republic's passengers who were at the White Star offices to welcome Capt. Sealby and Binns were Mr. and Mrs. Leon Bourgeois of this city, who brought their 6-month-old baby. This was the only infant in the Republic's saloon. When Capt. Sealby was hoisted to the table in the office the French woman held up the baby, declaring the captain had saved its life.

### SAVED THE BIRDS.

Feathered Survivors in the  
Republic Disaster.

Some members of the last section of the Republic's crew to be landed at the White Star Line's pier, at the foot of West Eleventh street this morning brought with them other things than the bundles and packages of personal effects that they had managed to scrape together before the liner was abandoned. Two bird cages, well swathed in bedding against the cold wind, and containing one green parrot and three canaries were among them.

The birds are the property of J. F. Stanger, the ship's chief steward, and they were naturally overlooked in the first rush of the departure from the Republic when it was feared that she might sink suddenly. Later volunteers brought them off in safety.

The quartet looked none the worse for their experience, this morning, but Fred, the parrot, was remarked by his custodian to be still a trifle less volatile than usual. The men who went to find the birds and who took care of them to shore were stewards, George Glendemmon, Robert Greenslade and John Grant, and Robert Bostock, one of the ship's cooks.



CAPT. J. W. RANSON OF THE BALTIC (ON THE LEFT),  
CAPT. INMAN SEALBY (ON THE RIGHT) ON THEIR  
WAY FROM THE BALTIC TO THE WHITE STAR  
OFFICES THIS MORNING.

on lower Broadway was Jack Binns, the hero of the wireless room of the Republic, a young, boylish chap who smiled bashfully at the congratulations and cheering.

A crowd of 500 persons, mostly clerks and business men, was waiting to get a peek at the man who wouldn't give up the ship. The crowd stretched out into Bowling Green. It completely blocked the steps of the office and Capt. Sealby

had to fairly fight his way up the steps.

On each side of the door stood a burly negro porter. They held aloft the red house flag of the company, and while the Captain fought his way through the crowd they waved the flag vigorously. Everybody yelled and cheered after cheer went up for the Republic's commander. Red-faced, smiling and keen eyed, the Captain was stopped in the middle of his progress while a snapshot was taken.

## The Glorious Work of Science—

Saving Men, Not Killing Them, Will  
Be Scientific Humanity's Task.

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Does anybody say that science IS DULL? He who says so is dull indeed. Was ever a fairy story more wonderful, more exciting than that marvellous tale of the two great ships saved by wireless telegraphy?

In the fog and the blackness those ships and more than a thousand human beings were in peril, destined, apparently, to destruction. Above one of the ships there towered a thin mast. From the mast's tip there streamed forth over the vast ocean's surface an inaudible, invisible call for help. Over and over again the wireless operator flashed out over the ocean the three letters, "C Q D," the international signal for help from a ship in distress.

The message that goes on a telegraph wire goes from one spot to another spot only. That marvellous message without wires spread out over that ocean as the sunlight and the fog spread, going everywhere.

From half a dozen different points came answering signals and help. Wireless stations on shore heard the signal, got the exact location of the ships on the ocean's surface, and sent out boats. Five ships at sea, some more than a hundred miles away, received the message and hurried to the wreck, sending wireless messages of comfort as they raced. More than a thousand human beings were brought safely to shore.

Is not that wonderful and beautiful? Does it not inspire within men pride, self-respect, GLORY IN THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THEIR RACE, unbounded belief in the accomplishments of the future?

Over and over again we have emphasized the fact that men MUST WORK OUT THEIR OWN SALVATION HERE ON EARTH. They must look for help to THEMSELVES, to THEIR own brains that nature has given them. They are doing that every day, working, planning, adding new conquests to the victories of science.

That was a striking instance, out in the blackness and the fog on the ocean. Ten years ago, of the sixteen hundred human beings on those two ships, some would have jumped into the ocean, others would have knelt in prayer, and others would have fought savagely for the lifeboats.

One man's brain works, and wireless telegraphy is added to the intangible treasures of the human intellect. Passengers are calmed by men who know their resources; the message goes out through the blackness. WITHIN A FRACTION OF A SECOND IT HAS REACHED SEVEN DIFFERENT SPOTS CAPABLE OF SENDING HELP, and all of those lives are saved.

How pale is the romance of olden times! THIS IS THE DAY OF ROMANCE, THIS IS THE DAY OF FAIRY STORIES AND WONDERFUL ACCOMPLISHMENTS! This is the day for men to be proud and hopeful for the future as they have never been.

The science, the brain power that saved those human beings from death at sea WILL EVENTUALLY SAVE THOUSANDS OF MILLIONS OF HUMAN BEINGS FROM THE SLOW DEATH OF POVERTY ON LAND. The flash that went across the water signalling for help and proclaiming the dominion of the brain of man is the flash that sentences to extinction the power of superstition, and the quarrelling and bickering of vile, intolerant ignorance.

That flash above the ocean lights up the future, a glorious future, in which men, owners of this earth, masters of the earth and of their own destinies, will indeed be MEN, worthy of their place in this wonderful universe and of their home in the light of our glorious flying sun.

Compare this use of electricity with another use, and then with sadness you see how far men have yet to travel before the mind of the mass, and the laws that express our animal past, shall become worthy of the greatness already achieved.

That same wonderful power of electricity that saved the ships and the lives at sea is used in America almost every week to kill unfortunate, ignorant, degraded murderers in prison.

How shameful that the chained lightning which frightened brutal savages should be used by the men that chain it as brutally as the savage ever used his club or poisoned spear!

How degrading that human thought, piercing universal space, conquering distance, facing and solving cosmic problems, should be degraded and prostituted to murder, even though the murder be committed in the name of the State and of law!

A race that has progressed as we have progressed should be beyond the electric chair and the gallows, beyond the brutal revenge that ruled ten thousand years ago and that should have vanished with those dark ages when the stake and the rack and the boot were "religious arguments." Real, glorious science, and man, earth's free ruler, master of himself and his destiny, real captain of this earth-ship that rules the ether.

The rats and bats of superstition will not be here long.

# DEAD IN FLORIDA WRECKAGE

Bodies Taken Out  
After Liner Arrives.

CAPTAIN IS RETICENT

Says Little Preparatory to  
Making Formal Report.

VESSEL BADLY SMASHED

Bow Plates Crumpled for Dis-  
tance of Thirty Feet.

The Florida, with her bows stove in and crumpled up like a pasteboard box, lay at pier 42, Brooklyn, this morning waiting till her owners could decide where to send her for repairs. The pier was the centre of attraction for a crowd that blocked the waterfront at times and sought to get a glimpse of the injured ship.

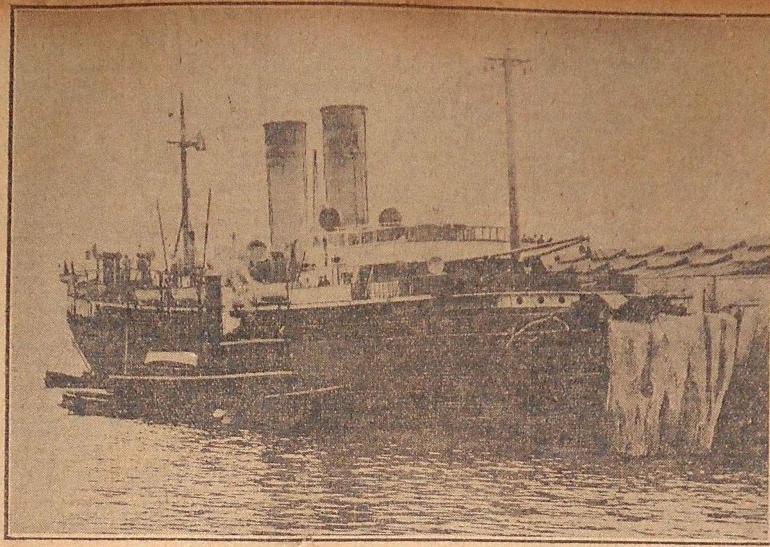
Capt. Rosino spent some time this morning in conference with the agents of the Lloyd-Italiano line. He could not be seen in regard to the happenings of the ill-fated cruise.

The bodies of the three dead of the Florida's crew were taken ashore today. Two of the victims were mere boys; Balogero Martuscelli, 16 years old, and Salvatore D'Amico, the 14-year-old cabin-boy. The third, Pasquale La Valle, was 23 years old. All but D'Amico were from Naples. He was from the region of the earthquake near Messina, and driven out from his home by that disaster, was just starting in to work in the transatlantic trade.

D'Amico's body was recovered from the wreckage of the forecastle by the crew on the way into port. The two other bodies were not pried loose until last night, after the Florida had reached her pier. All were disfigured beyond recognition from the frightful crushing in of the forecastle.

The Florida's bow, which once ended in an overhanging, arched yacht stem, is reduced to a tangle of twisted steel beams and crumpled plates, all the way from somewhere below the water line up and back for thirty feet. The whole forward end of the ship sloped steeply down into the water, in a rough descent of wreckage. The real bow of the Florida is no longer; her wrecked stem portion, but the water tight iron bulkhead just aft. Against this bulkhead rests some of the wreckage, it is thought, but the partition has held tight since the hour of the collision. With her bow reduced to a bouquet of scrap iron and nothing but an inner bulkhead between her and the deep sea, the Florida does not look like a safe traveller under present conditions.

There was a throng of Italian authorities and shipping men to greet the puny little ship on her arrival yesterday evening after her lumpy trip back to port from the scene of the disaster of the Nantucket shoals. Count di Massiglio, Italian Consul-General at New York, was the first visitor to climb aboard the Florida when she cast anchor down the bay. He made his way up to Capt. Rosino on the bridge and embraced him, after the Italian fashion.



STEAMSHIP FLORIDA AT HER PIER, HER SMASHED BOWS COVERED BY SAILCLOTH

Oscar L. Richard, the agent of the line, came aboard while the Florida lay at anchor, with Alfred E. Berner and Albert Egelhoff. All greeted the captain with warm congratulations. The general opinion seemed to be that he had acquitted himself very well in taking the passengers from the sinking Republic, retransferring them to the Baltic and finally bringing his own badly damaged ship into port unassisted.

The Florida's record after Saturday night was briefly told by Capt. Rosino, as she came up the bay. She started out Sunday morning, leaving the Republic in charge of the towers. The Florida was down by the bow at this time, from water taken in at the time of the collision, before the shutting of the bulkhead. The American liner New York started westward with the Florida to convoy her and give assistance in case she found herself in distress. After a few miles, Capt. Rosino convinced himself that his ship was still seaworthy and signaled that he needed no help. Then the New York steamed ahead and left him to find his own way.

Later in the day on Sunday the Florida met with some bad weather, with some sea and a bitter snow squall. Fortunately the weather came from abeam. The injured bows were not exposed. The weather moderated in the end, and finally Capt. Rosino found it possible to make much as ten miles an hour without breaking anything. Shortly before 11 o'clock yesterday morning the Florida was picked up by the tug John J. Timmins off Fire Island. At that time she was running in unwieldy style and somewhat off her course, but was making in a general way for the Ambrose Channel lightship. She carried the signal "Not under control" and her ensign was at half-mast because of the three dead in her crew.

Capt. Rosino, it is said, took no rest and scarcely left the bridge from some time before the collision until the ship reached port yesterday. He showed little of the effects of hardship when the first visitors reached his vessel during the afternoon. He was on the bridge, perfectly collected and self-possessed, smoking Italian cigarettes. He had been without sleep for nearly seventy hours.

The crew of the Florida did its part of the work as creditably as her captain. The men did not hesitate, though they knew that the bulkhead was slim protection against the sea and that the whole ocean might break in without a moment's warning. The engineers and stokers especially, who had to tend the furnaces and ship's engines far down on the ship's bottom, where there would have been no chance of reaching the open air again, worked unconcernedly at the foot of the long dark iron ladders, without any certainty of seeing the sky again.

Owing to the policy of the owners of the line, it was impossible to get any account of the collision itself, either yesterday or to-day, from those aboard the Florida. The captain was cautioned yesterday to stop talking by a man representing himself as a lawyer acting for the company. Capt. Rosino, who had been given to give his account of the matter,

immediately stopped talking, and said nothing further, either yesterday or to-day. It is supposed that the owners are in dread of a lawsuit to result from the collision and have made up their minds to let as little information leak out from their side concerning the facts as possible.

But a few words were obtained from Capt. Rosino before he fell under the restraint of the supposed silence order. "I do not care to say much as to the accident," said the Captain through an interpreter, "until the captain of the Republic has made his report. All I care to say is that we were going along at half speed in a thick fog and were blowing our whistle all the time. Suddenly we heard a blast from the starboard and almost the next second it seemed to come over our port bow. The next moment we saw a big ship directly ahead of us crossing our bow from starboard. Then we struck. Right after we hit we backed away and lost each other."

"After the accident I saw the fire signal and we kept on whistling. All the time I was maneuvering trying to locate the other vessel. In about two hours we saw a small boat with an officer in it coming toward us. He told us that the Republic had been badly damaged and asked us if we were in such condition that we could take her passengers. I told him that we were and then the transfer began. Everything was orderly and there was no confusion. I shall make my report later."

The same evidences of attempts to hide the facts of the case were to be seen this morning about the pier of the Florida. Her small cargo was being rapidly unloaded, that she might be sent away for repairs, but none save those employed by the company was admitted to the dock. A heavy guard of watchmen barred the way. These men and those going in and coming out said that they were under directions not to answer any questions.

Capt. Rosino, who brought the Florida in after taking her through the collision, is one of the youngest men of his grade in the profession. He is 29 years old, and had made but one previous voyage as chief in command of the vessel. Capt. Rosino's owners highly commend his action in bringing the vessel in without taking a line from another ship. He thus saved them, it is said, salvage claims upon the estimated value of the ship and her cargo.

## LOSSES IN REPUBLIC.

White Star Line Bears Nearly All the Burden.

The chances of raising the Republic are now considered very slight. The depth at which she lies is variously estimated at from thirty to forty fathoms. No vessel has ever been raised from such a depth, and her exposed position in the ocean makes any attempt doubly hopeless. In any event, the cargo, which was of a perishable nature, would be a total loss. None of the passengers seems to have carried insurance on baggage, and the company is only liable to the extent of \$100 for each, except when a special declaration is made.

be greatly diminished if steamships kept to recognized lanes instead of varying on different trips, which is the custom followed on certain lines, so that it is never known where such vessels may be spoken.

## LYNCH, REPUBLIC PASSENGER, DEAD

Boston Man Whose Wife Was Killed Succumbs.

Eugene Lynch, the Boston passenger aboard the Republic who was injured in the collision on Saturday morning, died this morning at 4 o'clock in the Long Island College Hospital, twelve hours after reaching land. Lynch is the third victim among the Republic's passengers. Mrs. Lynch and W. J. Mooney, the other two victims, were instantly killed in the collision.

Mr. Lynch was brought to land on the Florida yesterday. He was transferred safely from the sinking Republic to the hospital of the Florida. He suffered so in the transfer that he declined to be moved again to the Baltic with the others, saying to the surgeon on the Florida that he feared he must die, and would rather take his chances of sinking with the Florida than stand another removal.

On reaching the pier yesterday evening Lynch was very low, but conscious, although unable to speak much, owing to pain. A group of friends from Boston met him and took him in charge, having him removed to the Long Is. and College Hospital. Lynch told them that he knew that his wife was dead, and that he believed that he himself could not live. He asked them to see that some of the members of the Florida's ship's company bought themselves tokens as reminders of the gratitude of the man whom they had tried to save.

Near Mr. Lynch when he died were members of the party that had seen him and his wife off on their departure, and had come again to the pier to take charge of him on his return. In the party were Father James Lee of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Revere, Mass.; James McGinnis, a cousin of Lynch's; James H. Casey and William Tuttle of Boston.

Mr. Lynch's leg and thigh were hopelessly broken and crushed in the accident. In addition to this he was so bruised and hurt about the rest of his body as to suffer severely from shock. Internal injuries of a serious nature had been inflicted, and when he was brought to the hospital yesterday afternoon it was found that peritonitis had set in.

On the way to the hospital yesterday the dying man gave one of his friends, who rode beside him, a brief account of the calamity as it came upon him and his wife in their stateroom.

"I was sleeping in the berth and my wife was on the couch opposite," he said. "I wanted her to sleep in the berth, but she insisted upon my taking it. I heard the whistling and was wondering if we were in any danger, when there was an awful noise, the whole side of the state room gave way and I saw my wife being carried past me on the prow of the vessel which had run into us. I never can forget it. I was picked up and knocked to one side. Then it seemed as if my whole cabin fell on top of me. I felt the other

ship back away, but I couldn't move. I knew my wife was dead. I called with all my strength, but nobody heard me. There was no way I could get aid, and I lay there in awful agony for four hours, all the time believing that we were sinking and that I was to be drowned. From time to time I tried to call, but I felt it was useless. I believe I should have died very soon if they had not found me when they did."

The body of Eugene Lynch will be removed to Boston this afternoon. Mr. D. H. Curley, an intimate friend of the dead man, is directing the whole proceedings, and said that the funeral services would be held on Friday at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, in Boston. Following that the burial will take place at the cemetery in Springfield, Mass., in the family plot.

## SEALBY'S RECORD.

### Commander of the Republic Was Known for His Bravery.

VINELAND, N. J., Jan. 26.—Capt. Innal Sealby of the Republic lives five miles from Vineland and has been a familiar figure in this section since he was a little boy. Capt. Sealby was born in Maryport, Cumberland county, England, forty-six years ago. His father was a merchant. He came to Vineland when he was 10 years old and now resides in The Old Homestead, a fine estate of eighty-seven acres on the Mennacott road. Until he was 15 years old Capt. Sealby worked as a farm boy. Then he became an apprentice on sailing ships of the White Star line, and since then he has been all over the world and has made a record for bravery.

In 1897 he was placed in command of the steamship Crotic, sailing between San Francisco and China. Later he commanded the Persic and Suevic, from England to Australia; next the Corinthic, from England to New Zealand, and after that the Crotic and Canopic, from Boston to the Mediterranean. He received command of the Republic last July.

While in charge of the Crotic, going to China, Capt. Sealby is credited with saving the ship from destruction. The vessel was struck by a tidal wave and would have gone to the bottom, it is thought, but for the example he set for the crew.

When the Sandwich Islands were annexed to the United States on July 3, 1898, Capt. Sealby carried the news to the residents of the islands. The people wanted to make him the first Governor, but he could not accept the offer, and they gave him a silver and gold loving cup.

On Oct. 26, 1900, Capt. Sealby was in command of the steamship Persic plowing from England to Australia. That morning before daylight he saw something that looked like a burning ship. He headed for it and found the steamship Madura on fire. The ship was abandoned and the crew of twenty-five men were clinging to the wreckage. Capt. Sealby plunged into the set and personally rescued two of the seamen, while his crew saved the remainder. For this feat Capt. Sealby received a diploma from the Liverpool Shipwreck & Humane Society.

Shortly after Admiral Dewey annihilated the Spanish fleet at Manila, Capt. Sealby was passing the bay. He offered his services to Admiral Dewey. The Admiral declined them, but gave the captain a piece of the Spanish cable he had cut. The memento now forms

an interesting part of Capt. Sealby's large collection of medals and curiosities. In the Boer War Capt. Sealby carried troops to South Africa.

## DENY DISASTER WAS DUE TO THE MAN AT WHEEL

Seafino Romalo, the quartermaster of the steamship Florida, who was said to have been at the wheel when the liner rammed the Republic, was among those brought into port by the Baltic. To-day when seen he had a bruised head, which was wrapped in bandages. He was a steward and one of the members of the Florida's crew on the Baltic. The others sticking to their ship.

The Italian, a published report that this quartermaster was at the wheel when the collision occurred and had been struck on the head by Captain Rustini for making a blunder in steering the ship.

Vigorous denial was made of this report to-day by the Italian Royal Engineer, Captain Raffaele Garguile, who was on duty on the Florida. He said that Romalo was not at the wheel and had not been struck by the captain.

The Italian quartermaster had been in his bunk at the time of the collision. The collision threw him out, battering his head, hence the bandages. The man had been put to bed on the Baltic.

The purpose of the Florida when questioned made a similar answer, declaring that Romalo had not been at the wheel during the collision.

It was impossible, however, to obtain from the representatives of the company any statement of the ship's course at the time of the accident, or details as to why the two vessels had not steamed at right angles instead of head on. They were supposed to be on directly opposite courses and if each was in the proper path they would have met bow to bow.

Stewards of the Republic told a graphic tale of the scene quarterdeck to Seafino Romalo, who they said had been at the wheel of the Florida just before the crash. Seeing that collision was inevitable, the quartermaster had dropped his wheel and run away. The captain of the Florida, seizing a marlinspike, had felled the quartermaster in the bridge and al- most killed him.

Romalo had seen, they said, that it was then impossible to hold his ship away. If he had not deserted his wheel, it saved Landman, said the Rep- ublic might have been hit further astern.

## SAYS THE FLORIDA WAS NOT AT FAULT

### Statement from Agent of Steamship That Rammed the Republic.

The following statement was given out to-day by O. L. Richards, agent for the Lloyd's-Italiano line, whose steamship Florida rammed the Republic:

"The officers of the Florida are in no



"JACK" BINNS, THE WIRELESS OPERATOR OF THE REPUBLIC  
SNAPSHOT MADE THIS MORNING.

way to blame for the collision. On the bridge at the time were Capt. Rustini, First Officer Rafaello Garguile and a quartermaster. They were proceeding cautiously in their course, sounding the fog signal frequently. They first heard the Republic's fog whistle at a distance of probably a mile and a half to the northwest. They held their course. No signal was given them by the Republic indicating that they should go starboard or port.

The sound of the Republic's whistle became plainer. Capt. Rustini reduced the speed of his boat to five miles an hour. Suddenly the Republic, which had turned to the southeast from the course she held when her fog signals were first heard, loomed up right in front of the Florida. The collision was unavoidable."

## H. B. TATTERSALL.



The wireless operator on the Baltic who was one of the first to notify Binns, the wireless hero of the Republic, that help was on the way,

## BINNS TELLS BY WIRELESS HOW HE BROUGHT AID

By J. R. BINNS,  
Marconi Wireless Operator on the Republic.

Wireless Operator Binns was transferred to the derelict destroyer Seneca, which arrived at Tompkinsville, having also on board the heroic Captain Sealby. The following message from Mr. Binns to the New York Evening Journal was received by wireless, via Sea Gate:

"That I suffered greatly because of the cold is the main recollection I have of the disaster. When I went upon the Balice I felt the effects of the strain and of the cold combined, and it was some time before I felt thawed out.

"At the time of the accident the fog was so thick around us that we could not tell what boat had struck us, as she immediately backed away from us and was lost in the blackness of the early morning.

"With the crash the whole ship was in darkness, as the engine room had been flooded. I tried the power and found it was cut off. But I was able to get to my generator storage battery and make a call for assistance.

"I was not in the wireless room when the collision occurred. The tiny apartment had been badly wrecked. The fireman was there for the signal. The drawing of the furnaces and the shutting off of the boilers had stopped the dynamos. I found the apparatus intact.

"Soon after the collision I commenced sending messages. I was exposed to the elements and was sent almost constantly. There was no one to believe me, and I had to work continuously. On Sunday morning I was compelled to swim through the cabin for food, obtaining two biscuits and some salted almonds."

## \$2,000,000 IN CLAIMS RESULT OF COLLISION

Upon the question as to whether or not there was any element of negligence in the manoeuvring of the ill-fated Republic or the Florida during the fog of Friday, when they collided, hinges the settlement of claims aggregating at least two millions of dollars.

This great fortune is at stake in possible suits that may ensue after some tangible idea is had as to just what circumstances or set of circumstances the accident was due. The claims of which this aggregate sum is made up are roughly considered the following:

First—Damages for the deaths of passengers.  
Second—Damages for the deaths of employees.

Third—Losses to passengers—jewels, money clothing, trinkets and the like.

Fourth—Loss of the Republic.

Fifth—Loss of the Republic's cargo.

Sixth—Salvage money for standing by the Republic.

The answers to these questions depend upon a state of facts. These facts are not yet known nor can they be determined until a court of inquiry sits and sifts the evidence. There are certain conditions, however, that will bring a strong charge against whichever ship was at fault. If either was at fault. Those conditions will apply in the case no matter whether it was the Republic that fouled the Florida or vice versa.

Admiralty lawyers give answers to these enumerated questions thus:

First—There is no recovery for loss of life, as there is no law controlling or accountable for the loss of life upon the high seas.

Second—Relatives of employees of vessels have no recourse no help, except as the charity of the steamship company may give.

Third—Recover \$1,000 per ton all baggage, as each passenger, upon presenting a ticket, accepts the provisions of the bill of lading.

Fourth—if the Florida fouled the Republic, she was responsible for her loss and can be libeled only to the amount of said "unconscionable sum" unless the Florida's cargo receiver and charterer receive the only amounts that can be recovered by the White Star Line to compensate the passengers on the Republic and the company for the loss of the ship.

Fifth—the loss of the Republic's cargo, where it is insured will be paid by marine companies. Where not insured it will be paid a part of the damage money collected against the Florida, if the Florida was at fault. The balance money going to the White Star Line for the loss of the Republic will not be an offset against claims of passengers. Such insurance money is a "personal" claim of the White Star Company and cannot be touched by the Republic, nor may it be used to offset claims against the White Star Company or the Republic; nor may it be used to offset claims against the Florida's passengers, either for loss or damage to the Florida, or loss or damage to the Florida's passengers.

Sixth—There is no question of salvage loss to be considered, as that is a loss and will continue to be such until she is floated and docked safely in some port.

## WOMEN JOKED AND CHATTED DONNING LIFE PRESERVERS

Professor John M. Coulter, head of the department of botany in the University of Chicago, told a connected and graphic story of the sinking of the Republic.

"It was an experience no one could ever forget," Professor Coulter said.

"As I was, it was about 5:30 o'clock Saturday morning when we were awakened to the report and the fearful jar of the collision. We all realized what something had happened to the ship, sprang out of our beds and began to fumble about in the dark. We discovered the something had happened—the electric apparatus and that the whole ship was in total darkness.

"Even though it all there was panic, I could hear voices here and there calling to friends but there was no shouting, no hysteria of any sort, even though every person on the ship felt that a grandtis of some sort was close upon us all.

"The women especially conducted themselves with a quiet dignity that made me forever proud of American womanhood. In that moment of great peril, how great it did not know, those courageous women put on the life preservers as coolly as if they were putting on shirtwaists. The ship fell that a grandtis of some sort was close upon us all.

"The women conducted themselves with a quiet dignity that made me forever proud of American womanhood. In that moment of great peril, how great it did not know, those courageous women put on the life preservers as coolly as if they were putting on shirtwaists.

"I can never forget how they chatted and joked and joked and joked, one of them knowing what an order to put on life preservers meant, but with tact and good humor to reveal their fears, if they felt any.

"It was beautiful; it gave one an understanding of the nobility of woman's nature that does not present itself very often in an ordinary lifetime."

## WOMAN PASSENGER'S THIRD WRECK; PRAISES REPUBLIC'S OFFICERS

Mrs. Agnes Shackelford, of No. 62 West End avenue, this city, said of her experience on the Republic:

"I have been in three sea disasters—once when a ship was on fire and another where a ship ran aground; then this one. The first two were trifling, but there was less disorder and better discipline in the wreck of the Republic than in either of the other.

"There was nothing overlooked, nothing done in hysteria or panic. Why, when we were standing out on decks, bound in our life preservers, there was nothing but our wet nightgowns clinging about us; those stewards came around and served hot coffee to everybody. Just think of that."

"There were all as cheerful as though no danger threatened, and Captain Sealby made a point of passing among us, in between all his other duties, every few minutes, to assure us we were safe, telling us of the boats that were coming to help us, and that there was not the slightest chance of our not being saved. He was almost jovial about it. I think that he alone saved a lot of people from going crazy."

## "Stations!"

The wireless signal of distress from the helpless ship was a necessary factor of safety; so also, was the modern construction of the ship's hull, with its swiftly closing steel bulkhead doors, tight and massive as the doors of a bank vault. Without both these helps the Republic, with all the lives she carried, would never have been heard of again. We should not know whether she had gone down where she now lies "in forty fathoms, off 'No Man's Land,' or had laid her bones in the ocean graveyard" off Sable Island, or had sunk in mid-ocean.

But behind the mechanical appliances came the prime factor of safety, the man whose duty it is to obey orders. At the first shock of the Florida's ram the order "Stations!" was given and obeyed. Each common sailor, every quartermaster's man, every steward with his patty pans, knew his place and took it. A ship of 15,000 tons is a community to be compared with a big office building, sheltering as many human beings as a little town. Passengers are the most difficult, as well as the most valuable, of cargo. They may have intelligence and even coolness in the face of peril seen and understood, but when the sudden danger of death comes crashing aboard through night and fog there is need of all the devotion and nerve possessed by the men whose duty it is to serve the ship.

In the case of the Republic the engine room was flooded immediately and all the men stationed in that heart of the ship were obliged to leave—not, primarily, to save their lives, but because the fires were out and no man could avail anything at that station. If the engines had not been strangled by the first inrush of the sea the stokers would have stayed in their deep pit, awaiting their orders to leave. The engineer and his two or three assistants would have stayed with the stokers. As it was, on every deck, at scores of separate posts, in places which no passenger ever sees or even knows the name of, were men whose simple duty it was to stay below at their appointed stations until their officers should order them to leave. The reports made by rescued passengers tell us that discipline was perfect, there was no confusion.

The captain and second officer stayed by the ship until the bridge dropped down under them into the hungry sea, and they were barely saved. None will grudge the officers of the Republic their full measure of admiration and praise. But—it can be said without flippancy—any man capable of commanding a ship can be depended upon to stand on his bridge until the last life intrusted to his care has been saved. His name is known, his figure is seen, and is an inspiration; his duty is his own honor. But what of the men below-decks, whose names or faces are unknown on the ship except to their officers? Is their heroism less? They don't think of it as "heroism"; they realize it simply as "duty" and a regular chance in the day's work. For they do realize it, and they know quite well that at any time death may come straight up to them, and they must stand there and wait for orders before they may turn away from it. The unknown heroes who answer the first order in time of danger deserve the deepest gratitude of the passengers, who, when all goes well aboard the ship, scarcely remember their existence; for without disciplined men no ship is safe for a single instant. No mechanical appliances can of themselves assure any safety at sea.

# SEALBY'S STORY OF DISASTER

## First Account from Republic's Captain.

### HOW HE ESCAPED

### Was Carried Far Down with Steamship.

### VIGIL WITH OFFICER

### Captain Climbed the Mast Before End Came.

### WILLIAMS MADE SPRINT

### How the Two Were Picked Up by Revenue Cutter Boats.

While the revenue tug Manhattan steamed up the bay with the remaining members of the sunken White Star liner Republic's crew this morning—bringing them from the revenue cutter Seneca, on which they arrived last night—Capt. Iman Sealby, the commander of the steamship that was lost, told for the first time his story of the wreck. The captain, who recited his narrative as he stood in the lee of the tug's funnel, began with the time when, with his second officer, R. J. Williams, the only man left with him on the vessel, he felt on Sunday night that it was only a matter of minutes before the shattered Republic would go to the bottom. He told the story of the last few minutes on the vessel, the struggle in the water and the rescue by the men of the revenue cutter Gresham.

"Williams and I were on the bridge together," he said. "The Republic had begun to settle rapidly. Both of us knew that it was very close to the time when she would disappear. She began to rumble and crack and the stern commenced to go down very rapidly. There was a slight tremor."

"What do you think about it, Williams?" I asked.

"Captain, I don't think it will be long race; let's make a sprint of it. When you are ready, let her go," answered Williams.

Capt. Sealby explained that his second officer had a bit of sporting blood in his veins.

#### FIRE REVOLVER AS WARNING.

"I directed Williams," he continued, "to burn the blue lights and fire five charges from my revolver to warn the Gresham and the Seneca to cast off as we were sinking. I then shouted to Williams to make for the fore-rigging. We ran from the bridge to the saloon deck, burning our blue lights as we went, and carrying a lantern with us. When we got to the saloon deck we found the water rushing in aft and as we ran forward the stern of the ship was sinking so rapidly and the slant of the deck was so acute that it was impossible to keep a foothold.

"By the time we reached the forecastle head we could not keep up. That was the last that I saw of Williams. He caught hold of the port rail and I went up the rigging as far as the forward running light, about 100 feet up the mast. I rested there and groped about for a blue light in my pocket. I found one, but it was wet and would not go off.

#### COAT ACTED AS LIFE PRESERVER.

"When the blue light refused to go off I fired my last shot from my revolver. Then the water caught up with me. The sweep of the waves spread out my heavy coat and made the air inside of it a sort of life preserver. The weight of my binoculars and the revolver which I had in my pockets held down the skirt of my coat and really helped to keep me afloat.

"It was very dark. All around me swept a boiling mass of water. I was caught in this in a sort of whirlpool and

churned around and around. When I came to the surface I tried to pull my coat off, but it stuck. Considerable debris, pieces of broken plank, lengths of spars and odd articles from the ship littered the sea around me. I managed to get hold of some spars and finally captured a hatch. In spite of the heavy sea which was running I managed to pull myself up on this hatch and make a life raft of it, lying across it spread-eagle fashion.

#### SEARCHLIGHT FINALLY LOCATED HIM.

"In this way I floated around for some time. The searchlights were playing all over the water, but it seemed to me that they would never find me. The searchlights from the two revenue cutters and the tug Scully concentrated on the spot where the Republic had gone down. But somehow they missed me. I managed to load the chambers of my revolver again and fired several times in an attempt to attract attention. Then I got hold of a towel floating in the wreckage and waved that when the light flashed on me.

"Then out of the darkness sprang a boat and I was hauled aboard of her. I was weak and finished. I was glad to find safe aboard her mate, Williams, who had stuck to me until the last. He was pretty well finished, like myself, and both of us suffered acutely from the cold. Although I had saved my strength for the last the shouting at intervals and the energy it took to hang on to the raft had taken all of the strength out of me.

"The boat was in command of gunner-mate Johansen of the Gresham, and I want to say that he handled his boat in a most able and seamanlike manner. It was due to his accuracy in keeping his bearings in the inky darkness that I was picked up. With him were eight men, four from the Gresham's crew and four from the crew of the Republic on board of her.

#### PRAISE FOR REVENUE CUTTER MEN.

"I want to speak in the highest terms of the United States revenue cutter service. Both the Gresham under Capt. Perry and the Seneca under Capt. Reynolds have proved their necessity in such work as that of the last three days. The Seneca was ready at a moment's notice, and we owe much to her."

Capt. Sealby looked worn and tired as a result of the many hours of

strain through which he had passed previous to his sleep last night, which was about the first that he had taken since his ship was rammed by the Florida on Saturday morning. Considering the suspense under which he had labored throughout that time and the anxiety for the safety of his passengers whom he had seen twice transferred on the open sea, he was in wonderfully fine condition. In spite of the fact that he had lost his ship he kept the best of spirits and did much to cheer his officers and the forty-eight members of his crew with him on the Seneca. He wore the same greatcoat which had served him as a life-preserver when the Republic went down.

#### NOTHING AS TO RESPONSIBILITY FOR COLLISION.

Capt. Sealby declined to discuss the question of where the responsibility lay for the accident, saying that on that point his lips were sealed until he had reported to his company. In regard to Wireless Operator Blins, who stuck to his post in his little station, which had been half-wrecked by the impact of the collision, and who worked through much of the time without food and in darkness, Capt. Sealby could not express himself in warn enough terms.

"During the whole of our time on board," he said, "the wireless proved itself of value, and it was through Mr. Blins, who refused to desert his post to the last, in spite of the fact that one-half of his operating room had been carried away, that we were able to maintain our communication with the various steamers through whom our messages were transmitted to the outside world. Such operators are made of the right sort of stuff."

Capt. Sealby could not praise enough the action and discipline of his men during the period of their trial. In regard to their part in averting one of the greatest tragedies of the sea ever threatened he said:

#### THE PASSENGER TRANSFER.

"I attribute the successful handling and transferring of the Republic's passengers from one ship to another to that splendid cohesion which existed from the start to the finish between the officers and the crew who helped me. At no time had I any doubt in any man's confidence was absolute and unshaken. To this confidence I attribute whatever may have been done."

The members of the crew of the Republic who spent the night quartered on the Seneca off Tompkinsville were much worried by the fact that the party they had played in twice transferring the passengers of the Republic had not received the credit that it should. In fact, they felt that in some instances reports had reflected to their discredit. Capt. Sealby stated that throughout the brunt of the labor of shifting the passengers of the Republic had been borne by his own men and that the transfer had been effected almost entirely in his own boats.

#### NO CONFUSION, HE SAYS.

"During the time which elapsed between the collision and the time of the passengers leaving the ship there was no confusion whatever," said Capt. Sealby. "The women behaved themselves remarkably well, and to the men the greatest credit is due for the valuable assistance they rendered in so safely conducting the women and children from under the bridge to the boats. They could not have gone out of a theatre in a more orderly manner."

The play throughout the time prior to the sinking of the Republic by the Marconi wireless, the submarine bells and other safety devices were spoken of by the wrecked liner's captain. Had it not been for the wireless help could not have been called from afar, and after the storage batteries gave out the ship's submarine bells gave warnings for miles around.

When Capt. Sealby and Lieut. Williams left the bridge they pierced and left to float away with the ship a Holmes distress signal which ignited through the action of the water, as it is devised to do.

and directed the boats to the assistance of the captain and his lieutenant who were floundering in the water.

The captain took no time to collect any of his papers or instruments, and the ship's log and chronometer went down with her.

#### THE SECOND OFFICER'S STORY.

Hardly less interesting than the captain's narrative of the last few moments aboard the Republic was the story also told on the revenue tug by his second officer, R. J. Williams.

He said:

"When the Captain and I parted after setting fire to the blue lights I made for the rail. The deck was so steep that I hung onto the rail with my elbows. I saw nothing more of the Captain. The ship was going down fast and seemed to strike the bottom, all at once, stern first.

"All that happened in almost no time. We thought that the end was coming at about 8 o'clock. At 8:37 she started to settle finally, and in three minutes it was all over. After she struck bottom she lay easy, what seemed to me for five or ten seconds and then she parted. The break must have been about the engine room where the Florida had hit her. I was hard and fast the tug drew near. The Seneca's wireless apparatus sputtered and sizzled away as the visitors from the tug arrived, a blue spark at the masthead showing where the messages left the ship, to be shot through the air toward Manhattan. The Seneca's operator, Matthew Tierney, sat in a tiny cabin on the bridge, with his fingers on the key and the telephone receivers strapped to his ears. Blins was nowhere about. Completely fagged out, he had taken to his state-room, and Capt. Sealby had issued strict orders that he should not be disturbed. Even Manager De Sousa was not allowed to speak with him, and left the Seneca deeply disappointed. Matthew Tierney, however, told something of Blins' own yeast as it had been related to him by the plucky little operator.

#### OPERATOR'S CABIN WRECKED.

"When the crash came," said Blins to Tierney, "my little cabin was cut in half and I was left exposed to the cold, the fog and the rain. Everything was in complete darkness." Five minutes after the collision the dynamo ceased to work, but I had still my accumulators—my storage batteries—to depend on and I knew where to find them. I was so familiar with my cabin that I needed no light to tell me where each thing was.

"With the aid of my accumulators I sent the messages. After a while I grew conscious of the cold and then I became hungry. My hunger increased to such an extent that I was obliged to go in search of a bite of something. I rummaged about on deck, but there was not a crumb there, so I made for the galley. I found the lower part of the ship submerged and before I had gone far from the shell that was left of my cabin I had to swim for it. Swimming in pitch darkness on a sinking ship is not the most pleasant thing in the world, but I was thinking of food just then. Somehow I bumped into the companionway and after a time I discovered the kitchen. I groped about there in the water, but all I could unearth were a few morsels of biscuits and a handful of almonds. I made what I could of those and struggled back to my post.

"As soon as I could get my breath I told them about where I thought Capt. Sealby was. Johansen followed my direction, and a little later they plucked the captain up. He was so weak up that he didn't notice that I was in the boat. I reached out and caught his hand. When he knew me he flung both arms around me and cried, 'Williams, game to the last!' In a little while we were on board the Gresham."

Williams is a half young fellow, several years his captain's junior and although, like everybody else, he lost everything he had on board, he bore his tough luck with good humor. His chief trouble this morning appeared to be over the absence of his great coat, which he left in the water with the sinking Republic. He complained of the cold breeze that came across the bay, but stuck close for comfort to a well-oiled brier which he had not failed to save whatever else he lost.

Cheerfully, too, he replied to the query of whether he expected to ever be picked up again on such a night as that of Sunday and whether he had ever expected to see Capt. Sealby again. "Well," he said with a smile, "I know what a chance we took." That was all he had to say about having stuck to his ship.

There was no expression of any depression on the part of the Republic's officers who were on board of the Seneca this morning, but it was clear that they shared with their captain his sorrow over the loss of his ship. While there was no complaining, the tone of the remnants of the stricken ship's company was subdued, even to the point of silence.

The men seemed to have fared a little more happily in the way of saving their effects, for when they filed down the companionway of the Seneca to take the

Manhattan to the White Star line's pier each man bore a box or a bundle of some kind of personal property.

After the Manhattan cast off the members of the crew of the Republic on board of her, led by Capt. Sealby, gave nine hearty cheers for Capt. Reynolds, the officers and the crew of the Seneca. These were returned in the same sort from aboard the Seneca, with a bugle call as a final farewell.

#### MEETING THE SENICA.

The tug Edward Dalzell took a party down to the Seneca last night from the

Battery. One of those on the tug was G. S. De Sousa, traffic manager of the Marconi Wireless Company, who carried a congratulatory message from the company to Blins.

Down in the Narrows the tug picked up the low-lying Government boat, which was travelling swiftly toward her anchorage, and trailed her to Tompkinsville. There the Seneca put about, and when the rattle of anchor chains told the Dalzell that she was hard and fast the tug drew near. The Seneca's wireless apparatus sputtered and sizzled away as the visitors from the tug arrived, a blue spark at the masthead showing where the messages left the ship, to be shot through the air toward Manhattan. The Seneca's operator, Matthew Tierney, sat in a tiny cabin on the bridge, with his fingers on the key and the telephone receivers strapped to his ears. Blins was nowhere about. Completely fagged out, he had taken to his state-room, and Capt. Sealby had issued strict orders that he should not be disturbed. Even Manager De Sousa was not allowed to speak with him, and left the Seneca deeply disappointed.

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"I greatly felt the need of a cigarette then, but all I had laid so carefully away had been lost in the wreck—think of it. Tierney, I lost 500 cigarettes—and all I could grub up was a stub."

"Of Blins Tierney said:

"Blins is surely a game fellow. I have known him for a long time and he'll be right on the job in any crisis. But I never saw a man look worse than he did when he came aboard. It was easy to see that he had been under a terrific strain. There were rings under his eyes and his face was haggard. He lost everything he had in the collision—didn't save a nickel's worth. I don't think he will be in a condition to work for some time."

Manager De Sousa said: "Blins has been a wireless operator with us for five years. Before he came to the Marconi Company he was stationed at Crookhaven, Ireland, as an operator. He is a first-class man in every sense of the term. The company has none better and it is proud of him. This was the first maritime disaster in which he has been called upon to show his worth, but he was an eye-witness of the recent Italian earthquake from the decks of the Republic and he saw the Kingston quake from the Hamburg-American liner Bluecher."

# THE FLORIDA LIMPS IN FLAGS AT HALF MAST FOR DEAD ON BOARD.

Officers Stopped from Telling of  
Collision—Eugene Lynch Taken  
to Hospital.

Poking what was left of her shattered stem deep into the water, with thirty feet of her bow gone completely, and the gaping wound covered but not concealed by a sail, the Italian Lloyd liner Florida, which sent the Republic to the bottom, crawled into this harbor yesterday afternoon, and finally, helped by two tugs after her perilous voyage from Nantucket, made fast to her pier.

Her flags were at half mast, for among the twisted and tangled mass of wreckage in her forepeak were the mangled bodies of two of her seamen who had been crushed to death in the collision with the Republic, while another lay dead in a cabin, and Eugene Lynch, who escaped instant death in his stateroom on the Republic when his wife was killed, lay in agony on a cot in the little hospital amidships.

From the revenue cutter that had been looking anxiously for her all day, the first sight of the Florida, down by the head, with her stern lifted high in the water, inspired wonder as to how she had made port at all. Her whole bow was torn off, and even the unpractised eye of a landsman could see that she was a sorely stricken ship. The deck timbers were pushed upward and sprung where they had been splintered and smashed, and every bit of steel work had been twisted and torn beyond recognition.

Probably thirty feet of the Florida's bow had been torn away, and an idea of the force of the destroying blow came when one saw the first three letters of her name, "Flo," with the "o" cut off incomplete. The wreck had stopped just short of a steel bulkhead, and had that gone the Italian inevitably would have gone down.

## CAPTAIN'S SECOND VOYAGE.

Experts who saw the Florida limp up the bay said that only calm weather had made her voyage from Nantucket possible, and that Captain Ruspin had accomplished a wonderful feat in getting her here at all under the conditions. He is a young man, and this was his second voyage in command of the Florida. Twenty-nine is his exact age, and every one on the Florida spoke of him in terms of the highest praise.

The Florida carried only one of the Republic's passengers, Eugene Lynch, who had suffered so much in the first transshipment from the Republic to the Florida that he begged to be allowed to remain on the Italian vessel until she reached port rather than undergo the ordeal again. So he made the journey in the dark little hospital of the Florida, in the care of the Italian doctor, to be met by a party of friends in South Brooklyn and taken to the Long Island College Hospital.

Mr. Lynch saw his wife swept through the walls of their stateroom and crushed by the prow of the Florida. He stayed for four hours in the wreckage of his stateroom, and was then slung over the side of the Republic, and ferried across to the Italian vessel in a small boat. His leg and thigh were broken, and he was suffering from painful internal injuries.

Still he remained wholly conscious, and about the first request he made of the friends who hurried on board the Florida to help him was for them to see that none of the men who had cared for him were forgotten. A man could hardly have gone through a more terrible experience, and the fact that he was still alive amazed all who saw him.

After the Florida docked there was a long delay in getting Mr. Lynch to a hospital where he could receive proper treatment. An ambulance from the Norwegian Hospital, which is near by, was at the pier about as soon as the Florida, but Mr. Lynch's friends and relatives ordered a private ambulance, which did not come for more than an hour. Then Mr. Lynch was taken to the Long Island College Hospital, the surgeons from the Norwegian having gone away in the mean time, explaining that no one seemed to know what he wanted to have done with Mr. Lynch.

## OFFICERS' LIPS SEALED.

Captain Ruspin had begun to give reporters who boarded his ship an account of the collision, but was interrupted by representatives of the line, who apparently forbade him to continue. The purser also started to tell of the disaster, but was shut off in similar fashion, and a few minutes later all newspapermen were compelled to leave the ship, and were told that no statements would be made until Captain Sealby of the Republic had had his say. Every effort of the representatives of the line was directed toward maintaining an absolute silence on the subject of the collision.

One of the first visitors to the Florida was Count Massaglia, the Italian Consul General here, who boarded her at Quantaring to compliment Captain Ruspin on what he called his magnificent achievement in saving the lives of all on board the Republic, as well as on his own vessel. Count Massaglia could find no words of praise warm enough for the captain.

The royal Italian commissioner on board the Florida, charged with supervision of the treatment of Italian immigrants, was as secretive as the ship's officers with regard to the collision. He denied indignantly, however, a story that Captain Ruspin or one of the Florida's officers had attacked the quartermaster, who was at the wheel at the time of the collision. He said that one of the quartermasters had been injured about the head, but said that the man was off duty and asleep in his bunk when the collision occurred, and that his injuries were received not, however, see any weapons drawn."

Work was begun as soon as the Florida decked for the extrication from the wreckage in the forepeak of the bodies of La Valle Pagnola and Martuscelli Catogero, the seamen. The body of Salvatore d'Amico, the other victim, had been recovered soon after the accident.

Before his tendency to give some information was checked by representatives of C. B. Richard & Co., the agents for the Lloyd Italiano, Captain Ruspin said that the Florida had struck the Republic after both vessels had been sounding their foghorns, the Italian more frequently than the White Star boat. He added that he cruised around for two hours looking for the Republic, keeping in touch with her by her rockets. Stories from the Republic have made the lapse of time between the accident and the reappearance of the Florida half an hour.

Gino Maraville, purser of the Florida, said that the passengers of both vessels behaved magnificently. He was in the first boat that passed between the two vessels, he said, and he praised the behavior of those from the Republic in unmeasured terms.

He said also that the immigrants on the Florida behaved splendidly. He, too, was cut off shortly in his description of the collision and the subsequent work of rescue, and later, on the dock, when urged to amplify his story, threw up his hands, saying, when asked what he had seen, merely that it was "a very bad affair."

## STEEL MAN'S STORY

Three Sides of Stateroom Fell on  
Him—Life Saved by Beams.

Reuben Miller, vice-president of the Crucible Steel Company of America, his wife, daughter and daughter-in-law, who were on the Republic, went directly to the Waldorf yesterday afternoon and retired for much needed rest. Mr. Miller talked with a Tribune reporter in his room there last night, telling of the condition as he saw it.

One of Mr. Miller's first acts on reaching the Waldorf was to send a telegram to Congressman Walsh and Burke of Pittsburg, urging them to introduce a bill in Congress for an international agreement to compel every seagoing vessel carrying passengers to be fitted with wireless apparatus.

Mr. Miller said he would see Senator Knox, whom he hopes to interest in this movement.

"My family and myself were going to Italy to spend the winter," said Mr. Miller. "With our party were J. R. Mellon of the Mellon National Bank, of Pittsburg, and his family. My wife, daughter and daughter-in-law were in Cabin 24 and I was in No. 26. I was asleep in the lower berth of my cabin when I was awakened by the terrific crash, and found myself completely covered with debris."

"The three sides of my stateroom had been knocked down and the upper berth had fallen on me. Only through the lucky intervention of some beams I think I would have been crushed to death. I shouted to my wife and daughter in the next stateroom, and got a reply from them that they were not injured.

"I heard a man in the next stateroom on the other side groaning that he was seriously hurt and that he could not find his wife. I afterward learned that it was Mr. Mooney. A steward was at this moment and helped me to get out of the pile of wreckage. I found my slippers twenty-five feet from where I had placed them when I went to bed. One of my first acts was to send the steward to ascertain if the boat was sinking. He told us that there was no immediate danger.

"Mr. Mellon and his family then made their way to the deck. The crew of the vessel seemed very cool and collected. They gave us some coffee and later told us we were to be transferred to another ship, but that we could not take our baggage with us.

"We were then transferred to the Florida and forced to sit on the deck, as the ship was already loaded down with her own passengers. The steward of the Republic managed to get out something to eat, but our position was rendered more uncomfortable when the discovery was made that the Florida was also badly battered and that we might expect to go under any minute.

"I talked to my wife, 'We are going down, but there's no use getting excited.' Most of the Americans seemed to take things calmly. The Italians were a little more excited. While on the Florida one of our party, a sailor, heard two seamen talking about getting at the liquor stores. We immediately informed one of the officers and this plan was nipped in the bud.

"The sweetest song I ever heard in my life and the sweetest that I ever hope to hear was a long, low toot which came through the fog, and which we knew was a ship coming to rescue us from our position of extreme peril. This was the Baltic, and as the sound came nearer and nearer it is impossible for me to describe the scenes of joy and excitement.

"I can truthfully say that the Americans were tolerably calm during the transfer, but the following from the steerage of the Florida were greatly excited. They wanted to be taken aboard the Baltic before the Americans, and made so much ado about it that the officers had to maintain severe discipline to control them. I personally overheard one of the officers tell an excited Italian that he had a loaded revolver in his pocket and that he would shoot him dead if he did not keep quiet. I did not, however, see any weapons drawn."

Mr. Miller spoke in praise of the engineers who worked, he said, in the engine room up to their waists in water. He also spoke highly of J. H. Bunn, the wireless operator on the Republic. Mr. Miller intimated that the passengers would get together and present some testimonial to Mr. Bunn.

## CHEERED FROM BALTIK.

Wives and Mothers Waiting for  
Loved Ones Brought Forth Tears.

Passengers on the Baltic, from Liverpool and Quantaring, talked of the adventures of the Republic's passengers on their arrival lifeboats at the Baltic's side.

"It was early in the morning that we of the Baltic first got word of the plight of the Republic," said Arthur Blez, editor of "Automobile." "You know pretty well how we made through the fog in her direction. When the green lights of the Florida came in our vision there was a big 'Hip, hip, hurrah!' It was a case of 'All hands to the rails.' If there is such an order. There we stood, bunting way over the rail, when the lifeboats came along with their human cargoes. We were an audience watching a wonderful, real life drama.

"One thing that particularly impressed us was the demeanor of the rescued women, those of them who had husbands or fathers or brothers, as they awaited the arrival of their loved ones. It was a sight that brought tears to the eyes of many of us. There were many women who objected strenuously to going into the lifeboats before the men, husbands, and we heard that the keeping of the men there the women and children must be the first rescued was no easy task for the officers in command."

Henry Savage Landor, well known as a traveller, was a passenger on the Baltic.

"In all my travels in countries throughout the two hemispheres," said Mr. Landor, "never have I seen displayed a spirit of womanhood than that could better in such an extremity than was that of the women of the Republic. When we of the Baltic met them it was as they were brought to our vessel in a tossing sea in small boats, after nearly a score of hours spent on the crowded Italian emigrant vessel.

"They had seen, many of them, the mangled bodies of women who had been their fellow passengers. Yet not only nowhere was there a whimper, not only from those who had escaped physical injury but from those who were suffering probably untold injury as well, but they actually came aboard with smiling faces.

"They forgot that all their travelling possessions of any materiality might be doomed, forgot all the ordeal they had encountered, and showed themselves happy and contented, because they thought, most of them, that, in face of disaster, all that the hands of willing men could do to help them had been done."

A man on the Baltic said the coolness displayed by the crew of the vessels was remarkable. In the thick of the work of transhipping the passengers in heavy seas an officer of the Baltic who had been drenched to the skin said good-naturedly to a subordinate, who was in even worse condition: "It's rather a bad night, isn't it?"

"Aye, aye, sir; a wet night," was the answer, given as calmly as if he had been merely without an umbrella in a gentle summer shower.

Remarkable as was the unanimity of report of freedom from any feeling of panic among the men and women on the Republic, even that was overshadowed by the testimony of the Rev. Dr. Robert Johnston, of Edinburgh, who was on the Baltic, coming to this country to be pastor of the Church of the Saviour, in Philadelphia.

Dr. Johnston said that even the babies and the small children forgot to cry.

"You should have seen the babies," he said, beaming. "They were bonnie little things, and never peeped out of one of them as they were lowered into the little boat and carried up the ladder of the Baltic."

"I never saw anything to equal it. I was helping at the ladder, and I must say it was the best behaved crowd you could possibly imagine."

A case that excited general pity was that of Samuel Cupples, of St. Louis. He is seventy years old, and was in a very weakened condition. He could not climb up the companion ladder of the Baltic. His daughter, Mrs. William Scudder, also of St. Louis, had preceded him to the deck. It was necessary that a chair be passed down the ladder by the long relay of men. The old man was lifted up with great care from the lifeboat and placed in the chair. Again the chair was relayed down the line to the deck. It was an extremely difficult task.

Mrs. Scudder, with her little girls, watched the odd journey with her face blanched and her nerves seemingly at strongest tension. When the last of the many stars had been passed and the chair with its human burden was placed on the deck Mrs. Scudder fell upon her father and had a good, long cry.

## SURVIVORS IN HOSPITAL

### WESTERN BANKER TALKS.

*M. S. Murphy Praises Italian Sailors, but Criticises Baltic Officers.*

Michael S. Murphy, of Grand Forks, N. D., president of the Bankers' Association of North Dakota, and regent of the State University of North Dakota, and his wife, who were injured on the Republic, are in St. Vincent's Hospital, being attended by Dr. George W. Stewart. Mr. Murphy has a lacerated face and cut foot and his wife for a compound fracture of the right leg and contusions of the body. "I am glad," said Mr. Murphy last night, "to get an opportunity to say a few words of praise for the Italian crew, officers and stewards of the Republic. I am glad to make the statement that have been given out that great sympathy exists for the crews of the Republic and the Baltic, but in my opinion the Italian crew did as valuable work as the crew of either of the other vessels."

"Those who were simply transferred from the Republic to the Florida and were not injured had but little opportunity to judge of the merit of the Italian crew, but I had to take my injured wife on board, and I can truthfully make the statement that our treatment on board the Florida was much better than that we received on either of the other vessels after the accident.

"The first real medical attendance my wife had was that which she received from Dr. Alderio Rinaldi, the chief physician on the Florida, and when one considers that there were only five persons injured aboard the Republic, two of them, Mr. Lynch and my wife, seriously, it is impossible to enthuse over the efficiency of the medical service aboard the Republic.

"Every one who was taken aboard the Florida received the best that the ship had. Corseps flowed like water, and what poor provisions the ship had were liberally distributed. Every attention was shown to Mr. Lynch and to my wife, and the people who were brought aboard received willingly preference everywhere from the obliging Italian stewards."

"I believe that this talk of riot is rot, for when I attempted to move my wife for a stretcher aboard the Florida the Italian officers made a passage way for us to ascend, and when I got her to the deck I received my first impression of the attentive crew and captain of the Baltic, for when that ship told me positively that his ship would receive no injured person—that was at 5 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and it was 11 o'clock before by continued and persistent efforts I was able to make arrangements to have my wife taken aboard the Baltic.

"She was strapped to a stretcher and taken across on a lifeboat, and then, although we were first class passengers aboard the Republic, we were assigned to quarters in the steerage of the Baltic, and it was about 2 o'clock in the morning before I could arrange to have my wife again removed to quarters above. This may be chivalry and system, but I am unable to understand it.

"The nearest approach to a panic aboard the Florida was while my wife was about to be transferred. Some thoughtless officers from the Republic stood at the head of the rope ladder thrown from the side of the vessel and said that the first class passengers must come first. A fine looking young Italian, full of spirit, went before the officer, and drawing a gun, said that he was not in the last class, and that when the women and children had been removed, those who were nearest the rail would go on. This was done, and the incident closed. This young man also insisted that an injured stoker, who was crying below, be removed to the ship, and the stoker was treated as was done, and the injured man is now in this hospital.

Mr. Murphy's condition was improved last night, she was resting quietly, and the physician stated that he had every hope that she would make a satisfactory recovery.

## GEN. BRAYTON IVES, AT OAR, HELPED IN RESCUE

### BANKER MADE SEVERAL TRIPS BETWEEN FLORIDA AND BALTIC—TELLS STORY OF REPUBLIC CRASH.

General Brayton Ives, president of the Metropolitan Trust Company, looked none the worse for wear, in spite of his thrilling experience on the Republic, as he stood on the saloon deck of the White Star liner Baltic yesterday morning, as she steamed slowly up from Quarantine. The financier had lost his personal baggage and had pulled an ear in one of the rescue boats until his arms ached.

"I was sleeping soundly," said General Ives, "when the collision occurred at 5:30 o'clock on Saturday morning. The noise of the impact awoke me, but at first I did not realize what had happened. It seemed like one of the shocks from blasting which we New Yorkers are accustomed to. This was followed by a horning, cutting sound, like a gigantic buzz saw in operation.

"Thoroughly awakened by this time, I jumped up and attempted to turn on the electric light, but found that it failed to work. I soon learned that the whole ship was inky darkness, the dynamos having been flooded. Lighting a candle which I fortunately had with me, I dressed as rapidly as possible and made my way on deck. Here I found men and women in all stages of undress.

The officers were calling orders in quick, sharp tones, and, while the excitement was intense, there was no panic or actual disorder or riot. Indeed, from the moment of the crash until the passengers were safe upon the Baltic, the behavior of the passengers and crew was admirable. The women were especially heroic and deserve the greatest commendation.

#### HOPE BUOYED BY WIRELESS.

"No one knew exactly what had happened, except that the Republic had been hit, and probably hard hit, by some powerful force, presumably another liner. It was pitch dark, of course, and the heavy fog which enveloped everything made the situation still more trying. Nothing was to be seen of land or rock or sister ship. In a brief time, however, the officers were in full command of the situation and began to assure the passengers that there was no immediate danger. As fast as a man or woman came on deck, however, a life preserver was strapped around his or her waist.

The officers allowed no one who had once come on deck to return to his or her stateroom,

and this, of course, meant that many were only ill clad to face the chill blasts of a winter's morning off the coast of Nantucket. A surprisingly large proportion of the passengers, however, dressed themselves fully before leaving their staterooms. Some of the braver managed to return for their valuables, despite the efforts of the officers and crew to keep all hands on deck.

"The three hours from 5:30 until 8:30 o'clock were harrowing enough to all of us, the fog delaying the daylight until nearly 8 o'clock. When the light finally appeared it was possible to make out the lines of another steamship not far away on our port side. This ship turned out to be the Florida, of the Lloyd-Italiano, our destroyer and fellow cripple.

"Ever since the collision our own fog horn and whistles and those of the Florida had been sounding incessantly. We also had the consolation of knowing that "Jack" Blinn, the Republic's gallant wireless operator, was sending his calls for help to every point of the compass. The wireless certainly gave us a feeling of security and hope, which helped greatly to buoy us all up.

#### TRANSFER TO THE FLORIDA.

"It was nearly 9 o'clock, I think, when the word was passed that we were to be transferred to the Florida, which was said to be in much better condition than the Republic. A rope ladder was stretched over the port side of the Republic and the work of transfer began, the women and children of course going first. The water was fortunately smooth. It was a novel and thrilling experience, and one not to be forgotten.

The passengers were lifted over the rail, turned face about and told to climb as speedily as possible down the fragile, swinging rope ladder. As they approached the water they were grabbed by the officer in charge of the waiting boat and seated. As soon as a boat was filled it pulled off into the fog toward the Florida.

The officers and crew of the Republic worked like beavers, and with never a hitch or falter, and by noon every one of the Republic's passengers was safe on board the Florida. The conditions found there, however, were not ideal, as the Florida is much smaller than the Republic and carries nothing but third class emigrants.

"She had a pretty big passenger list, and when the eight hundred passengers from the Republic had clambered aboard it was far too crowded for comfort. It was also far from clean enough to be enjoyable, but the officers and crew of the Florida did all they could, and there was never a murmur from the rescued passengers of the Republic.

"At noon the fog turned into a drizzling rain, which made it pretty hard for those who were forced to sit out on the Florida's deck with only scant and insufficient clothing. Many a brave woman wound a blanket about her and sat and shivered in the rain through that long and harrowing afternoon. Twelve or fifteen of the Republic's women were accommodated in the captain's cabin, but these constituted a favored minority.

"Only the cheering news brought by the Republic's ever faithful wireless operator—that the mighty Baltic was speeding to our rescue—made the dreary hours bearable. We knew that the Florida was in bad shape, as her bows were badly stove in, but we were told that she was well able to keep afloat for many hours to come. Of food we had little or none, and few there were who gave a thought to it.

"Between 5 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon the good news was flashed to us that the Baltic was close at hand, and soon after 6 o'clock the big greyhound came up and anchored less than a mile away. All were eager to leave the Florida, for the conditions were very bad. No move was made to take us off, however, and herein lies the only criticism I have to make of the whole affair.

"All through that long evening we remained huddled together on the malodorous Florida, while the sea rose and the fog shut in thicker than ever. The officers hated to make the transfer in the night, with the crew of the Republic tired out by its herculean exertions and not knowing how much dependence could be placed on the Florida's sailors.

"Finally, at midnight, Captain Ranson, of the Baltic, determined that the shift must be made, and preparations were put under way. It was plain to all that the task ahead was a far different one from the transfer of the Republic's passengers to the Florida. The night was pitchy black, the sea was running high and there were eight hundred badly scared emigrants, the passengers of the Florida, to be taken into consideration. The distance was longer and the chance of mishap far greater.

"Instead of the rope ladder which was used in leaving the Republic and boarding the Florida, a companion way was lowered and manned by four of the Republic's most trustworthy stewards. Spencer and Barker stood at the head of the companionway, and each proved himself of the stuff from which heroes are made.

There was a terrible jam as the Italian emigrants made a rush for the ladder and had to be forced back. For a moment, but only a moment, it looked as if there might be a panic.

"The emigrants did not like the idea of the women going first, and it was necessary for the men passengers of the Republic to take a hand in straightening out the situation. Finally the frightened emigrants were herded back away from the companionway, and the disembarkation began.

"Too many wanted to get on the ladder at once. The sailors of the Republic were tired out, and passengers willingly volunteered to take an ear where it became necessary. I pulled an ear for the first time since my college days. I was not exactly in practice, but I did my best." A person who saw General Ives at the ear said that he handled it like a "varsity stroke."

"I made several trips between the Florida and the Baltic, and I want to say again that the American women behaved like the Trojan women of old. Never before did I see such a splendid exhibition or was I ever so proud of my countrywomen. Slowly and laboriously the little boats plied back and forth between the two ships all through the long and cheerless night. Before dawn broke all the women were safe on the Baltic, but it was nearly noon on Sunday before the last of the men had made the trip.

"From the moment that we reached the Baltic everything possible was done to make us comfortable. It was as if we had never been in a wreck. The Baltic is so roomy that she was not badly crowded, even with all the passengers of the Republic and the Florida. When the order came to abandon the Republic and the Florida and proceed to New York with all speed, we were not exactly sorry, but we all hated to leave her cruel fate the gallant ship which had borne us so gaily on our way until the fatal crash off Nantucket.

"The trip to Sandy Hook was expeditious and uneventful. It was an experience on which few of us would care to repeat it. That two of the passengers of the Republic and three of the crew of the Florida were killed harrowed us all deeply. Without this we would have borne the troubles and vicissitudes with more fortitude."

General Ives was not ready to say whether he would start again on his Mediterranean trip or abandon it for the present.

#### SEA WRITER IN RAGE.

### James B. Connolly Resents Imputation of Bad Conduct on Wreck.

While the Republic survivors on the Baltic and the latter's passengers were preparing to leave the latter vessel there was enacted in the saloon a scene that came near ending in a fist fight.

James C. Cronnelly, of Boston, a writer of sea stories who had been a passenger on the Republic, resented the imputation of Mr. Spencer, second steward of the Republic, that he had tried to push aside women and children in an endeavor to be one of the first of the doomed vessel. During the dispute a friend of Connolly suddenly grabbed a steward by the collar and said: "Here's the man who sank it." But before Connolly could get to him half a dozen other stewards had stampeded in and saved their comrade. At the same time they threatened bodily harm to the writer. Somebody summoned Mr. Spencer, second steward of the Republic, shaking with indignation, faced him and asked whether it was true that Spencer had circulated the story.

"I said," replied the steward, "that you tried to get off and that I prevented you."

By this time a dozen more employees of the steamer had gathered about Connolly. Somebody shouted "Kill him!" while others said "Put 'em out" and "You'll get what's coming to you if you don't hurry away."

At this point Mr. Farley, of the White Star Line, led Connolly aft. The latter complained that he could not get wireless messages through to newspapers for whom he had written the story of the wreck. He explained that his only desire to get past the line drawn by the master of the Republic was to investigate the situation for professional purposes. As a matter of fact, Connolly said he was one of the last men to leave the Republic.

#### TO SAFEGUARD SHIPS.

### Arctic Club Secretary Advocates Longitudinal Bulkheads.

Moved by the wreck of the Republic, Captain B. S. Osborn, secretary of the Arctic Club, expressed yesterday the conviction that longitudinal as well as transverse bulkheads should be required by law in all steamships. This is what he had to say on the subject:

"The sinking of the White Star liner Republic, the narrow escape of nearly a thousand persons from a watery grave and the loss of a valuable ship emphasizes the positive demand that all passenger vessels of every class be fitted with longitudinal bulkheads, in addition to the transverse bulkheads now in use, and which have served a good purpose, but which are almost always injured seriously in case of collision. In the Republic two of these cross bulkheads were ruptured, and as a consequence her reserve buoyancy was lost, and it was impossible for her to float when the three compartments were flooded."

"Since 1871 we have been a constant advocate of the system of longitudinal bulkheads and have brought the matter up repeatedly to the notice of the Board of United States Steamboat Inspectors, and on May 26, 1907, wrote a long communication to the Hon. Oscar S. Straus, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, who referred the matter to the Supervising Inspector General of Steam Vessels, but nothing was done."

"A year later I wrote to Captain Adolf Marx, U. S. N., chairman of the commission to examine the laws of the United States for the better security of the lives of passengers and crews on board of vessels of the United States, with a view to their revision. Let me say, however, that nothing has been done. The only real security for the traveler by steamers, be they by ocean, lake or river, is the application of longitudinal bulkheads. It is true that it means an increased cost in construction of the vessels, but it would be insignificant in comparison to cost of lives and property in daily danger from the lack of them. By the adoption of the longitudinal bulkheads the vessel becomes practically unsinkable and safe in event of collision."

"The problem of the non-sinkable vessel is easily solved, and it is a mere matter of application of needed reserve buoyancy to the vessel to keep her afloat, no matter how severe the wounding. It means almost absolute protection to millions of lives and hundreds of millions of dollars worth of property. It is the duty of Congress to at once take up this subject and enact laws that will make it compulsory that all ships carrying passengers shall be provided with longitudinal bulkheads that render such vessel virtually non-sinkable and safe."

"Had it not been for the wireless telegraph system, with its glorious work, the Republic would have gone to the bottom of the sea with her living cargo of over a thousand souls. Her transverse bulkheads would not have saved them."

## LAST OF THE REPUBLIC

### CAPTAIN STUCK TO POST.

#### He and Second Officer Picked Out of Whirlpool by Rescue Party.

Wood's Hole, Mass., Jan. 25.—The thrillers which marked the closing hours of the White Star Line steamer Republic, after her passengers and most of the crew were on their way to New York, the grim determination of Captain Sealey to go down with his beloved ship, the loyalty of Second Officer Williams in refusing to leave the side of his commander, the death throes of the ocean liner and the miraculous rescue of the two officers were told to-day in a brief, vivid narrative by the officers of the United States revenue cutter Gresham, which was towing the Republic when she sank.

The officers and crew of the Republic were transferred to the derelict destroyer Seneca and taken to New York, while the Gresham came here. After the Gresham came up with the sinking Republic yesterday forenoon preparations were made to tow the steamer to the nearest land for beaching, as the Gresham's crew had been told to do. They were told to-day that the Gresham had been unable to stand the pressure, and at 7 o'clock Sunday night Captain Sealey ordered every man off the ship. He himself refused to leave, and the second officer remained by his commander's side.

An hour later, while the searchlights of the tug Mary F. Scully were playing on the scene, two shots were heard from the bridge of the Republic; two blue lights were burned, and then the bow of the doomed steamer shot up in the air and the ship went down stern first. Just before she went down Captain Sealey climbed the mast, while his second officer jumped from the rail. They were rescued by one of the Gresham's lifeboats, in command of Gunner Johnson.

On the after deck of the Republic as she went down rested two coffins, containing the bodies of Mrs. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, and W. J. Mooney, of Langdon, N. H., who were killed in the collision between the Republic and the Italian steamer Florida.

The Republic rests on the bottom of the Atlantic, with thirty-eight fathoms of water over her, at a spot fifteen miles west-southwest of Nantucket South Shoal Lightship, and there she will probably remain forever.

The following is the story of the sinking of the Republic, as told by Lieutenant Philip B. Scott, executive officer of the revenue cutter Gresham: The Gresham found the Republic at 10 p.m. Sunday. The passengers and crew of the stricken and the deck crew had been transferred to the Baltic, Captain Sealey, the second officer of the Republic, and thirty-five men who had volunteered to stay by the ship, the boats were sent along with the Republic, which had a big list to starboard and was down somewhat by the stern. The Republic was listing about nine miles southeast of Nantucket Lightship.

A British passenger steamer was standing by there was no other boat in sight. Shortly before noon the Gresham's captain and his executive officer, followed by the crew of the Republic, climbed back on board, and the Gresham sent a boat to the Republic to bring the crew over the bow. The captain of the Gresham offered to tow the Republic or to stand by and pick up the crew if anything happened. At the same time the British steamer sent a boat over the starboard quarter to assist in steering the Republic. The little fleet started up and the Republic proved unmanageable and could not be steered, as the northeast wind continually swung her around.

The captain of the Gresham tried to head northward, but the ship was no other point in sight. Shortly before noon the Gresham's captain and his executive officer, followed by the crew of the Republic, climbed back on board, and the Gresham sent a boat to the Republic to bring the crew over the bow. The captain of the Gresham offered to tow the Republic or to stand by and pick up the crew if anything happened. At the same time the British steamer sent a boat over the starboard quarter to assist in steering the Republic. The little fleet started up and the Republic proved unmanageable and could not be steered, as the northeast wind continually swung her around.

The men on board the Republic could not persuade Captain Sealey to leave his vessel, and the second officer of the Republic refused to leave the side of his commander, though he was unwell.

At 8 o'clock last night the bow of the Republic, illuminated by the rays of the searchlight, was seen rising fast. Five minutes later two pistol shots were heard from the Republic. At 8:10 o'clock the Republic's bow shot up high in the air and she sank in thirty-eight fathoms of water, fifteen miles west-southwest of Nantucket South Shoal Lightship. A lifeboat was dropped from the side of the Gresham, and a crew, under command of Gunner Johnson, went to the rescue. The second officer of the Republic, Captain Sealey, and the second officer of the Gresham, Captain Williams, were picked out of the water. Captain Sealey was uninjured, but Captain Williams had a cut on his head. Both men were severely bruised. The Republic was struck on the port side a little more than two-thirds of the way aft. A large hole was torn in her side which was clearly visible, but, as sometimes happens in such cases, she had a big list to starboard.

When the Republic began to sink Captain Sealey, the foreman, and reached the main hatch, but as he did not see any one he did not open it. He then jumped from the rail to the sea and said that he had some distance and sustained slight bruises in the surface of the water. Captain Sealey was uninjured, but Captain Williams had a cut on his head. Both men were severely bruised. The Republic was struck on the port side a little more than two-thirds of the way aft. A large hole was torn in her side which was clearly visible, but, as sometimes happens in such cases, she had a big list to starboard.

When the Republic's crew, at the command of Captain Sealey, left the steamer he said that he would signal before the final plunge of his ship in order that the towing hawser might be cut and the possibility of the Gresham being drawn under avoided. Those on the Gresham were watching for the signal, and when at length it flashed out, accompanied by two pistol shots, the connecting hawser was severed with an axe. At the same instant

the Gresham's lifeboat was lowered, and Gunner Johanson, with four of the Gresham's men and four from the Republic, sailed swiftly toward the whirlpool made by the sinking liner. Once, as Gunner Johanson was peering into the darkness, a small spar—possibly a flagstaff—shot up and struck him in the face, causing a bad bruise. The boat came by accident upon Second Officer Williams as he was swimming. Although he was hampered by his heavy overcoat, he had managed to keep afloat.

A few moments later, steering toward a faint cry which came out of the darkness, the boat ran up to a floating grating to which Captain Seaby, almost exhausted, was clinging.

The boat's crew then were guided back to the Gresham by signals. As they drew up alongside and those on board the cutter learned that the two officers of the Republic were safe, both American and British sailors tried to oculo each other in cheering, but many of the Republic's men wept as they helped their captain to the deck.

After being furnished with warm and dry clothing Captain Seaby and Second Officer Williams rapidly recovered from their experiences.

### SHIP'S OFFICE CLOSES.

#### Many of Republic's Passengers to Continue Trip on Other Steamers.

Following the suspense and anxiety caused by the Republic disaster, the officials of the White Star Line, after seeing that all of the passengers on the Baltic had been safely landed and everything possible done for their comfort, closed up their office early last evening, and went in search of much needed rest. All of the officials and office force had been on duty almost continuously from the time the news reached them Saturday morning until yesterday afternoon, and they bore up under the strain with difficulty.

Many of the passengers on the Republic have informed the White Star agents in this city that they will continue their trip to Scotland either going on the Minneapolis, of the Atlantic Transport Line, the Kongs Albert, of the North German Lloyd Line; the Baltic, of the White Star Line, or the New York, of the American Line. The Vaterland will leave here to-morrow for Antwerp, and several of the Republic's passengers obtained accommodations at the last minute and will sail on her. The White Star people telegraphed to Boston yesterday and reserved all of the accommodations on their steamer Romanic, which will sail from that port for Naples on Saturday. Many of the Republic's passengers had reserved accommodations at the various hotels by wireless, and representatives from the various hotels were at the pier to meet them.

The loss of the Republic, if she proves a total loss, will now exceed \$1,000,000, and will be covered by several marine insurance companies. The ship was valued at more than \$1,500,000, and the insurance was carried in several companies, no one company having a policy for more than \$500,000. Most of the ships of the White Star Line are insured by the company itself, but the Republic was one of the exceptions to the rule. No one seems to know exactly the loss from the cargo carried by the Republic, but it will have to be borne by the various companies in which the shippers themselves had insured their goods. As far as the luggage, it is probable that the passengers will have to bear their own losses unless it is proven that the officers of the Republic were at fault.

### ABSENCE OF PANIC ON THE REPUBLIC

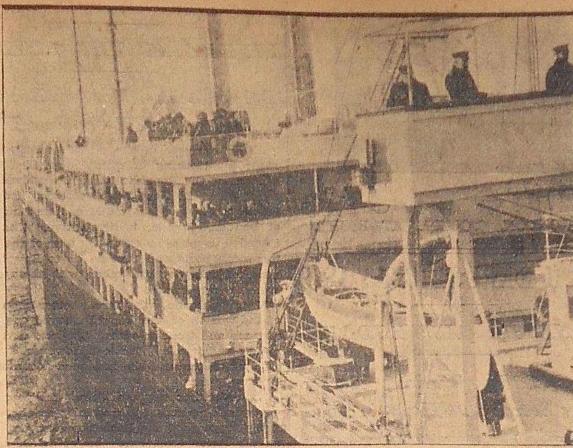
#### PASSENGERS PRAISE OF FICERS AND CREW.

#### Brooklyn Woman Goes Overboard During Transfer — Both Fog Horns Sounding, One Says.

Without exception the passengers of the Republic upon their arrival here yesterday called attention to the total absence of panic on that ship following the crash, and later during the transfer to the Florida, referring to it as one of the most remarkable circumstances of the disaster and rescue. The behavior of all was spoken of as entirely lacking in any violence or disorder.

The Republic's passengers praised the crews and the crews praised the passengers. The officers of all the ships playing a part in the accident and dramatic rescue were said to have shown courage and extreme courtesy.

There were those who shrank from recalling the terrors of that time of suspense and unknown danger immediately following the crash. Others talked freely, but with a calm and serious manner which showed the intensity of the suffering in mind and spirit which their narrow escape had caused. They spoke as those who



THE BALTIK AS SHE CAME INTO DOCK.

On the bridge stands Captain Ranson. The Republic's passengers can be seen on the saloon, or third deck.

L. S. Phelps, a wealthy ranchman of Zee-Bar-Tee, Wyo., was taking his wife on their first trip abroad.

"When the time came for the men and women to be separated in obedience to the law of

'women first' in boarding the lifeboats from the Republic," he said, "I saw sights that brought tears to my eyes. I had stood the rest of it fairly well. All of us had, as far as that is concerned, although it was a terrible time. But everybody was brave, and although we were staggering about on a slippery deck, half clothed and less and in the dark, the best of order was observed."

"The time came. My wife had to leave me. We didn't know whether we would ever see each other again. She kissed me, she kissed the boy here, and we saw her go to the lifeboats—didn't we, boy? She was crying, but she is made of grit. It wasn't until we joined her on the Florida and she could see us again, that she nearly fell over in a faint."

"The moment of reunion was unmaning to the best of us. The tears were plenty on both sides when it was realized that the strain was over and that we had all been saved, almost by a miracle."

Dr. M. E. Waldstein, of South Orange, N. J., caused considerable mirth among his fellow passengers on the Baltic by his costume. When

it came time to leave the Republic for the Florida he found himself clad in pajamas, a fur overcoat, one tan shoe and one black one. He was wearing the same costume when the Baltic reached her pier.

"It cannot be said that there was a panic at the time of the retransfer," said Dr. Waldstein; "but conditions were very different from those that had prevailed when we left the Republic. The Italians were far less able to cope with the situation than the men of the Republic had been, and it became necessary, in sending the passengers from the Florida, for the men of the Republic to take an active part in directing matters."

"This time there was no lowering of boats from the davits. We walked down a ladder to the boats. It was a fairly sturdy ladder, but it was evident that there were too many people anxious to be on it at the same time, should such be necessary in getting off with speed. The jam was fearful. It was hard to get one's breath in the mass of humanity. The Florida was black with people, and there probably were not very many who cared to wait long before getting off."

"Barker stood on one side at the head of the ladder that led down to the small boats and Spencer stood at the other. One Italian drew a knife on Spencer. Spencer was not the man, however, to let that interfere with his sense of duty, and grasping the hand that held the knife with his left hand, he gave the fellow a stinging blow with his right—a maneuver that brought exclamations of admiration from several of us, though, to tell you the truth, we were so crushed that it wasn't an easy job to get expressions of any kind."

H. A. Hover, of Spokane, Wash., said:

"Mrs. Hover and I, like most of the Republic's passengers, were awakened by being violently thrown against the side of our bunks. The shock was terrific. Outside, in the passageway, I could hear the sound of running feet. From above on deck, came shouts and the yelling of orders."

"By the time we got to the music room the place was full of men and women, some with nothing over them but the clothes in which they had been asleep, others wrapped in ship's blankets and steamer rugs, all more or less frantic with fear and shivering with the cold. The women huddled together, some weeping, a few hysterical.

"Most of the men rushed out on deck to ascertain what the trouble was. There we found the crew of the Republic taking the tarpaulins from the lifeboats and standing by, ready to swing out the davits. There was no sign of any other ship anywhere. The foghorn of the Republic was letting out shrill blasts, but there was no answering whistle.

"Every minute brought more of the passengers on deck and to the music room, and the excitement was growing instead of lessening. A great number had put on life belts, and this sight had anything but a reassuring effect. Finally the second officer informed us that there was no danger of the vessel going under. The majority became composed at hearing this, but some of the women were still beside themselves. In less than half an hour, however, mostly every one had managed to get clothed, after a fashion, and all were in the music room and dining saloon awaiting developments.

"The announcement that we were to be transferred to the Florida caused more terror than had the shock of the collision, but after a while comparative calm was obtained and the transhipment was begun. I shall never forget the scene. The Florida could barely be made out, standing by, less than a cable length away.

"The sight of the first boats pulling off from the Republic was watched with a lump in the throat of every one. The boats would stand out, under the searchlight, and then fade away into the mist, lost to view. The Florida's boats had also been put over the side, and it was a sort of contest between the crews of the two ships as to which would behave better and take over the greater number of passengers in the least time. When it came to the turn of Captain Seaby and the officers and men of the Republic to abandon the ship, they refused. It was the thing to do, of course, but nevertheless to see it done gave us all the creeps."

David S. Cowles, president of W. H. Parsons & Co., paper manufacturers, at No. 111 Broadway, was on the Republic with his wife and daughter. The first thing he said was to compliment the officers and crew of the Republic, as well as all the ships.

"My stateroom, No. 22," he said, "was only a few doors away from where the greatest damage was done. There was not so bad a shock as you might imagine. When we scrambled to deck we were unable to see the Florida, but we could hear her whistles, not far away.

"The captain informed us through his megaphone that he was in communication with the Baltic and with Nantucket, by wireless, and promised that help would soon arrive. That was reassuring. It didn't take us long to see that the Florida was badly damaged as the Republic,

"I can tell you it was a great sight to see the Baltic when she hove in view. Up to then nobody felt safe. We considered the Republic a goner from the start, and the Florida was not much better off."

Speaking of her experience, Mrs. Herbert L. Griggs, who occupied the room on the Republic between the two occupied by the Mooneys and the Lynches, said:

"I had gone to bed about 9 o'clock, but the continual sounding of the fog signals kept me awake. Suddenly there was a crash and the lights went out. The ceiling dropped in, electric light wires fell on me and any number of pieces of partition as well."

"I had turned on my side, and when the crash came I instinctively put my hands over my eyes. I felt something strike me and hold me against the back of the partition. Later I found it was a mattress that had been driven in from the next room. I pounded on the wall and heard a steward say, 'There is a woman in that room.' I kept on pounding, and shortly they forced a way in to me and carried me out through the cut into the next cabin and then into the alleyway and to the saloon."

## AT KEY FOR 52 HOURS

### VIVID TALE OF WIRELESS.

How Baltic's Operator Caught News of Republic's Plight.

"Jack" Tattersall, wireless man on the Baltic, treasured a vivid side light on the vast drama which culminated in the sinking of the Republic when he told yesterday the story of the wireless room. He sat at his key for fifty-two hours while the work of rescue was proceeding, and yesterday afternoon he strode up and down the deck with quick, nervous step, "beyond sleep," as he expressed it. He is a little, slim, red whiskered Englishman.

"Was I excited?" he said, pacing up and down, watching the passengers disembark. "Yes, but only once, when the first message came from the Republic via Siasconsett and I realized it was the 'C. Q. D.' I didn't wait for any steward, but bolted for the bridge with it as fast as I could."

"After that things just happened; I don't even remember their order. It was just hard work, being always on the alert. I was pretty groggy last night, I admit. I was about all in, I fancy. But I got over it and am feeling fit now."

"Five minutes after the Republic was struck her lights went out and the dynamos were out of business. After that Binns, her operator, had to rely on his accumulators. They won't send a spark much more than sixty miles, not more than eighty miles at the outside; and even at sixty miles they are very faint. The worst of it was having to send and get those Republic messages—messengers of life and death, everyone of them—while all the time the shore stations were jerking out flashes of desperate power.

"It was all I could do to decipher the faint messages from the Republic. They were just buzzes in my receiver for the first few hours, jammed out, as we say, by the powerful messages from the shore stations dinging and crackling in my ears. It's an awful nervous strain, striving, always striving, to get the message right when half a dozen gigantic batteries are jerking flashes to you at the same time, drowning each other out, pounding in your ears, making the night swarm with sparks before your eyes. God! that's what gets on a man's nerves; that's what makes you next to insane."

"I hardly knew what to do with the Republic signalling me, faintly, so faintly that I could not make out whether they were saying 'We are sinking' or 'All safe.' Sometimes I cursed Siasconsett and Wood's Hole. It made me furious that they couldn't realize they were spoiling my receiving. How could I take those flutters from the Republic's wires when they were crashing out their sparks powerful enough to travel two hundred miles?"

"But all the time I kept calling 'Republic,' 'Republic,' and telling them that we were coming to their aid. At last, when we were within forty miles of their position, I began to be able to make out words from the buzzes in the receiver—scattered, senseless syllables to begin with, then whole phrases and sentences. They gave me the position, and I answered that we were coming as fast as we could steam through the fog."

"Listen for our horns and bombs," I flashed.

"And we set off bombs and rockets, while our horn boomed monotonously all the time."

Their flashes grew stronger and stronger, and when I started to send one or two private messages to shore Binns was able to break in on me.

"Do not send private messages," he tapped. "May have important message any minute."

"So I refused to take private messages any longer. We crept on through the fog, feeling our way. Whenever we were about to send off a bomb or rocket I signalled the Republic. I told them, too, to listen for our submarine bell. Just after I had flashed them that we were setting off our last bomb, Binns replied that it had been heard. So we found them."

After the transfer of the Republic's passengers from the Florida to the Baltic, while Tattersall was sitting in his office, a man walked in to him and said: "Hello! You're Tattersall, aren't you? I am 'Jack' Binns, the wireless operator on the Republic. We've had a good deal to say, and we've had some trouble saying

it. How are you?" And then the two sat down and discussed the interruptions that had handicapped them.

### BOUTELL PRAISES BINNS.

### Eulogy of Republic's Wireless Operator Applauded in House.

Washington, Jan. 25.—The House of Representatives to-day listened to a eulogy of John R. Binns, the Marconi operator aboard the Republic. Mr. Boutell, of Illinois, said that throughout the critical period "there was one silent actor in the tragedy whose name should be immortalized. Binns has given the world a splendid illustration of the heroism that dwells in many who are doing the quiet, unnoticed tasks of life. Is it not an inspiration for all of us to feel that there are heroes for every emergency and that in human life no danger is so great that some, 'Jack' Binns is not ready to face it?"

Mr. Boutell's remarks were loudly applauded.

### PRAISE WIRELESS WORK.

### Commandant of Revenue Cutter Service Tells of Its Efficiency.

[From The Tribune Bureau.]

Washington, Jan. 25.—Captain Ross, commandant of the revenue cutter service, received a wireless message from the commander of the derelict destroyer Seneca this afternoon, saying that he had on board fifty members of the crew of the steamer Republic, and would bring them into port. From the very moment of the disaster the wireless on board the various vessels of the revenue cutter fleet has kept the department in Washington informed of every step in the work of rescue. At no time since the system was installed in the service has its value been so signalized.

Mr. Ross, who was responsible for securing the appropriation from Congress which equipped the cutters with the apparatus, is naturally somewhat elated with the showing.

"The first call for assistance from the Republic," said Captain Ross, "was interceded by the wireless operator on the revenue cutter Gresham at Provincetown, Mass., 110 miles away. That vessel at once started down the outer shore of Cape Cod, around Nantucket Shoals, and soon reached the Republic, standing by the disabled steamship, putting lines aboard, and even starting to tow her to harbor or shoal water."

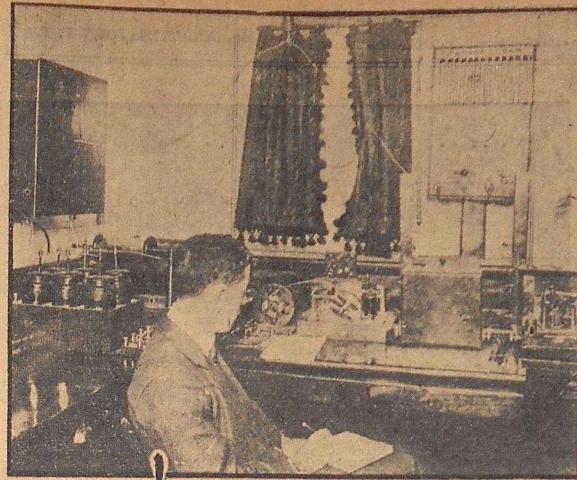
"The derelict destroyer Seneca, another one of the revenue cutter fleet, was far out at sea, three hundred miles to the southwestward, westward of the wreck when the message was flashed from the Treasury Department at Washington over the land wires to the coast wireless stations, and by them sent out over the waves of the ocean. The Seneca caught the message, and, coming on at full speed, reached the side of the Republic within twenty hours of the collision, fastened a line to the Republic, and, with her sister ship, the Gresham, participated in the wellnigh hopeless task of towing the liner to shore."

"The Mohawk and the Acushnet, other revenue cutters in the vicinity, were in constant wireless communication with the salvors, and kept the shore wireless stations and the department at Washington informed of the progress of the tow toward land. When it became apparent that all efforts to get the Republic to safe harbor were in vain, the wireless operator on the Gresham sent out to the world the final words announcing that the Republic had gone down, but that her commander and crew were safe on board the revenue cutter.

"Another example of the value of the wireless apparatus on board the revenue cutters came to our notice a few days ago, when the Seneca and the Onondaga were sent out the same day to find two number laden derelicts and bring them ashore to port. While removing menaces to navigation they were thus enabled to restore the abandoned vessels to their owners—a fact they could not have accomplished before the invention of the wireless communication."

### "C. Q. D." TAKES PRECEDENCE.

Though all the wireless messages were crossing one another when the Republic was first hit by the Florida and for twenty-four hours afterward, there was no confusion at the wireless stations, ashore or afloat. When the message "C. Q. D." is sent out and received every operator ceases any business that may engage him at that time. The powerful shore stations are supposed to reply at once. If they do not respond for any reason, then the operator on a first class station on a ship is supposed to answer. The operator who answers the signal first is permitted to complete his message before any other operator cuts in on him.



THE WIRELESS CABIN ON THE REPUBLIC.

It was from these quarters, high on the bowdeck of the ill-fated liner, that heroic "Jack" Binns sent out those appeals for help that brought seven ocean liners to the aid of the sinking ship. This photograph was taken some time ago, when the Republic was in this port.

## FROM BRIDGES OF BALTIC AND FLORIDA

### CAPTAINS RANSON AND RUSPINI TELL OF WORK OF RESCUE AND THE FATAL CRASH.

Captain J. B. Ranson of the Baltic described the work of his ship as follows:

"We got word at 6 o'clock on Saturday morning that the Republic had been in collision and assistance was wanted, and we turned and went back and began to search. This search began at 11 o'clock and continued till 8 p.m."

"She was found finally by the Marconi. The first thing we did was to take off the Republic's crew, as she seemed to be in a sinking condition. Then we went alongside the Florida and began to transfer passengers.

"First we transferred the Republic's passengers and then transferred the Florida's, using the crews of all three ships. We used only the Republic's boats. We have seven or eight of the Republic's boats on board the Baltic now. The transfer was made from 8 p.m. to 8 a.m."

"All this time we were transferring passengers. The weather was threatening and very misty, but there were no accidents. For the number you will have to see the purser, but the total was about 1,650. We left the captain of the Republic, its chief officer, the boatswain, the chief steward and a boat crew on board the Republic."

"All the passengers behaved splendidly. Only one person fell into the water, and she was an Italian woman. She fell like a bag of potatoes. Lifebuoys dropped all around and on her."

"After we had finished with the passengers we returned and went back to the Republic, finding her all right at that time. The officers and the steward all went back on the Republic."

"We could not find the Republic for many hours, but there was an American whaleback steamer named the City of Everett and her conduct was grand. She stayed by the Republic all night, and she blew for us until we found her. After we had sent back the officers and crew to the Republic the Fur-nessia came up."

"This is how the Republic finally got to her. She used our whistle and steered by the Marconi. As fast as our Marconi operator got a message he rushed with it to me. I have all the copies. For instance, some of them read: 'You are now on our port bow. Can you see us? Republic.' Another message reads: 'You are now very close. Can you see our rockets? Republic.' Another: 'You are too close to us for safety, Republic.'

"The first message of all that we received Saturday morning told us that the Republic was in a dangerous position in latitude 49, longitude 70.

"We went there and she was not there. Then we had to grope, and we went to 49-27 and 69-50. We scouted; we were interfered with by the wireless of other ships, which complicated the situation."

"On Saturday evening the fog lightened somewhat, fortunately. Then it became intermittent. It became thick again Sunday morning and made it very difficult for us."

"Then came messages giving us different steering directions, and in between we caught flashes of other messages. There was one I received that made me very anxious. It read: 'Siasconsett says hear from Republic, says to Battle to hurry. Sink fast.'

"I think I received this about 6 p.m. Saturday, just before we found her. Then I got alongside of the Republic. I asked Captain Sealby to come aboard of my ship, but he would not leave. I tried to get him to come, but he stayed by until the last."

Captain Ruspin of the Florida told of the crash as follows:

"We were blowing our whistle constantly. I heard blasts in the fog from another steamship, but they were not so frequent, and this made it hard. Finally, the Republic loomed up before us and we rammed her. We drew back, rebounded, and then cruised around in the fog for two hours. Then we saw a small boat, with an officer of the Republic, who asked us to aid his vessel."



"Thank God, Williams. Game to the last."

Williams said he and the captain had been in the water about twenty minutes, he first.

"What about the plum cake?"

"Oh, I forgot that," he said laughingly. "You see everybody but the captain and myself had left the boat at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. About 5 o'clock I found some biscuits, some marmalade, and a big hunk of plum cake. On this we had our dinner on the bridge. I also found some blankets and took them to the bridge, because we wanted to have things comfortable if she stood up all night. But that was fine plum cake."

#### BOWLING GREEN CHEERS 'EM.

Several thousand enthusiastic New Yorkers gathered in front of the Bowling Green Building, where the White Star offices are situated, and gave cheer after cheer for Sealby, Binns, Third Officer Stubbs, Dr. Marsh, and the purser of the wrecked steamer as they entered the building this afternoon. Somehow the news had spread that Sealby and his men would go to the office of the liner to make their report. When they did so, the arrival of the sidewalk was crowded with expectant men and women and others gathered on the opposite sidewalk. Many got into the corridors of the building and held positions there. The windows of all the buildings in the vicinity were alive with handkerchief waving men and women.

On nearing the building the captain and his little band walked close together and evidently intended to get into the offices without a disturbance. But soon one Binns, who recognized the captain and Binns and shouted, "Three cheers and a tiger for Capt. Sealby and Jack Binns!"

The assembly was responsive and took up the shout, rippling out three tremendous cheers, and those who had been holding up their hats in greeting continued with them. It seemed that every one in the crowd was determined to shake hands with the members of the plucky lit-

tle band and closed in about the group. Sealby shook the hands extended to him, as did the others, but he steadily made his way through to the door, shouldering a pathway for himself and the men who followed him.

#### FLAGS DIPPED IN SALUTE.

The Stars and Stripes and the White Star Line flag were suspended over the doorway, and as the captain and the others passed under the flags were dipped in salute. In the office on the first floor the employees of the company were lined up, and there were three cheers and a tiger. After this greeting was given forth there caught Sealby up bodily and, placing him on a table, shouted, "Speech!"

Trying to dodge this demand the captain shook his head in the negative, but, after a brief speech, continued so long that he was compelled to give in. What he said was as modest as it was short: "I am glad to see you all again," he said, with a break in his voice. "I am glad we are all here safe." With that he scrambled from the table and there was another cheer.

Among those in the office were about a dozen of the passengers of the Republic and many of them wept as they waved handkerchiefs and cheered. Among the passengers were Mr. Baskerville, Dr. M. F. Waldstein, Dr. C. B. B. Bosen, F. D. Bennett, Samuel Dougherty, Robert Friederichsen, Miss Jackson, J. E. Lilly and Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Major John and Mrs. Pepey and Mrs. Morris, Captain W. H. and Mrs. Smith, Miss baby is an infant in arms and the only child in the first-class cabin of the wrecked steamer.

#### LYNCH DEAD IN HOSPITAL.

Eugene Lynch of Roxbury, Boston, whose wife was killed when the Florida rammed the Republic, died early to-day at the Long Island College Hospital from the injuries and shock he had received in the wreck. He had been brought in on the Florida, being too dangerously injured to be removed with the other passengers to the Baltic. He was sent soon as the boat arrived in New York. The injured man was hurried to the hospital. Many Boston friends who had seen him and his wife start on their trip to the Mediterranean and had remained in town were at his bedside when he died. They took charge of the body and will forward it to Roxbury for burial.

The body of Mrs. Lynch probably will never be recovered. In its casket it went down with the wreck of the Republic when that vessel sank Sunday evening just after the decision was reached to take the ship in the crash of the collision, when the Florida's steel bow tore its way into the staterooms of the Republic. Mr. Lynch was terribly injured. His leg and thigh were broken. He was internally injured, and bruised about the head. It was with great difficulty that he was removed from the Republic to the Florida, and when it became necessary to again transfer the passengers from the Florida to the Baltic he expressed a wish to be allowed to stay on the Florida, adding, "I want to die, let me die here." His condition was then regarded as extremely serious, and the Rev. Father Morris of Trenton, one of the passengers of the Republic, administered the last rites to Mr. Lynch before leaving

the Florida. The Italian ship's doctor on board the Florida gave the injured Bostonian constant attention on the way, from Nantucket to New York, and the fact that Mrs. Lynch was killed in the collision was concealed from him.

Mr. Lynch was suffering greatly when he was transferred from the Florida to the hospital, but displayed great fortitude, and as he was carried from the steamship's side requested that all those who might share his fate give him a "memento" from him. Several of his friends from Boston were present and saw to it that he had every comfort.

Capt. Sealby and Binns were kept in seclusion and last evening the direct destroyer anchored off Tomskville last night and her commander decided that no one should be permitted to see Sealby or Binns. Both of them were so exhausted from their hard work that they were in no condition to talk to anyone. They needed rest above everything else.

Capt. Sealby's long vigil on his vessel had stuck to her from the time she was rammed and she went down, which was more than thirty-six hours had worn him out. Binns had remained at his keys, working in the dark. Part of his office on the Republic had been carried away, and the wreckage had panned him in so that he had to work in the darkness. From the time the vessel was rammed until twelve hours later when the Baltic reached the scene, he had remained at his office, sending and receiving messages.

#### THE PLIGHT OF BINNS

It was impossible for him to get anything to eat for a time. No one would bring anything to him, because of the great excitement and fear on the liner. In fact, the kitchen of the liner was partly submerged, and it was impossible to reach it from his office except to go through the water. On one occasion Binns swam to the Klingberg, and there found some bacon and some biscuits which he ate. Then he had to swim back to his office, where he continued to receive and send messages broadcast over the ocean.

Binns looked worse than any of those brought here to-day on the same cutter service. He was pale and washed out like a skeleton. He had no story to tell about his work, but he did say that he had been picked up by the White Star seamen and carried, like Capt. Sealby, along the dock amid the cheering crowds. He reported to the Marconi Wireless office in this city, saying that later he would tell the tale of the call of the wireless and the answers.

Binns admitted, however, that this was not his first experience amid trying conditions as a wireless operator. He had been at a wireless key in Jamaica during the Kingston earthquake, he said, and altogether had been considerable of the time for a man of twenty-five years. As for the credit for what was done on the Republic he said every bit of it was Capt. Sealby's due. His own part had been a small one, Binns declared.

Steward James C. Douglas of the Republic approached the group as Binns was talking. "There's the man who saved my life," said Binns. "Last night was the first he had slept since the collision. He was with me all the time. He carried my messages back and forth for me, and kept me supplied with food. He didn't sleep more once, and if it hadn't been for him I'd have had a hard time of it."

Binns is an Englishman, Peterborough, England, being his birthplace. He declared that he had given out no earlier statement, and didn't know what all the clamor and get out from him meant, anyway. What told about the mention of his name in congress he seemed pleased. "I know quite a number of those gentlemen," he said, "and some of them are very good friends of mine."

Disputes and contradictions follow fast on the heels. With the hotels of New York full of the survivors, who went about in motley clothing waiting to hear from friends and relatives in order to get money to return home, James B. Connolly has prepared for a meeting of the Waldorf-Astoria to hear some of the survivors speak up and assertions that members of the crew of the Republic acted in a cowardly manner when the trouble came.

#### 100 BABIES TOSSSED SAFELY TO THE BALTIMORE BY SAILORS

Preacher Who Was a Passenger Describes the Thrilling Scene.

(Special to The Globe.)

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 26.—Additional light on the heroism displayed on all sides following the wreck of the White Star liner Republic were furnished to-day by the Rev. Robert Johnson of Edinburgh, who has arrived in this city to take the pulpit of the Episcopal Church of the Saviour.

Dr. Johnson, who was a passenger on the Baltic, says that one of the most striking incidents witnessed by him was the transfer, among other passengers, of

nearly one hundred infants from the oral passenger agent of the White Star Line. Already these are making arrangements to continue their trip abroad. The remainder have been frightened off, and will stay at home. Their passage money, said the general passenger agent, will be returned to them.

The first of the survivors will sail tomorrow on the Vaderland of the Red Star Line. They will go on to Antwerp, and from there they may go on down to the Mediterranean, where they had hoped to go on the Republic. More of them will sail on Saturday on the Baltic for Liverpool, while others will go on the Romanic, which will take them to the Mediterranean and to many of the cities which were to have been covered in the cruise of the Republic.

At the present time, said Mr. Lindsay, the White Star Line is maintaining the passengers who are at New York, house and board, and has loaned him to try to reach the Baltic with all speed so that he could file a story by wireless.

"The other man, I was told, declared his life was worth the lives of any three of the Italian workers who had been transferred to the boats, and he made a scene which disgusted everybody. Absolutely no attention was paid to his proffer of bribes."

"I did not see any of the scenes described by the Republic's men," said Dr. Johnson. "But from what I learned I am of the opinion that Connolly's newspaper article was written in the spirit of instinct asserted itself, and that charges of cowardice may have arisen from confusing his case with that of another man, either a passenger on the Republic or the Florida, who sailed to America and offered the services of his ship to the Baltic."

The lawyers for both the White Star Line and the Italian Line have become active in the case. Wallace, Butler & Brown, counsel for the Italian Line, had begun an investigation last night to obtain facts with the aid of a lawyer in statement in behalf of their company, while the lawyers of the White Star began the preparation of another statement explaining the facts from their point of view.

A meeting of a number of men of the service was held at the Wadsworth Astoria. One of the members of the committee, James B. Connolly, writer of sea

tales, did not appear. The committee was voted to take the trip on the Baltic to this city because some of the passengers seemed to have minor complaints against the White Star Line, or because of the number of the boats and other things. The committee decided, however, that the White Star Line had acted magnificently, and will leave everything to the line officials. William P. Devereaux of Minneapolis was chairman of the meeting.

#### SAILORS OF THE REPUBLIC IN NEED OF CLOTHING

More than 100 sailors of the sunken steamship Republic, who lost their clothing and other effects as a result of the disaster, are quartered to-day at the Seamen's Institute, 507 West street, where they were placed by the White Star Company. They will be well cared for in the matter of food and shelter, but few of them have without even a chance of underwear till they reach the other side unless the plans of the American Seamen's Friend Society are successful.

The managers of this society have undertaken to provide the men with clothing and shoes and request all who are willing to help in the good work to send checks or clothing to the headquarters of the society, 76 Wall street.

## WILL CONTINUE TRIPS ABROAD

Sixty Per Cent. of Republic's Passengers Undismayed by Loss of the Ship.

About 60 per cent. of the 401 passengers of the ill-fated Republic have not been discouraged by their experience in the wreck, according to David Lindsay, gen-

## JACK R. BINNS, WIRELESS OPERATOR, WHO PROVED HIMSELF A HERO ON THE REPUBLIC



"Jack" Binns, the Marconi operator who sat in his half broken room on the Republic and flashed out the cry for help when the "C. Q. D." wireless call for assistance looked worse than any of those brought here to-day on the wreck destroyer Seneca. He was pale and washed out like a skeleton. He had not story to tell about his work, but he did say that he had been supplied with food and the rights of that life on the shipwreck, the being out in open boats and the like seem to have told on him. His face crimsoned and there was a happy smile on it when he was picked up by the White Star seamen and carried, like Capt. Sealby, along the dock amid the cheering crowd.

He reported to the Marconi Wireless office in this city, saying that later he might tell his tale of the call of the wireless, and the answer.

#### THE NEED OF THE WIRELESS.

The Republic and the Florida for an appreciable time tooted to each other through the fogbank, and yet did not avoid collision. The foghorn does not give adequate warning when two vessels are in dangerous proximity. The sound seems to come from all ways at once, and with no help from the eye to correct the ear approaching courses may be steered when there is frantic desire to separate.

But if there was warning of another vessel when several miles distant, and time and machinery for mutually transmitting intelligence as to course, location, speed, etc., it would be almost impossible for the two vessels to come together. The rescue of the passengers from the Republic is properly hailed as a great victory for the wireless. But the collision itself, whatever other causes may have contributed, was primarily due to the fact that one of the vessels was not equipped with the wireless and, thus muffled, was able to approach within the danger zone. It is hardly necessary to enlarge on the point that the accident emphasizes the need of compelling every vessel to have either the wireless telegraph or the wireless telephone.

The United States has few ships on the sea bearing her flag, and it may be urged that we must leave it to the countries with large merchant marines to adopt legislation forcing the adoption of precautions. Yet it is our business and our interest to see that something is done for our people on the greatest travellers. The power of congress over vessels entering our ports in some respects is plenary. If congress should enact a law declaring that no vessel without wireless equipment could enter our harbors it would not be necessary to wait until the merchant marine nations drew up regulations. On the same principle that the carrying of lights can be ordered by domestic law, so can the carrying of other signaling apparatus be ordered.

# CAPT. SEALBY'S DRAMATIC STORY

Capt. Wm. A. Sealby, the commander of the sunken White Star liner Republic, to-day, aboard the derelict destroyer Seneca, told the story of his long vigil on his sinking steamship and his rescue from the waters that swallowed up his ship.

The captain told of their standing by the derelict too long and then making a dash for the forward rigging up the almost vertical deck. Sealby got to the rigging, but his mate was swept over to the rail. The waters seemed to follow the captain as he climbed, and he was soon afloat, buoyed up by his spreading overcoat, till he climbed aboard a floating hatch and waited anxiously for the Gresham's men to locate him with the searchlight.

## Williams Saved from the Suction.

Second Officer R. J. Williams, R. N., took up the story at the point where he and the captain were separated in their desperate run for the rigging.

He worked his way up as the water engulfed the ship and felt the hull ground and part. Then he let go and fell forty feet into the water, and struck out to get away from the suction of the sinking craft.

This he managed to do, and was floating between two hatches when a Gresham crew picked him up.

The Seneca had taken aboard the captain and forty-two of his officers and crew and anchored off Tompkinsville last night. To-day the Republic's men were transferred to the Baltic at her pier.

## Sealby's License Suspended.

Technically, Capt. Sealby is under suspension, his certificate as master being taken away from him pending investigation of the disaster, as a matter of form, though not a shadow of blame attaches to him in the opinion of marine men.

The captain will remain here for several days, perhaps a week, and then will proceed to Liverpool, where he will be cited to appear before the Board of Trade for examination as to the cause of the sinking of the Republic.

If, as a result of the examination, the Board of Trade exonerates the captain from responsibility for the collision, his license will at once be restored, but should they find him to blame the revocation will stand.

The White Star line officials here were confident to-day that the Republic's commander will be held blameless.

## Conference at White Star Office.

Capt. Sealby and the officers of the Republic had a three-hour conference with Vice-Presidents Lee and Franklin and General Passenger Agent Thomas, of the International Mercantile Marine.

Capt. Sealby had a chart of the waters where the accident occurred and went over the incidents carefully. It was announced that no official statement would be given out by the company until to-morrow.

When Capt. Sealby left the conference he said he was not yet free to make a statement as to the actual causes of the collision.

## Captain's Desperate Race for Life on Sinking Ship

Capt. William A. Sealby, coming up to the White Star pier to-day, told the dramatic story of his daring attempt to stay by the Republic, of his race for life along the deck of the sinking ship, and of his rescue from a floating hatch.

The captain looked drawn and haggard. He is about thirty-eight years old, of ordinary height, of slight build, and unusually pale for one who follows the sea.

He wore borrowed light trousers that contrasted with the rest of the uniform which he wore when taken from the water.

Capt. Sealby said:

"We were on the bridge waiting for the time when our ship would disappear. By we, I mean Williams, the second officer, and myself. All the others had gone away at between 2 and 3 o'clock, and we were alone. Towards 8 o'clock the vessel began to rumble and break at the after end. The stern commenced to go down very rapidly. Then I turned to Williams and I said:

"Well, what do you think about it, Williams?"

The answer was:

"Captain, I don't think it will be a long race. Let us make a sprint for it."

## Signaled for Help.

"Williams is a bit of a sporting cuss, and instinctively he had reference to making a good finish. So I said to him, 'When you are ready, let her go,' meaning for him to ignite the blue light, which was an arranged signal for the lifeboats of the revenue cutter Gresham to come to our aid.

"With a blue light in one hand raised above my head, I drew my revolver from my pocket and fired five of the six charges that were in it.

"This, too, was a prearranged signal, because the fog was still bad. I had scarcely finished firing when we noticed that the ship was going down faster than we supposed, so Williams shouted to me, 'Let us make for the forward rigging.'

## Ran for the Rigging.

"We ran from the bridge to the saloon deck, carrying the blue lights above our heads as we ran. I also had in one of my hands a lantern such as car conductors use to show us the way along the deck.

"When we got to the saloon deck the water was coming in the after end, rushing and roaring like a whirlpool. As we ran forward the stern of the ship was sinking so rapidly that the incline of the deck was so steep that when we got to the forecastle head we began to slip back along the deck, unable to keep our footing.

"The last thing I saw of Williams aboard the Republic was when he had hold of the rail, hanging on to the port side.

## Climbed the Mast.

"I took to the rigging and went up as far as the masthead light, which was about 100 feet from the deck. I rested at the masthead light for a second, while I took out another blue light from an

inner pocket. It was wet and would not go off. Then I fired what I supposed was my last shot.

"The water at this time had caught up to me, but the air got under my overcoat and formed a sort of life preserver. You see, I had a pair of binoculars in one of my overcoat pockets and a revolver and some cartridges on the other side. These acted as a sort of ballast to the overcoat, which made a perfect life preserver.

## Found by the Searchlight.

"By this time there was a roaring, seething mass of water all about me. I was caught in the whirlpool and for some little time was churned around, I was dragged down a considerable distance, but finally came to the surface and tried to pull my overcoat off. It was water soaked, however, and I could not budge it.

"There were considerable debris floating around me, but I managed to get hold of some broken spars. Finally I took hold of a large hatch and pulled myself on it. I was so exhausted, however, that I could not draw myself upright upon it, so I lay on it spreading eagle fashion.

"The searchlights were playing on the ship as she was going down, and after being in the water some considerable time the two revenue cutters and a tug, which I think was the Sculpy, concentrated their lights on the spot where our vessel had gone down.

## Rescued from Floating Hatch.

"It seemed an interminable time that I lay there on the hatch and they did not see me. I had some grease-covered cartridges in my pockets, and I managed, after a great effort, to load my revolver again, and I fired to attract attention. I was getting very weak and numb from the cold. I just lay on the hatch and saved my strength for what I thought would be the last. Every now and then I shouted in the direction of where the lights were playing on the water.

"I had found a towel floating on the water, so I picked it up and waved it in the air. It was this piece of white that first attracted the attention of the Gresham's people. Shortly afterward I saw a boat coming toward me. They picked me up and took me aboard of the Gresham. The lifeboat was in charge of Gunnar Johansen, who handled it in a very able and seamanship manner. When I got in the boat I found Williams there. I was overjoyed, because I feared that he was gone.

## Praised Revenue Cutter Service.

"We did not save the logbook of the ship or any of the nautical instruments, but I understand that Purser Barker saved some papers. What they are I do not know. I wish to speak in the highest terms for the United States revenue service. The Gresham, under Capt. Perry, and the Seneca, under Capt. Reynolds, have proved beyond any doubt, in this instance, the necessity for such a service as the Seneca provides. She is ready at a moment's notice.

"Before we abandoned the Republic I left and pierced, to float away with the ship, a Holmes distress signal, which I have since been told ignited properly

with the action of the water and floated on the surface and was seen by the boat's crew who rescued us.

## Can't Say Too Much for Binns.

"I cannot say too much in behalf of the work of Mr. Binns, the wireless operator. During the whole of our operations on board the wireless was more or less invaluable, and it is to such operators as Mr. Binns, who stuck to his post to the last, in spite of the fact that half of the operating room had been carried away, than we were able to maintain our communications with the various steamers.

## Praised Crew and Passengers.

"I attribute the successful handling and transferring of passengers from the ship to that splendid cohesion which existed from the start to the finish between my officers and crew. At no time had I any doubt in any man. My confidence was absolute and unshaken. To that I attribute what may have been done.

"During the time which elapsed between the collision and the time of the passengers leaving the ship there was no confusion whatever. The women behaved remarkably well, and to the men passengers great praise is due for the valuable assistance they rendered me in safely conducting the women and children from under the bridge to the lifeboats. They could not have gone out of a theatre in a more orderly manner."

## The Crew of the Republic.

The Seneca brought in these officers and members of the crew of the Republic:

Capt. William A. Sealby, Chief Officer J. Cowland, First Officer J. Fellows, Second Officer R. Williams, Third Officer S. E. Sidds, Fourth Officer J. M. Morrow, Chief Steward A. Stever, Butcher C. Davy, Boatman C. Morris, Carpenter A. Evans, Storeroom W. Johnson, Trimmer C. Buttons, Saloon Deck Room E. Williams, Quartermaster T. Crowley, Members of the crew, T. Rodley, J. Ryan, M. Ryan, T. Davis, J. Wheeler and Lookouts T. McGinn, E. Hendrik W. Hamilton, C. Grant, J. Ryan, T. Cochran, T. Dunn, W. Legg, T. Sullivan, J. Taylor, J. Smith, H. Jackson, Purser T. Brown, R. Riley, R. Valentine, E. Francis, C. Stewardson, E. Blackwell, are two boys, F. Williamson and R. Gore, 2nd Class Steward H. Lloyd, Cook R. Bostock, and Stewards J. Grant, R. Williamson, R. Greenlade and G. Glendinning.

# ALL SURVIVORS OF SEA DISASTER NOW HERE

Joyous Meetings When Baltic Lands 1,600 Sufferers from Saturday's Collision at Sea.

## ONLY FIVE MET DEATH IN CRASH

Crippled Florida Crawls Over to Brooklyn Pier—Women Showed Great Bravery—Passengers Tell of Experiences—Wonderful Work with Wireless.

The derelict destroyer Seneca, which, with the revenue cutter Gresham and the Anchor Line steamship Furnessia, was acting as convoy for the Republic when the latter sank, arrived last night and anchored off Tompkinsville, having on board Captain Sealby, of the Republic, that ship's second officer and some thirty-three members of the crew, who remained with their ship to the last. They were all asleep, resting from the nervous strain of the tragedy and from the exhausting labor of rescue. They will land to-day.

Abandoned by all except her two dead passengers and Captain Sealby and her second officer, the big White Star liner Republic poked her nose in the air and sank from sight at 8:10 o'clock Sunday night, a few miles from Nantucket Lightship. Two pistol shots and the burning of two blue lights gave the warning to her convoy. A boat was immediately lowered from the revenue cutter Gresham, and the captain and second officer were picked up uninjured. The captain had climbed the foremast to the masthead light as his ship sank, and the second officer had leaped from the rill. The big boat, with the bodies of Mrs. Eugene Lynch and W. J. Mooney, in hermetically sealed coffins, on her deck, lie in thirty-seven fathoms of water, the tips of her masts some hundred feet below the surface.

The Baltic, carrying 1,450 survivors of her wrecked sister ship, the Republic, and of the battered Italian liner Florida, steamed up to her pier yesterday morning at 11:30 o'clock, while five thousand relatives and friends of the rescued shouted and cheered a passionate welcome. The steamship officials and crew, assisted by the police, had their hands full keeping the crowd on the pier from storming the ship when the gangplanks were let down. Women wept in each other's arms and men embraced each other. The survivors drew up a set of resolutions praising the conduct of Captain Ranson of the Baltic. They also raised several purses to be distributed among the crews of the Republic, the Florida and the Baltic, and arranged to have medals presented to the captains of the three steamships.

With thirty feet of her bow chopped off as if by some gigantic axe, the Florida, of the Lloyd-Italiano, crept into her dock, still able to take care of herself after sinking the Republic. Her passengers were disembarking at the time from the Baltic, but the maimed liner retained all except two of her crew, including the three killed in the collision, and carried besides Eugene Lynch, the Republic passenger whose wife was crushed to death when the Florida's bow cut through their stateroom. Mr. Lynch was suffering so severely from fractures and internal injuries that there seemed little hope of his recovery. His condition had prevented his being transshipped to the Baltic in the tossing boats with the rest of the survivors. The officers of the Italian boat were prevented from giving their explanations of the collision by the agents of the line.

The passengers, officers and crew of the Republic were unanimous in calling attention to the total absence of panic on board that vessel when the crash came and later when the transfers were made, first to the Florida and then from the Florida to the Baltic. The crew of the Florida came in for its share of praise from the Republic's passengers, who were in turn lauded by the crews of all three steamships, whose work was made easy by the cool spirit in which their charges faced the entire situation. All the baggage belonging to the passengers on the Republic had to be abandoned and has gone to a watery grave with the vessel. Most of them, however, undaunted by their perilous experiences and loss of money and effects, will take passage again to-morrow or Saturday for their destinations abroad.

## LYNCH, REPUBLIC PASSENGER, DIES IN HOSPITAL

Eugene Lynch, of Boston, whose wife was killed in the collision between the White Star liner Republic and the Italian liner Florida, and who himself was badly injured, died at 4 a.m. to-day in the Long Island College hospital, Brooklyn, without knowing that his wife had been crushed to death.

Mrs. Lynch's body, which had been placed in a hermetically sealed coffin soon after the Florida had rammed the Republic, went down when the ship sank. The body of W. J. Mooney, the only other passenger killed in the wreck, also is at the bottom of the sea.

## THRILLING STORIES TOLD BY SURVIVORS

Stories of survivors, who were taken on board the Florida and afterward transferred to the Baltic, contradicted some of Captain Ruspin's statements.

George B. Winslow, owner of the Grand Forks Herald, South Dakota, who had come up made up a party of nine from Grand Forks, said to the "Immaculate" on board the Florida before precedence of the Americans by a great ship to the Baltic, he saw some of the men draw their athletes in their pants and busts.

"The conditions on board the Florida," continued Mr. Winslow, "were abominable. There was absolutely nothing, and women and passengers from the Republic were all forced together on the dirty deck all day Saturday and half of the night. There was little to eat or drink on board, which fact caused great suffering. There was no coffee and a cracker during the whole eighteen hours we were on board the Florida."

"The conditions behaved very badly when the time came for us all to be transferred to the Baltic. Men, women and men and women became panic stricken, and were all forced to stand aside and let them off. The men, who tried to get themselves to get off, and the women, dashed in the dim glow of the ship's lights. Of course, it was terrible the day and night spent on board the Florida, and the most terrible. It was terrible for the women."

"There were 1,650 of us were

rescued to-night, and animals. All the

time the foghorn on the Florida was sounding. Several times I tried to make

my way forward to see the extent of the damage on the Florida, but I was held back by the immigrants, who surged like cattle, forcing me, pushing everybody aside and frightening me."

"Mrs. M. J. Murphy, of our party, left the Republic clad only in her night clothes and a blanket wrapped around her, and some on board the Florida, the other women passengers made contributions to her wardrobe.

"Mrs. Murphy exhibited remarkable heroism, being patient and cheerful all the time. Mr. Murphy, fair but considerably by glass, and we tried to make them both as comfortable as we could under the circumstances."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Titus, who were with the Winslows, also told their experiences. Mrs. Titus said:

"Somewhere I was called and I took time in dressing after the collision, when I could not be allowed to deck, I found that my stateroom was

"But while the passengers were being transferred to the Baltic, I managed to save her life. There wasn't a soul left there, and I was as still as death. I groped around until I finally located my glasses and my husband's vest, which was a diamond pin and his gold watch. Then snatched up my handbag and made my way to the deck just in time to join a party of

"The captain, when he gave the order to man the lifeboats, shouted that the women and children should go first. I know you are all gentlemen," he said, "and I will depend upon your acting as such."

Everything was orderly on leaving the Republic, and there was no panic like that on board the Florida."

Mr. Titus was also strong in denunciation of the conditions on board the Florida.

Mrs. Waldstein, wife of Dr. M. E. Waldstein, of South Orange, N. J., was traveling with her husband. His was one of the funny situations which increased the difficulties of the shipwrecked seafarers despite their troubles. When he was picked up by the crew of the public, he found himself clad in pajamas, minus a shirt, with a fur overcoat over all and with an umbrella over him. He was thus attired on arrival in port.

Dr. Waldstein praised Purser Barker and steward Edward Spencer, of the Republic, for their efforts in facilitating the transfer of the people from the Florida to the Baltic. He said:

"I was on the one side at the head of the ladder that led up to the small boat and Spencer stood at the other. They proved powers of strength.

"The American passengers, with the

British, however, had to use rough hands on the foreigners."

Says One Foreigner

Tried to Use Knife.

"One Italian drew a knife on Spencer. Grasping the hand that held the knife, the steward hit the fellow a stinging blow—a maneuver that brought congratulations of admiration from all and us all agreed to tell you the truth, we were so crestfallen that it wasn't an easy job to get expressions of any kind out of one's lips."

The arrival of the first small boat from the Florida, according to the passengers of the Baltic, was marked by scenes.

Arthur Bliss, editor of the Automobile, who was also on the Baltic, said:

"One thing that particularly impressed us was the number of the women who objected strenuously to going into the lifeboats before their husbands, the people of the Republic tell me, and the men of the other ships. The women, though most of the first rescues was no easy task for the officers in command,

"A case that excited general pity was that of Samuel Cupples, a St. Louis millionaire. He is seventy years old and was in a weakened condition. It was thought best to get him himself up the companion ladder. His daughter, Mrs. William Shulder, had preceded him up the deck. It was necessary that a chair be passed over the shoulder by the long relay of men that lined the very narrow passage. The old man was lifted with great care from the lifeboat and placed in the chair. Then the chair was relayed along the line to the deck.

Tells of the Last

Moments of Dying.

The Rev. John W. Norris, rector of St. Mary's Catholic Church, at Deal, N. J., tells as follows of the last moments of the only two cabin passengers killed on the Republic. They were Mrs. Eugene Lynch of Boston, and W. J. Mooney of Langdon, N. H.

"Mrs. Lynch, of Boston, was the last person to my bunk by the impact. Said Father: 'I am glad to be on only my pajamas when I reached the deck,' was the first passenger on deck. A moment later a steward came up and told an officer that several passengers were apparently badly injured in the ship's staterooms. I started for these staterooms, where I found she had occurred. Just then the lights went out. I had to feel my way, and soon I had had to swing myself into the corridor.

"When I got near the rent in the vessel I could hear the water gushing in. It was impossible to use much strength in removing splintered wood and other obstacles, but I reached her when before she died and administered to her. She seemed to be conscious.

"In getting to the adjoining stateroom I had to swing myself across a chasm which had been made in the floor of the vessel, as though a pie-cut had been taken from it. In doing so the cold sea water caught my legs and nearly carried me away, but I held on, and a moment later I was able to swing myself into another stateroom. It had been a pair of Mr. Mooney's stateroom.

"I was compelled to hold myself with one hand while I pried out a bunk which had been mashed against the wall. There I found Mr. Mooney in a condition. He was almost dead. Both he and Mrs. Lynch were dead before I left them.

"When I got to the deck, my religious errand had just as thrilling a portion to do in regarding the deck. Then it was too late for me to reach my own stateroom for clothes, and I was compelled to come into port in my pajamas and a borrowed overcoat. All the women on board were very brave."

Woman Author

Falls Into the Sea.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earl, a well-known author, had the most thrilling experience among the hundreds of passengers transferred from the Florida to the Baltic. She said:

"My sister, Mrs. Frances Clara Morse, and myself were in the same room near where the Florida tore into the Republic. The fog was dense and the whistle of the Republic was blowing signals continually. We both heard the whistle of the Florida, too.

"I had fallen into a daze, and had awakened when suddenly we felt a jar and then a terrifying grinding noise. In less than ten minutes the lights all went out and we were in complete darkness.

"We hurried from our room and up two flights of stairs to another deck. Everything was in commotion. I can say, however, that there was no panic and scarcely whimper on the part of any of the passengers. We heard stories of clinging passengers nothing.

"We were told to put on life preservers and await rescue. The first light came we were put in lifeboats and rowed to the Florida."

"After much suspense the Baltic was seen coming along, and when the boat I was in, together with my sister, after drifting about nearly an hour, awaiting the landing of those aboard, was approaching the Baltic's landing ladder, Sacerdi had gotten out and it came my turn.

"A sailor grasped my arm, and at the critical moment I said, 'I am not the right instant, but obeyed orders, and the next think I was struggling in the water. I felt myself rise to the surface again, but I was powerless. Then I felt the boat hook thrice against my hair, and I knew I was safe. I knew the sailor's hands were entangled in my hair. I never lost consciousness, and when we were out of the boat I got up and made my way, this time safely, to the Baltic's deck."

**WIFE OF ITALIAN INVENTOR THRILLED BY ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE "WIRELESS."**



**W**HEN news of the triumph of wireless telegraphy was flashed about the world, telling how every living creature on the Republic had been saved from drowning owing to an Italian's invention, not even the man who made possible this epoch-making incident felt a greater thrill of exultation than his beautiful wife. Last Saturday, when successful tests were made from a speeding railroad train on the Lake Shore, the possibility of another such a rescue on land appeared. Who knows but that Mrs. Marconi may at a no distant day again be thrilled with further proof of her husband's contribution to civilization?

As the Hon. Beatrice O'Brien, daughter of the fourteenth Baron Inchiquin, Mrs. Marconi was wed three years ago. One of seven sisters, she led a happy, simple girlhood, devoted to outdoor life. She is a niece of Lord Annaly through her mother.

## Seamen Carry Sealby Ashore on Shoulders

Capt. Sealby and his officers and members of the crew from the Republic, when they were landed at the pier of the White Star line from the revenue cutter Manhattan, which transferred them from the Seneca, received a remarkable greeting from the great throng of officers and seamen of the steamships of the White Star line and several hundred spectators.

When Capt. Sealby and his mates stepped down the gangplank there was a rush for the commander of the Republic, and lifting him to their shoulders, six men carried him the whole length of the pier to the street, while the crowd yelled itself hoarse, and strewed on the steamer's deck vials trumpets.

### Binn Carried on Men's Shoulders.

Behind the captain others carried Binn, the wireless telegraph operator. Capt. Sealby was then carried upstairs to the offices of the steamship company on the second floor of the pier, where only on his earnest protest would the crowd cease its demonstration.

Capt. Sealby went into the private office of the company, and when he emerged half an hour later four women who had been passengers on the Republic had joined the crowd. They rushed up to the captain and embraced the blushing seaman. One of them said:

"We want to thank you so much, Captain, we never forget it nor you. You thought of us first and all the time, and we can never thank you enough. And we want to congratulate you, too."

### Demand a Speech from Sealby.

Then the crowd cheered, and clearing his throat, as if struggling with emotion, Capt. Sealby replied:

"I think I ought to congratulate you, too. And I ought to thank you for your goodness. I never saw such a cool-headed lot of passengers. You helped me by your courage and self-possession. But for that there might not have been so happy a conclusion of the accident."

Again the crowd cheered and called for a speech from the captain, who said:

"We shall meet at the White Star offices for a talk with our officers and will not say anything in any shape or form until such time as we have had an interview with our officers. We will not

in any way depart from the announced arrangement."

It was after noon when the captain reached his company's offices at 9 Broadway, having exchanged his water-soaked uniform for a new suit of gray clothes, black overcoat and brown traveling cap.

There was a great crowd waiting for him, and as the captain pushed his way through the crowd Mrs. J. E. Whelan grasped his hand and said:

"I am glad to know you. I have read of your great work and am proud of you."

Some of the men seized the captain, carried him into the office and put him on a table, demanding a speech. He said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am glad to see you again. I am glad that we are all here. Excuse me from saying any more at this time."

## Mate Tells Stirring Story of His Rescue

Lieut. R. J. Williams, second officer of the Republic, who stood by the ship with Capt. Sealby, towered above his commander as he came ashore.

This was Williams' second shipwreck. He was on the Avoca in the East Indian trade when it was burned at sea, and spent seven days in an open lifeboat with nine negroes before he was rescued.

### Williams' Thrilling Story.

The second officer said:

"The captain went up the rigging and I went up the rail. When I got over the rail I hung on by my elbows. That's when I last sighted the captain. I did not know where he was."

"The ship was going down fast, stern first, almost on edge it seemed to me, and as she was about 100 fathoms long herself, it seemed to me that she struck bottom before she disappeared altogether. I am quite sure that her stern hit first."

"You could feel the awful jar as her stern held a moment on the bottom, and then the rest of her began to settle. When she was all covered up with water as far as the mainmast there was a violent sound and jar, which indicated to me that the ship had broken in two amidships. It was what nautical men call hogged."

### Miraculous Escape from the Suction.

"When I felt her part I let go and fell down in the water. The bow at that time had risen to about fifty feet, and I fell, I imagine, about forty feet. After I struck the water I had a fearful time backing away from the suction. I got on my back, threw my coat off and started to back water. In this way I got clear of the ship. I was surprised at the small amount of suction, because had there been any great amount we would not be here now."

"When the waters closed over the Republic the sound was something like distant thunder, or like Niagara falls breaking down into an immense deep hole."

"I continued backing water until I was about thirty feet clear. Everywhere around me the ocean was covered with foam and white water from the quick action of the ship sinking. I am a good swimmer, having received several medals for water contests as a boy."

### Tried in Vain to Climb on Hatch.

"I continued swimming away from the ship until finally a grating hatch struck

me and I got hold of it. I tried every way I could to get on top of this hatch. First I tried to climb up sideways, but it capsized and threw me back into the water. I tried altogether a dozen times, and finally gave up all idea of lifting myself up from the sea."

"I was about five minutes hanging on to the hatch when I saw in the darkness another grating hatch and, holding one in my right hand, I swam toward the other. After a great effort I got that on the other side of me and I floated between the two hatches, with my legs in the water and one arm on each hatch. The hatches were each about 5 by 3 feet.

### 25 Minutes in the Water.

"All this time I could see the searchlights of three steamers that were looking for us, but they seemed a long way off, and I despaired that they would ever come. While I rested on the hatches I heard the captain fire three shots, and afterward learned that he fired these, too, while he was clinging to a hatch. I was picked up first, after being in the water about twenty-five minutes. I should judge, and I asked if the captain had been saved, and they said no. Then I told them where I thought he was, and they found him. He did not know that I had been saved. When they helped him over the gunwales I was sitting in one part of the lifeboat with a thwart between us. When he saw me he threw his arms around my neck and said: 'Williams, you're game to the last.' It was the first kind of emotion I had seen of my skipper, but I would rather not talk about that."

### The Last "Dinner" on the Republic.

Lieut. Williams related an interesting story of what he termed the last dinner which he and the captain had aboard the Republic.

"It was no dress dinner affair," said Williams. "It took place at 6 p. m. Sunday on the bridge of the ship, with nobody but the skipper and myself, I had brought up a few blankets with

which to spend the night, and during my rummaging below for them I found some biscuits, marmalade and plum pudding.

We didn't have any forks or knives, and we didn't have any steward to wait on us. But we never enjoyed a meal more than that one. We used our fingers to put the marmalade over the biscuits, and we chewed the plum pudding just the same as if we were kids. It was a great treat, although it was kind of cold and wet out there."

## THE TRIUMPH OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

In the moment when the first appeal for help, the signal letters "C. Q. D." went out from the Republic's masthead, the wireless telegraph took an established place among those inventions of man that must be considered essential to his convenience, his comfort, and his safety. Up to that moment the wireless telegraph had for the most part performed a service already rendered by other devices. The electric telegraph on land and the cables under the sea have for years put men at widely separated points in communication with each other. In respect to that service the air-sent message was a duplication, though with advantages of its own. We have become accustomed to wireless communication with ships at sea for business and social messages. That is a convenience, no doubt, but it might be considered a dispensable one. The safety of ships and their passengers is a different matter, a graver matter altogether, and we now have a demonstration that, as a provision against that peril, the wireless telegraph is indispensable.

Burke conferred today with Navigation Commissioner Chamberlain, who will submit full official data showing the shipping interests affected and cost of installation.

Shipping interests more than any other section of the country was inspired directly by the Republic disaster.

Reuben Miller, a Pittsburgh millionaire aboard the Republic, wired Burke urging immediate action by Congress to compel wireless installation.

Burke conferred today with Navigation Commissioner Chamberlain, who will submit full official data showing the shipping interests affected and cost of installation.

Until no precaution against accident, no form of insurance against the danger of sea voyages. It must be evident everywhere and to everybody that the wireless telegraph apparatus can no longer be dispensed with in the equipment of passenger-carrying vessels.

In the actual circumstances of the collision of the Florida with the Republic it may be that without wireless communication the passengers of both ships would have been saved. But the Republic was doomed, the Florida in a perilous condition—so perilous that even her own passengers were transferred to the Baltic. The other vessels that from all directions on the face of the waters converged upon the scene of the accident, summoned by the Republic's call, made certain the saving of a large number of human lives that otherwise would have been by no means well assured. Had the Florida been more seriously damaged she, too, would have been helpless, and the foundering of both ships in a sea collision is one of the risks to be reckoned with. The wireless telegraph is the sole, the indispensable, instrument to avert the danger of appalling loss of life when such accidents happen at sea. Nothing replaces it. There is no substitute, and that makes its use imperative.

Since ordinary considerations of prudence will now incline seagoers to choose those ships which have the wireless equipment, it might be felt that the self-interest of owners would immediately cause the apparatus to be installed on all passenger-carrying craft. It may be doubted whether the matter can be left optional. Certainly the propriety, the necessity even, of Government regulations imposing the installation of wireless telegraph apparatus as a condition of receiving a permit to carry passengers now comes up for serious consideration. The cost is not great. The necessity, it seems to us, is so clear that installation ought to be made imperative precisely as the

carrying of lifeboats and the making of provision against disaster are imperative.

This most conspicuous triumph of Mr. Marconi's invention is peculiarly gratifying to THE TIMES, which has long made liberal use of wireless telegraphy in its European news service. The Marconi telegraph now becomes an instrumentality for the saving of human life, for diminishing perils of the sea. Not merely in the immediate and supreme service of summoning aid to a crippled ship, but in bringing news of the disaster to the public and to the friends of those on board, the wireless system gains an established place. The Times notes that it was the only newspaper in New York to receive direct wireless messages bringing the news of the disaster and of the saving of the passengers. The dispatch it printed yesterday morning from the Baltic, sent by Mr. TATTERSALL, the Marconi operator, its dispatch from the Furnessia, and dispatched from the Wood's Hole Station direct to this newspaper, brought details of intense interest to thousands of anxious minds. These have been days of triumph and of distinction for Mr. MARCONI.

# SEALBY AND BINNS ACCLAIMED AS HEROES BY CHEERING CROWDS

Captain of the Lost Liner Republic,  
Who Gives Thrilling Account of  
Sinking, and Wireless Oper-  
ator Receive Remark-  
able Ovation in Streets.

## GIRL STENOGRAPHERS AND CLERKS HUG AND KISS BINNS IN OFFICE

Crowd of 3,000 Follows Two Through Streets  
and Forces Captain to Make a Speech--  
He Thanks Everybody.

## COMMITTEE OF SURVIVORS MEETS

Pass Resolutions of Praise—Eugene Lynch, of Boston,  
Succumbs to Injuries—Three Bodies Recovered from  
Bow of the Florida, Whose Captain Is Silent.

Captain William I. Sealby and "Jack" Binns, wireless operator of the lost steamship Republic, arrived in this city to-day and received a remarkable reception. When they were landed on the White Star pier after being brought up the bay from the government derelict destroyer Seneca an immense throng of sailors and officers from other craft lifted Sealby, who was the last man to leave the ship, high on their shoulders and carried him triumphantly to the land end of the dock. Binns' ovation was no less enthusiastic.

The passengers' committee formed by survivors of the Republic held a meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria to-day. Resolutions commanding the bravery of the crew and passengers, especially the women, were drawn up. The committee adjourned to meet later, the date not being set. One of its objects, it is said, is to look after the rights of the passengers in recovering on their lost baggage and valuables.

Captain Sealby and Binns, together with several officers of the Republic, hurried to the offices of the White Star Line, at No. 9 Broadway, after they landed. A crowd of more than 3,000 persons in the street almost mobbed the little party. All hands managed finally to get inside and there they were again surrounded. Captain Sealby was placed on a table and called upon for a speech. He replied briefly, thanking everybody.

Binns was made the target for the girl stenographers and clerks, and got many hugs and kisses. He blushed like a schoolboy and said it all made him tired. Both Binns and Captain Sealby went to private offices and began making out reports for the company. Captain Sealby told a thrilling story of how he escaped from the foundering ship.

Binns said he wanted a good long sleep. Hearing that he was wanted by several theatrical managers, Binns said:

"None of that cheap notoriety for me. I want a good sleep and then I want to get back to work."

The captain of the Florida, which rammed the Republic, refused to make any statements to-day. He said his lips were sealed by orders from his company and he would make no statement until ordered to do so. He is on his ship at the Bush Shores, South Brooklyn. Three bodies were recovered from the bow of the Florida to-day. Two more seamen and the other, that of Salvatore Amico, a cabin boy, fourteen years old, whose family was wiped out by the earthquake at Messina.

Eugene Lynch, the Boston merchant who was so badly injured on the Republic when the prow of the Florida cut through his cabin, killing his wife, died to-day in the Long Island College Hospital. This brings the number of dead as a result of the collision up to eight.

Attorneys have been retained by the agents of the Florida and a legal battle over the collision is anticipated. In the opinion of experienced marine engineers and wreckers the Republic is doomed to remain on the ocean bed.

## Captain Sealby Tells Story; Binns Modest About Work

When the anchorage cutter Manhattan, bearing Captain Sealby, "Jack" Binns, the wireless telegraph operator, and the remainder of the Republic's staff of officers reached the White Star line pier at the foot of West Eleventh street to-night before noon to-day a large crowd gathered at the end of the dock and waited until the commander of the ill-fated craft put in an appearance to give him a rousing reception.

No sooner had Captain Sealby stepped from the deck of the Manhattan than a tremendous cheer broke forth from the throng which had gathered on the pier. More than half a hundred of the men of his crew seized him and bore him the entire length of the pier on their shoulders, while the remainder of the throng crowded about cheering and giving vent in other forms to the intense enthusiasm the acts of valor of Captain Sealby has inspired.

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"I just lay on the hatch cover and saved my strength, shouting at intervals when the lights were being played on, and also picked up a shovel and beat near me and waved it. Shortly afterward I saw a boat coming toward me. They picked me up and took me to the Great Eastern."

"There were four of the Republic's men and four of the Gresham's men in the crew of this boat," said William Williams, who had been picked up before the boat had been taken by the Seneca.

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"back" with him to his station, where he resumed his vigil with the receivers of the wireless apparatus clamped over his ears. He did not speak often, but when he did, again until he was ordered to leave the ship.

"As he was on his way into this port on the night of yesterday he was handed a wireless message which came direct from Washington telling him that Representative Bourne had spoken in his praise in the House of Representatives.

"That was nice of him, wasn't it?" Binns asked the man, who gave him the message. "I wish I could do anything great."

Captain Sealby said he had been separated from his dependence on the wireless and even in his greatest distress had taken time to pack down his trunkful of words in his messages in order that Binns might keep his blanket roofed refuge att. might keep his modesty and, although he was willing enough to talk about the courageous acts of others, he touched lightly upon his own experience on the Republic.

"I am all right," said Binns. "I never mind my baggage."

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Then the unassuming wireless operator, whose courage and intelligence probably saved hundreds of lives, lapsed into silence for a few moments, which were broken when he suddenly looked up at those about him.

"Say, anybody got a cigarette here, I'd be a lame duck man in the world just now if I had a cigarette. I haven't had one for a couple of days."

The required cigarette was obtained for the young man, who is twenty-five years old, and for the next ten minutes he puffed on it vigorously, with an air of indifference. Later he went to the office of the Marconi Company.

It was about this time that the steamer passed from the Republic, headed by a Mrs. Murphy, who had come on the pier and demanded to see Captain Sealby. The commander responded to their call and said, "I am Captain Sealby." Mr. Marconi stepped forward and expressed the gratitude of the women at seeing him safe and sound.

"You girls," replied the captain, "are upper-class people, not only on the Republic when the collision occurred, but also on the Florida afterwards. I want to express my thanks to every one of you. You acted nobly and you should receive all the credit that you deserve."

#### TAKES BODIES OUT OF WRECKAGE.

Three dead bodies were taken out of the mass of wreckage in the bow of the dismasted steamship Florida, as she lay at her pier in South Brooklyn, and were taken to-day to Schaefer's Undertaking room at No. 100 Franklin Street. The deceased are three men, all of them seafarers. The bodies are those of two seamen and fourteen-year-old Salvatore Amico, whose family was annihilated in the earthquake at Messina, and who had come to New York as a cabin boy to come to this country.

The two seamen who were crushed to death in the ship when the Florida lay over when the ship crashed into the White Star liner Repulse were Salvatore Pasquale Lavalle, twenty-two, and Giacomo Martirano, twenty-four, both of Naples. Lavalle had been buried under many tons of debris, and had been caught at the last moment by a party of sailors, which had evidently hurried his terrible death. His back was broken and his face had turned dark, showing that he had died of suffocation or death throes.

Soon after Lavalle's body had been taken out the wreckers found Martirano pinned under great stones, but that there were no marks on his body. So far as could be told at the pier, the man had evidently died of fright, as his worst fears had been realized.

Captain Russell, of the Florida, had known the family of young Amico, the cabin boy, before the great Italian earthquake wiped him out, save the boy himself. So when Salvatore Martirano, a boy of sixteen, called the skipper to bring him to this country, the latter agreed and gave the boy work on board the steamship, and he became a first class seaman. His body was found in the wreckage of the Florida's bow, his legs both broken and his body mangled.

The steamer Republic, of the Florida, left the ship early to-day and came to Manhattan. The Republic's cargo of bananas and macaroni is being unloaded this afternoon, preparation to sending the ship to dry dock for repairs.

## INFANTS TOSSED FROM BOATS TO SHIP IN RESCUE

Philadelphia Pastor, a Passenger  
on the Baltic, Tells How 100  
Babies Were Saved.

ISPECTION TO THE EVENING TELEGRAM.]

PITTSBURGH, Tuesday.—Additional light on the heroism displayed on all sides following the wreck of the White Star liner Republic was furnished to-day by Rev. Robert Johnston, of Edinburgh, who has arrived in this city to take the pulpit of the Republic's pastor, Dr. John C. Johnson, who was a passenger on the Baltic, says that one of the most striking incidents witnessed by him during the transfer of some 1,000 passengers of the transatlantic liner to the Baltic was the saving of one hundred infants from the Florida to the Baltic. A heavy sea was running, and it was necessary for the sailorman to throw the babies into the arms of sailors on the gangways of the resuming liner. This thrilling game of catch and toss continued until all the little ones had been transferred. Not a life was made away.

Dr. Johnston is inclined to discredit the construction placed by Rev. Ernest H. Murphy, of the First Presbyterian Church, President's friend and nautical writer. It is the opinion of Dr. Johnston that

Connolly's newspaper instinct asserted itself, and that in the confusion he was mistaken for another man, either a passenger on the Republic or the Florida, who grew large sum to transfer him to the Baltic.

"I did not see any of the scenes described by the Republic's men," said Dr. Johnston, "but from what I learned I am of the opinion that Connolly's news instinct may have caused him to reach the conclusion with all speed so that he could forward a story to his paper."

dead of a well built, athletic girl. Her name was not learned. An aged Italian woman, the wife and children who were being placed in the first boats, is enough to stir the heart. Also her action in seizing an infant and propelling it into the water, and then jumping to the side of the boat shows what a woman can do. The stroke of Mrs. Espy may not go down in history, but it will be long remembered. She put that little shivering boatload into will never be forgotten by those that were with her.

In contradistinction to these acts of calm bravery comes the more vigorous

deeds of a well built, athletic girl. Her name was not learned. An aged Italian woman, the wife and children who were being placed in the first boats, is enough to stir the heart. Also her action in seizing an infant and propelling it into the water, and then jumping to the side of the boat shows what a woman can do. The stroke of Mrs. Espy may not go down in history, but it will be long remembered. She put that little shivering boatload into will never be forgotten by those that were with her.

When Mrs. Murphy, badly injured and suffering intense pain, was carried into one of the boats and placed as best could be done by the sailors, she turned and smiled at Seminary John Allerton, saying:

"I am going to get well, and neither my husband nor myself will forget you for this."

Mrs. C. A. Severance, of St. Paul, speaks Italian, and she proved of good service on the Florida and during the transfer. She was a nurse, and she was cheering, cheering them, and then took to helping out nursing the injured in the ship's hospital. Mrs. William Snyder of Middlesex, N. J., recently widowed, was thrown from one of the boats into the sea. Mrs. Snyder was in the rear of the boat and the grating, which held the water, was broken and pulled her into the boat so that the sailors could haul her in.

While one boat was making through the turbulent waves from the Florida to the Baltic, little Miss Harry, a Waikiki maid, made everybody laugh by exclaiming—

"Fine. We are having a row on the ocean."



CAPTAIN SEALBY

CAPTAIN SEALBY BEING CARRIED ON THE SHOULDERS  
OF ADMIRING SAILORS ON THE WHITE STAR PIER.

JACK BINNS

CAPTAIN SEALBY, "JACK" BINNS, WIRELESS OPERATOR, AND SCENE ON PIER AS ENTHUSIASTIC SEAMEN RAISE CAPTAIN ON SHOULDERS.

## Women's Splendid Heroism Brightened Hours of Peril

### THROWN INTO WATER.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, a writer, was thrown into the water during the rolling sea while making the trip from the Republic to the Florida. Dragged back by a stalwart sailor, her scant attire wet and dripping and her frame chilled, Mrs. Earle did not whimper. She merely said: "Thank you."

Professor John M. Coulter, of the University of Chicago, says that the bravery and fortitude of the women was the finest sight of all the deeds of valor shown during the terrible night. He adds: "If we were to have one vivid experience that would remain uppermost in his mind for time to come, Yes, there were the women, the cheerfulness and courage of the American woman, and contrast of the American woman, I have thought more about it than about anything I saw. I will ever be proud of Americans."

It has often been said that a woman can do and say little things in time of stress that a man is unequal to. This was not true in the case of the Republic, and at a time when most of the passengers did not know what minute might be their last.

The strong, womanly attitude was shown in diversified ways. At one time they joked cheerfully about the men's odd attire as the more stricken passengers were laid in the deck of the ship and awaiting transfer in boats on the open sea to the battered and staggering Florida.

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# DRAMATIC TALES OF RESCUE

## TOLD BY THE REPUBLIC'S SURVIVORS

General Brayton Ives, formerly president of the New York Stock Exchange, who was one of the passengers on the Republic, gave a graphic account of the scenes following the collision.

"I was awakened by the noise and shock of the collision," said General Ives yesterday when the Baltic reached Quarantine. "It sounded like a big blast of gunpowder. I arose and tried to turn on the light in my stateroom, but the electric lamp was out. Fortunately, I found a Christmas candle which somebody had put in my bag, and, lighting it, started to dress, and this I did completely. Then I went out upon deck."

"There seemed to be no confusion. Nothing was said about the ship's sinking until after daylight. Then the passengers were brought out and distributed. When I was awakened I looked at my watch, and it was exactly half-past five o'clock. I should say it was not until an hour and a half later that some of the passengers began to put on their preserves. The crew of the Republic behaved admirably. They began to take us off the Republic, and the officers of the Baltic were there. There was no crowding and no rushing. No man endeavored to get ahead of women and children. All the passengers at this time were cool and calm, the calmness of the women being remarkable.

"But the Italian ship was the scene of discomfort. She is a third class ship, I am told. Well, if there is a sixth class, so far as cleanliness is concerned she is at the bottom. The men were all poor. They were taken on board of her were out in the weather the whole time. The public rooms were small and were soon jammed. The men were all poor. They were taken on the deck next to a very dirty passenger, wrapped myself up and stayed there the entire time."

General Ives was the only passenger of the Republic who saved any of his baggage. This was a handbag which I left a dozen suits of clothes hanging in the wardrobe of my stateroom; even my shaving materials I left behind," said General Ives.

Captain Seally remained on the bridge, heard him giving orders through a megaphone and he was very cool. In tampering with the Florida to the Baltic I had to take an oar. Why? Well, there were not enough seamen in the ship to row the first time I had attempted to row out the ship could stand.

"I have been admirably treated on the Baltic. The purser gave me his own shirt room. When we got on board we were immediately led to the dining room, where I dined. Captain Seally of the Republic, is certainly entitled to great credit. No officer could have stuck to his post more nobly. I have been treated to the best." That only criticism I should have disposed to make was that no officer with authority accompanied the Republic's passengers. In the opinion of the captain he was on the Italian boat while waiting to set off, and the disorder was extremely trying. We were given the presence of some of our officers of recognized rank, but all well enough to stand by the ship, but the safety of passengers ought to come first. However, it was the evident intention of the White Star line officers to do the best they could."

### MRS. ESPY PULLED OAR IN A LIFEBOAT

Dramatic descriptions of the collision were given to a HERALD reporter who returned on the Baltic to her dock yesterday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hart, of Cleveland, Ohio, lost practically all they had with them at the time of the accident. Mr. Hart sat in the saloon of the Baltic. He was clad in a thin line of pajamas, a borrowed coat tied around the waist of a pajama coat and the one pair of trousers and shoes which he had been able to save.

"I was awake when the crash came," he said. "The first intimation of danger was a blast of the Florida's whistle. At the moment of impact incidentally there were three distinct shocks as the bow of the Florida cut her way through the water. It was a large ship. The Republic did not heel over at all, the knife-like bow cut her clean and almost instantly there came darkness, the furnishing washed away.

"There was never the slightest indication of extremer danger. The passengers were a great mass of immigrants aboard, officers and drawing a gun, said that he would be shot if he did not get off. The passengers must come first. A man looking

out from the window said that the

task to get them to let the women go.

The crews of the White Star boats did noble work and deserve great praise."

Major and Mrs. John Espy were among the last to leave. Major, Mrs. Espy being the last woman to enter a lifeboat on her way to the Florida.

"I wanted to stay aboard with my husband, but he said, 'Come along, Captain.' I thought it would be better if I went with the other women, so I went. We were nearly all the time in the Florida's boat helping to lower one of the Florida's boats.

Mrs. Murphy's condition was better last night and she was resting quietly.

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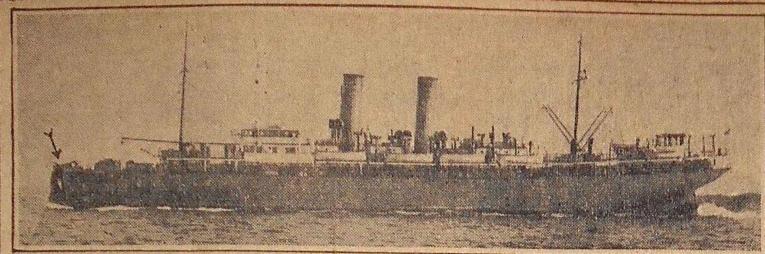
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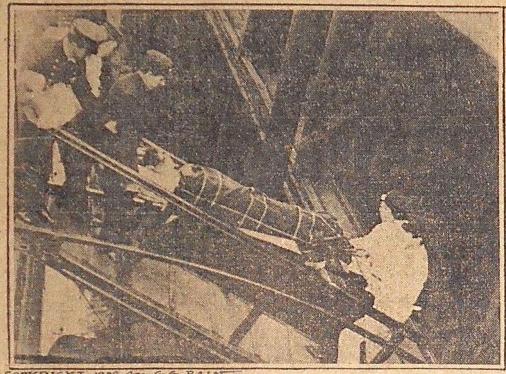
THE S.S. FLORIDA ON HER WAY TO NEW YORK  
AFTER TRANSFER OF HER PASSENGERS TO THE  
S. S. BALTIC.

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CAPTAIN A. M.  
RUSPIN OF  
THE FLORIDA.



COPYRIGHT 1909 BY G.G. BAIN  
BRINGING MRS. M.J. MURPHY ASHORE FROM THE  
S. S. BALTIC.

## THE FURNESSIA IN, TELLS HER STORY

Five days overdue, the Anchor Line steamer Furnessia, Captain James Lumdsdale, commander, which turned and aided in the effort to get the Republic either into shallow water or into port, and failed in the attempt, arrived at her pier at Forty-fifth street, at three o'clock yesterday afternoon.

The Furnessia first got word of the collision late on Saturday night, when R. Colvin, the Marconi operator, caught a message.

"The wireless first began to pick up the Baltic on Saturday night," said Mr. Colvin. "It was with great difficulty at first that Colvin, the wireless operator, caught the message. He finally found out that it was the Baltic that had been hit. Her operator sent word that the Republic had been in collision. Word was at once carried to Captain Lumdsdale, who he said, sent a message asking if he could be of any assistance. The Baltic sent back word asking to come and stand by."

"We were at the Great Lakes fast her towage gear to the Republic an attempt was made to start, but the revenue cutter was not heavy enough for her task, and she could only manage to hold the Republic until about noon her, that's the fact. I don't think we were making about a knot, perhaps not as much. We kept in wireless touch with the Gresham. She had gone a little way the Seneca came up. She put lines to the Gresham and tried to aid her in towing. Even then the speed was slow. Little by little the Republic seemed to be slowly sinking. We went along slowly through the afternoon, drifting all of the time, nearly as much, maybe as the Gresham."

"At last we had word by the wireless that the Gresham had taken off the officers and crew of the Republic, all save her Captain and Chief Officer. They stayed by the ship. We could not see them, but again and again through the heavy mist we could get a glimpse of her bridge lights, gleaming faintly, and the only ones showing."

"With only one man gone to the Republic we kept a little further away, but were still in constant communication by wireless with the Gresham. Along about eight o'clock the Gresham sprang a leak and four hours later had to leave the Republic. The wireless brought us word that she had gone down about half-past eight."

"We still stood by while the two steamers were at anchor. We knew what or where they were — came and played their searchlights on the spot where the Republic had been lost. At nine o'clock the Gresham wired us that all the air had been secured and the Captain and the Chief Officer of the Republic had been saved. We stayed about for a time, and then, when we were sure that there was no further need of our waiting longer, we came on slowly toward New York."

## STORY OF THE SURGEON OF THE REPUBLIC

One of the most complete narratives of the scenes following the collision was told yesterday by Dr. J. J. Marsh, the Republic's surgeon, who was on the Suevic two years ago when that vessel plied upon the rocks near the Lizard and broke in two.

"I was awakened by three blasts of the whistle," said Dr. Marsh. "Then came a heavy, dull thud. I jumped up hastily, drew on my trousers, jumped into my slippers and, grabbing whatever other clothing was within reach hurried out. It was my duty to assemble the women and children and I had literally to grope my way out. I got them together as fast as I could.

Mr. Captain Sulkin came down from the bridge upon deck and spoke to a group of passengers standing near. He told me not thinking the ship would go down, but that it was more or less down to a certain point, but it is likely her watertight compartments will keep her from sinking. He was given

"I was called to treat the injured, but such aid as I could give, under the circumstances, was practically little. Mrs. Lynch, seemed to have been literally scooped out of her cabin by the bow of the Florida. Mrs. Henry L. Green, wife of the captain, and passenger of his cabin, was severely named Roberts. I found was wounded on the right side and one of her legs was badly bruised. Mr. Lang, engineer, I found was broken. He was in the engine room and suffered so much on the way to the Florida that he declined to be put on the Baltic when the rest of us were transferred to her. The name of Mr. Woodward, was injured by being thrown down by the shock of the collision, and I

feared, suffered a fracture at the base of the skull. We have an Italian steward from the Florida whose leg was broken. Three of the Florida's crew, I understand, were killed."

**SAVED THE REPUBLIC  
FROM BLOWING UP**

What happened in the engine room of the Republic when sudden sharp orders began to come from the bridge, to be

began almost immediately by the crash of the Florida's bow as it forced its way through the Republic's side and into the midst of the startled watch in the engine room, was told yesterday afternoon by two officers from the Republic, John Hart and Thomas McInerny, the former narrating and the latter corroborating.

"The second engineer was in charge in the engine room and the fourth engineer, Mr. Lagg, was standing by," said Hart. "I was on duty at the main engine and McInerny was at the refrigerating engine. It was between half-past five and ten minutes to six, and we were proceeding under reduced speed. Suddenly the



THE N.Y. HERALD TALKING WITH CAPTAIN RANSON OF THE S.S. REPUBLIC.

MRS.  
EUGENE  
LYNCH  
WIFE OF  
CAPTAIN  
IN COLLISION  
ON THE  
S.S. REPUBLIC

telegraph from the bridge sounded 'stop.' A minute later the order came, 'full speed astern.' The propellers had not been turned for sixty seconds when 'full speed ahead' was ordered.

"Then in less time than it takes to tell came a terrible crash on the port side, and instantly the big steel superstructure crashed through the steel plates, outer and inner, shoving aside frames and forcing its way in through fifty yards of where we were standing. The vessel tore everything on that side for twenty feet and then disappeared, and we could see no water nor smoke below."

"Close the water tight doors!" the second engineer shouted. Within ten seconds this was done, every one of the five handwheels closed, and the ship was shut in a drum. These should have kept the water from the rest of the ship, but didn't, for apparently one of the engine room bulkheads had been torn away. Then we began climbing up the iron ladder to the boat deck. The electrical apparatus had been cut out of the ship, so only the generator came in, but a few emergency lamps were burning and it was not difficult to find our way up the 190 steps to the boat deck.

"Mr. Lang at the risk of his life probably saved the ship from blowing up.

While the rest of us were on our way

to the boat deck he went to the deck

and waded through water up to his waist

to the main feed checks on the boilers

and opened them all. Hart has not done this before, but he did it when the rush of cold water reached them.

"When we got to the top deck we re-

ceived orders to get Mr. Mooney's body

and put it into a coffin, and also that of Mrs. Lynch. A shoe belonging to Mrs. Lynch

was found cut in two as if by a sharp axe.

## FLORIDA VICTIMS REMOVED FROM WRECK IN DOCK

Italian Liner's Cargo Rushed  
Out to Get Vessel Into  
Hands of Repairs.

## SHIP BADLY CRUSHED.

Her Dead and Cargo Removed  
in Haste to Get Vessel  
Into Drydock.

Two hundred longshoremen swarmed on the deck of the Florida this morning, ripping the cargo out of her, in an effort to clear her hold by Thursday morning, so that she may be taken from the South Brooklyn pier at the foot of Forty-fifth street to the Erie Basin drydock and have a new prow built on her.

The three dead and Mr. Lynch, who died later in the hospital, had been removed from the Italian liner during the night and a wrecking crew put to work in the gnarled and tangled mass of steel and timber that had been driven through the

'midships of the Republic like a cleaver through cheese and then crumpled up at if bent upon adamant.'

There was a fifteen who went down into the bent and twisted mass in the three smashed compartments to save what could be saved before the ship-builders slice off the crushed nose and build another one.

**Crew Killed in Bunks.**

All of the officers and crew had gone ashore to visit friends and relatives and relate to them the tale of their remarkable adventures. Pier Superintendent H. Noll was in charge. He said:

"The cargo suffered no damage from the collision, and we expect to get it all out of her by to-morrow night. Then we will run her into dry dock and have a new prow built on. The bodies of the three dead were removed early this morning to the undertaking rooms of Louis Schaefer, at No. 404 Third avenue, Brooklyn, whence they will be buried."

"They are Salvator D'Ambro, fifteen years old, a cabin boy, who was a refugee from Messina, when he found employment on the Florida; Pasquale Lavelli and Caligero Martuccelli, seamen, both of Naples. They were asleep in the forecastle bunks at the time of the collision. Their bodies were terribly crushed."

## Wonderful Tales Are Told by Those Who Were Saved from the Sinking Liner

Men and Women Roused from Their Sleep as the Prow of the Florida Sheared Into the Sides of the Republic Recount Their Experiences.

### YOUTHFUL MASTER OF THE ITALIAN SHIP TELLS OF ACCIDENT AND RESCUE WORK

More Details Come to Hand Concerning the Marvels of the Wireless and Its Successful Appeal for Aid Which Brought All Ships Within Call.

To the welcome music of thousands of voices raised in a chorus of cheers on the pier of the White Star line, the Baltic, bearing 1,650 passengers from her sister ship, the Republic, and the Florida, of the Lloyds-Italiano Line, warped into her dock a few minutes after noon yesterday.

From the decks of the rescuing vessel went up an answering cry of cheer and gladness, for those who had been at the mercy of the seas, helpless and hopeless, had it not been for the skill of man in the form of the wireless telegraphic system, which alone saved them from death, had reached not only haven, but their home haven.

It was a motley gathering, so far as costume goes, that bent over the rails of the huge Baltic as she slowly steamed past the skyscrapers and finally came within view of the eager throngs surging on the long pier, each striving for a look at her as she came up. There were men in pajamas and blankets, children in almost nothing, women in all sorts of makeshifts in the way of garb, for all the baggage had gone down under the waves with the Republic, and it was merely a case of keeping warm until land and taxicabs were reached.

Nobody seemed to care about that phase of the situation, and just as soon as the gangplanks were available arms were flung around bare necks and half clad figures, and many tears were shed. At first the only thought was that all were back with their own again—all but the unfortunate who had been sacrificed to the hunger of the sea.

After that all the talk was in praise of the valor and heroic devotion to duty of Captain Sealby, of the Republic, and his crew, even though those who told of it did not know the final chapter of their rescue by the Gresham, when the big liner finally surrendered and buried herself under the waters of the Atlantic.

On the other hand, with one or two exceptions, the officers of all the ships concerned paid tribute to the heroism of the passengers in a situation which so far as any one knew at the moment, was imminent with peril. Some of the men became excited, but as a whole the ship's company was commendably calm. The conduct of the women was particularly admirable, one of them indulging in a game of solitaire while the sailors were swinging the lifeboats from the davits.

No report of the olden days was ever more heartily welcomed than the Baltic, despite the fact that several wounded persons lay within her boards. And hardly less enthusiastic was the welcome accorded to the Florida, the unwitting cause of the accident, and herself battered almost to the sinking point, which followed the majestic White Star ship up the bay. Both had their stories to tell, stories of hours of anguish and fear, stories of the excitement on the two ships, of the bravery of the officers and of the efficient work of the crews.

In the meantime the Gresham, the revenue cutter which was towing the Republic when she surrendered to her native element, had reached Woods Hole, Mass., concerned more particularly with the story of the gallantry of Captain Sealby and his men, who were taken off the Republic at the last moment and were subsequently transferred to the Seneca, derelict destroyer. With them the Seneca arrived in New York last night, exhausted from their experience, depreciating their own work, and having no other expression than one of satisfaction and gratitude that no more lives had been lost.

As an appreciation of the work of Captain Benson and his men on the Baltic in saving the shipwrecked passengers of the Republic and the Florida, a subscription, which quickly reached the sum of \$1,060, was taken up on the way from the scene of the accident, twenty-six miles off Nantucket, to the port of New York.

#### THE HEROISM OF IT.

To-day and in the years to come whenever the loss of the White Star steamship Republic is spoken of the heroism attendant upon the calamity will always take prominent place and in the front rank of those conspicuous for bravery in the face of danger stands John Binns, the Marconi wireless operator.

With his station put out of commission by the collision he rigged up substitute batteries and sent out broadcast the calls

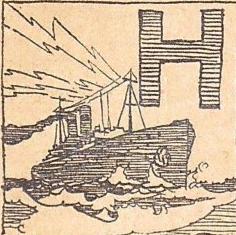
for help. He knew the life of these substitute batteries were short and stuck to his post with the receivers of the wireless clamped to his ears for more than ten hours listening for answers to his calls. Binns modestly says:—“I didn't do anything great,” but the world chooses to think otherwise.

For the beleaguered passengers, too, there are words of praise on all hands. The women, especially, were heroically calm even when the danger was greatest.

## Shared ‘Death Watch’ on Republic With Capt. Sealby

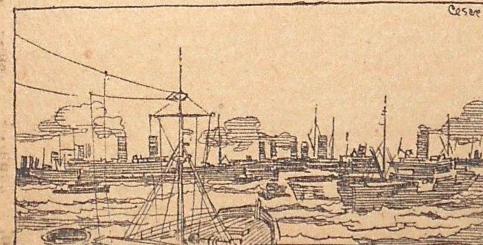


R. J. WILLIAMS  
LIFE-SAVING INVENTIONS.



inventions a graphic advertisement. It proves their value concretely both to the hundreds of people whose lives were saved and the tens of millions of people who read about it.

Without life-saving inventions human life would react upon itself and population would automatically become stationary or decrease, because it is only through the use of men's brains that the increasing dangers of modern life are overcome.



Before there were light houses, fog horns, signal stations and buoys more ships went ashore than now, although there are a hundred times as many vessels on the ocean now as then. Without wireless telegraphy, without submarine bells, fog horns and signals the crowded ocean lanes would be so dangerous that steamers could travel at full speed only with a good light, and would have to lie to on a dark night or during a fog.

When a human mind invented the steam engine, the dangers to human life were increased, and life-saving inventions in the shape of safety valves, governors and signals followed.

When a human mind invented the deadly electric current as great danger was created as if lightning were introduced to the house. The life-saving inventions of insulation, of fusible plugs and of automatic regulation made the great invention of electric light safe.

## EDITOR'S STORY OF REPUBLIC CRASH

G. B. Winship of The Grand Forks Herald Thought a Derelict Had Been Hit.

### PANIC ONLY IN STEERAGE

An Officer with a Revolver Quickly Stopped That—Hours of Anxiety in the Darkness.

By George E. Winship, Editor of The Grand Forks (N.D.) Herald.

The ramming of the steamer Republic by the Lloyd Italian liner Florida occurred at 5:30 o'clock Saturday morning before daybreak and during the darkness. The Republic was struck almost amidships, and the prow of the Florida penetrated the saloon deck, tearing everything into splinters and ribbons. To many of the passengers the impression was given that there had been an explosion on board, as the blow of the Italian steamer was followed by a dull, roaring sound, and subsequently a noise like the tearing and rending of timber.

There was a violent tremor of the great ship. It ran from end to end, and then the engines stopped, and almost immediately the lighting circuit was cut off and the lights went out.

All the passengers were asleep in their staterooms at the time of the accident, and they awoke in alarm, discarding their fear would allow them time to put on. My wife and I occupied Stateroom 106, which was on the starboard side and away from the place where the steel cutting water of the Florida cut into the vessel's side. I was awakened by the shock, and at first it seemed to me that it was as though we had hit a derelict.

Just awakened, I did not realize that a serious accident had happened, and I took my watch out from under my pillow to see the time. I leaned out and turned the electric light switch, but could not make the light glow. The power was off. Outside on the deck I was attracted by the striking and burning of matches, and I got up. There came the full realization that we had met with an accident and the engines were stopped.

#### The Passengers in Darkness.

Dressing, my wife and I went outside, where we found the passengers groping their way to the upper deck by the light of matches. The ship's employees, calming their fears, advised all to put on life preservers in case they might be needed.

By 7 o'clock the full extent of the damage to the Republic was ascertained by the officers. Capt. Sealby addressed the passengers from the bridge, telling them that it would be necessary to transfer them to the Florida. He advised them that there was no immediate danger and implored them quietly and coolly to descend the side to the lifeboats. His calm statement of the situation restored confidence to the passengers, and it is doubtful whether there was ever an assemblage of 500 or more persons so cool and collected in the face of danger.

Within an hour the passengers were being transferred to the Florida. The covered every deck of the smaller steamer so thickly that there was no room to move about. Here the passengers huddled together for shelter, suffering from cold, hunger and thirst. The Florida's officers did the best they could to give assistance, but they were carrying a large list of incoming passengers, and as far as in the condition you might expect from that fact, they could do but little for the unfortunate Republic's passengers.

The report given out on Saturday that help had been reached by wireless and that relief ships would be sent proved to be true, as the fog whistles of relief vessels were heard, and within a short time the Baltic reached us. Then the Lorraine came in sight.

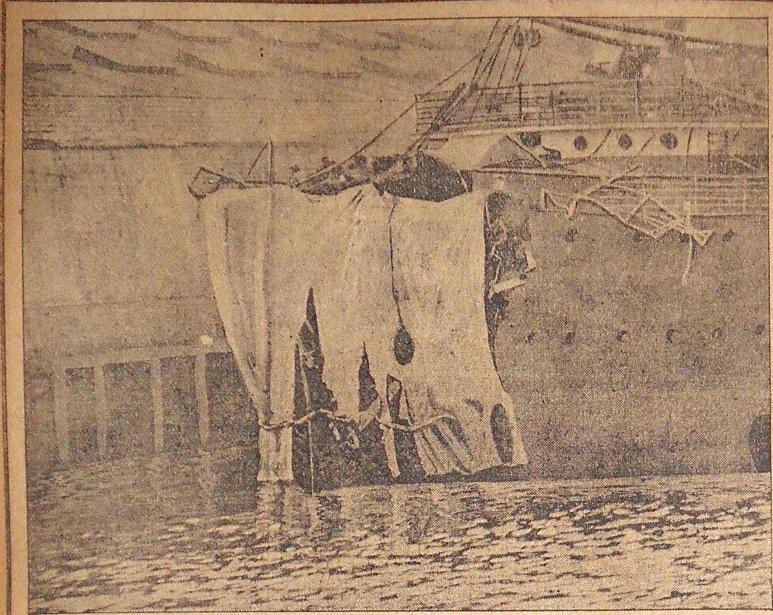
#### Italians Fight for the Boats.

The work of taking off the passengers from the Florida began about 10:30 P.M., and by the next morning we were all safe on board the Baltic. All were transferred, including the steerage passengers on the Florida. The Italian vessel was found to be seriously wounded, and the fore part was settling. When the transfer was going on some of the Florida's passengers fought to get into boats first. Some two or three drew knives, but they were driven back in short order.

W. J. Monner of Langdon, N. D., who, with his wife, occupied Stateroom 28, on the saloon deck, was literally torn to



## The Florida's Crumpled Prow.



### HOW BINNS FLASHED HIS CALLS FOR HELP

Drenched and Hungry, He Stuck to His Key in Wreck of the Marconi Room.

### DIVED FOR NEW BATTERIES

When the Old Ones Were Rendered Useless—Operator a Nervous Wreck After Thrilling Experience.

No sooner had the derelict steamer Seneca dropped her anchor at Stapleton last night than a dozen or more newspapermen boarded her and the search for Binns, the Marconi operator of the Republic, who so heroically stuck to his post and flashed forth the messages that told of the Republic's peril, was begun. Binns was not to be seen, as he was under a strict guard in the ward officers' room by order of Capt. Sealby.

However, Mathew Tierney, the Marconi operator aboard the Seneca, who is an old friend of Binns, told a graphic story of the experience of his fellow operator on board the Republic.

"Binns is a nervous wreck," Tierney said, "and he told me to-night that he feared he would never be able to put to sea again. He cried like a baby this afternoon when he told me how he had sat in his wrecked wireless room on the Republic, flashing out message after message, telling sister ships of the Republic's desperate plight."

The occupant of the wireless room had been carried away when the Republic was rammed by the Florida, but there sat Binns exposed to the weather, his hands so stiff from cold that it was with difficulty that he could hold the key of his instrument. Just as he succeeded in getting in touch with La Lorraine the Republic's engine room became flooded, and with his power shot off the dynamo in the wireless room ceased to work, and Binns found his instrument muzzled.

"The ship was filling fast and Binns, realizing that all hope of bringing help lay in his messages, went to a store-room in search of storage batteries or concentrators. He had to dive into a water-filled compartment and waded waist-deep around until he found the batteries. He then rigged out his instrument with these batteries, and in less than half an hour after his instrument had been silenced feeble waves were once more spouting forth into the fog-filled air before him, all within hearing to hasten to the rescue of the neophyte."

"All day Saturday and far into the night Binns remained at his key before he abandoned his post. He was working in clothes soaking wet and his body was in need of nourishment. Capt. Sealby had placed a guard at the foot of the ladder leading to Binns' perilous perch, and no one came near him, the Captain shouting his orders to his operator through a megaphone.

"I have just got out of the habit of sleeping," said Tattersall. "Maybe I will be able to learn again, but certainly not for a while yet." And then this sleepless Mr. Tattersall was led back to the subject of this story, the events of last Saturday and Sunday as they were recorded on the wireless instrument of the Republic. "There was just one instant when an excited man might have received a thrill," said he. "That was about three hours ago when we received this message from Operator Binns of the Republic: 'We are settling rapidly; must go to leeward, as we close.'

"Then we saw just now I got from Binns. Had I had time to stop and think I might have drawn a mental picture of the Republic, the hurrying for the boats, the wild scramble to get free from a sinking ship before she went down. But I am afraid I did not have time."

"A few minutes before that message came Binns had started a message and stopped right in the middle of the sentence. I thought at the time he had been called away to take to the boats, but he had not. It was a very poor stop, we received through the wireless instrument, tragic enough to those on the Republic, of the condition of the ship. It reached me to and my fellow-operator, G. W. Balfour, who was with me almost all the time after the first message was received. And I might add that since Saturday morning we have sent and received many hundreds of messages to

and from the passengers on the Republic and their friends on shore, also messages to and from Capt. Sealby and the ship's owners. Oh, it was a busy time, for while the business messages were being sent and received, there was a constant往来 either with the Republic or with our shore station or with some of the other ships which arrived on the scene after the accident."

"But to begin at the beginning, I had been on duty all Friday night, and Balfour had been off. About 11 o'clock in the morning I called up Siasconsett and asked the operator if he had heard from the Republic. He had been looking for her all night. He showed me the log and during the communication Siasconsett said he had not heard from the Republic. About 6:30 this morning I got a hasty message from the receiver to leave the room, and when I put it on again I heard Siasconsett giving the distress call and saying:

"Please stretch your assistance to position latitude 40° 17' north, longitude 70° west."

As soon as I got that I reported to Capt. Ramon, on the bridge. He got the bearings, turned the ship about, and made for the spot where the Republic should have been. We were very dark. If it had been clear we could have seen the ship ten miles.

The Captain made all preparations for accommodation, when they should come on board. When we arrived at the position given, about 11 o'clock in the morning, the ship was not in sight, zig-zagging course, in order to try and find her.

We were searching in this way for about two hours, during which time we continually blew for horns and fired bombs. By wireless we constantly asked for news of the ship, and the position and bearings of the Republic. The Republic's wireless power was very weak, as the operator could only use accumulators, this being due to the fact that

after the collision the engine of the Republic ceased working and also the dynamo. This was explained later when the operator, Mr. Binns, came aboard.

With the aid of the Republic, about 6:30 o'clock in the evening and were first to be on the spot. Among the other parties present on the scene were newsmen sending the particulars to various stations on the mainland.

When the men of the Republic, the Captain transferred the remainder of the crew and the wireless operator, Mr. Binns, to the Republic, which left only the Captain and the boat's crew. We then proceeded to the Florida, and, after standing by her some time, decided to turn over the passengers and crew. This went on for several hours.

"We stood by the Florida all night, in due time the men of the Republic, the Captain of the Republic stated that there was a good chance of the ship remaining afloat, so we sent a crew over and the survivors were taken back to the Republic. We left the Furness standing by the Florida, and we went off on our boat, which proceeded to New York, as we could give no further assistance. After some time we received no further communications from the Republic owing to weak power and signals."

The weather on Saturday and Sunday was very unfavorable to the sending and receiving of messages, mainly because of the great amount of static electricity in the air. But in spite of the bad weather, from early Saturday morning until to-day at noon, Mr. Balfour and I grew so tired and worn out that we could only sit by the apparatus for a couple of hours at a time.

### CONGRESS APPLAUDS BINNS.

**Mr. Boutell in a Speech Says Marconi Operator Ought to be Immortalized.**

*Special to The New York Times.*

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.—The operator of John R. Binns, Marconi operator who sent the wireless messages from the striking Republic that finally brought her adrift in time, came in for rounds of applause in the House to-day. The opportunity came in a speech by Representative Boutell, who rose to a question of personal privilege and declared that Binns ought to be immortalized.

Though Mr. Boutell explained that Binns was personally known to many members of the House and had demonstrated to Speaker Cannon and Mr. Sherman on their trip to Cuba the workings of the Marconi system, nobody saw exactly where the personal privilege came in. But no point of order was raised and the speech went on, interrupted only by applause.

"Mr. Speaker," said Mr. Boutell, "I arise to a question of personal privilege. During the last two days we have been reminded once more of the perils that beset those that go down to the sea in ships and do business in greater waters."

"The accident that befell the steamers Republic and Florida last Saturday round-hemmed the country in grief, and demanded of officials, men, and passengers."

I believe that every one who read the accounts of the collision and the journeys of the Republic and the Florida, will place and the way in which news reached the rescuers felt that there was one silent actor in the tragedy whose name should be immortalized.

I refer to the Marconi operator of the Republic, who had the command of his ship and the wireless equipment, and who did not require assistance, and went ahead under her own steam. The Furness then continued the search for the Republic and on Jan. 10, P. M., found her with the Baltic alongside. Only the deck crew was then on board the Republic. The Baltic then proceeded toward New York, and we stood by.

It was about noon Sunday when the wireless operator of the Republic arrived and made fast to the Baltic. The Furness made fast astern and proceeded slowly, we steering and the Gresham towing. It was mighty hard going, and the Baltic proceeded slowly. About 10 P. M. the Seneca arrived and made fast ahead of the Gresham. This was finished at 6:22 P. M., and right away the wireless operator of the Seneca, who had been transferred to the Baltic, which proceeded in search of the Republic. The Furness again took command of the Republic and she did not require assistance, and went ahead under her own steam. The Furness then continued the search for the Republic and on Jan. 10, P. M., found her with the Baltic alongside. Only the deck crew was then on board the Republic. The Baltic then proceeded toward New York, and we stood by.

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Friends Came to Meet Him.

The Rev. James Lee, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception at Revere, Massachusetts; James McNamee, William Turtl and James H. Carty, all of Boston, came to this city to meet the Florida and do what they could for Eugene Lynch. They found him conscious, but with only a spark of life left. His leg and thigh had been terribly crushed and many of the bones of his body were broken. Peritonitis also had set in.

He asked Father Lee to see to it that every member of the Florida's crew received a gift sufficient with which to buy some little token of his appreciation of the tenderness and care with which he had been treated on the Italian ship.

#### Saw Wife Killed.

To one of the Boston friends who had been here with the Lynches when they sailed, the dying man told the story of his wife's end and his own buriel. He said:

"I was in the berth and my wife was on the couch opposite," he said. "I wanted her to sleep in the berth, but she wouldn't. I heard the whistling and was worried. It was not any danger, when there was an awful noise, when side of the stateroom gave way and I saw my wife being pushed past me on the prow of the Florida, which had run into us. I see it all the time. I was knocked to one side. Then it seemed as if the whole cabin fell on top of me. I felt the other ship back away. I couldn't move."

"I knew my wife was dead. I called, but nobody heard me. There was no way I could get ashore and my friends in the ship were all the time believing that we were sinking and that I was to be drowned. From time to time I tried to call, but I could not. I should have died very soon if they had not found me when they did."

## DEATH SHIP IN PORT, HER FLAGS AT HALF MAST.

Sole Passenger on the Florida Was the Mortally Injured Eugene Lynch, Whose Wife Sank in the Republic—She Had a Premonition of Disaster, and Had Said, "Don't Let the Fog Hurt Me, Gene."

#### PRIESTS GIVE HIM LAST RITES IN SHIP'S HOSPITAL.

Tells Calmly His Story of Fatal Collision—One of the Florida's Dead Sailors Removed from Vessel—The Bodies of Two Others Are Still Fast in Wreckage of Bow—Officers Refuse to Talk.

With her head bowed low in shame and her flags at half-mast in sorrow the Florida wallowed slowly into port late yesterday afternoon. She docked at her regular pier at the foot of Forty-second street, South Brooklyn, at 5 o'clock, and the strictest secrecy was enjoined on officers and crew.

The scars of her injury were a great battered mass of steel and wood across her nose—a gaping opening where once the fine side lines had tapered into a sharp, yachtlke bow.

Over the hole had been hung an enormous plaster of sail cloth in futile hopes of keeping out some of the water that splashed and gurgled into



the cavern. The ragged edges of steel had slit the lower part of the sail cloth into ribbons that fluttered back and forth with wind and wave.

#### Dead Men in Her Battered Bow.

They formed an ill-concealing shroud for the most ghastly bit of this tremendous tragedy of the sea. In the battered mass of steel there were fragments of the bodies of two sailors who had been crushed while they slept in the forecastle. Some keen-eyed reporters hovering closely around the ship thought they could detect here and there an arm, a leg, a torso, half washed by the rippling waves, half concealed by the flapping sail cloth.

Further back was the body of a third dead sailor, who had been dragged from the edge of the demolished forecastle. She was doubly a ship of death this Florida, she carried dead and dying to her, and had given death to other innocent human beings on the Republic. Her wounds were as great as those of the Republic, but they had not struck into the vitals. A smashed nose, even in a ship, is less serious than a gash in the edge.

The Florida brought to land three dead, all members of her own crew. Their names were reported as La Vallie, Plagnola, Martuscella, Caangero and D'Amico Salvatori. The first two were

the unfortunates pinned in the wreckage of the shattered bow. Late last night a force of shipyard men with hammers and chisels were cutting their way through the twisted metal.

On Lone Passenger Aboard Her.

As her sole passenger the Florida carried Eugene Lynch, the Boston merchant, who had been a passenger on the Republic. He had been borne from that ship straight to the Florida, but could not stand the strain of a hurried transfer on the open sea to the Baltic.

"I've got to die," he said, with grim humor. "I'm done, I would just as soon go down with the ship."

His leg was broken, his thigh was shattered, there were frightful internal injuries, but he never lost his consciousness. When the Florida was towed into her dock a group of his friends rushed to his side. They had to plumb, almost decipher, what the company's officers to keep alive for the orders were to keep everybody off.

Two priests were present: William Turtle and John H. Case of Boston, his chaplain; B. Watson, his chief clerk; James McGinnis, a nephew; Dr. Flanagan; Father of the Church of the Conception of Revere, Mass., the canonization of the last rites of the church; Father Currie, a New York friend; Father Prendergast, a priest of Worcester, and William J. Prendergast, who had been a fellow passenger on the Republic.

#### Priests Give Him Last Rites.

This group of men broke down all barriers and hastened to the side of their friend. They lay him down on a sofa couch next to the outer wall, while they got into the bunk. After I had turned and switched off the light—quite a time after—my wife ranched over to me and took hold of my hand, and said

the doctor made examination of the basic surgery that had been performed by the doctors on the Republic and Florida. There were fifteen men waiting for the private ambulance of the Long Island College Hospital, where arrangements had been made to receive the injured man.

Mr. Lynch was the calmest of the party. He took them each by the hand and spoke to them, chiding them for bowing in grief while one ventured to refer to Mrs. Lynch. They did not know her name, nor was aware of her death and burial in the sea with the sunken Republic. He told them that he knew all that had made the doctors tell him the truth.

He was especially glad to see Mr. Prendergast. The two men had formed a acquaintance, but he never lost his consciousness. When the Florida was maintained by his friend until forced away by transfer to the Baltic. Pausing some time in the harbor, he told Mr. Lynch told the story of his tragedy.

"My wife and I rolled early. We had stateroom No. 24 on the saloon deck, but had been steerage deck, but never before had we seen such dense fog. As we were preparing for the night my wife said to me: 'Eugene, I'm not a bit afraid of the dark. I'm not afraid of the fog. It's as if we were walking blindfolded among a lot of trunks, with no one to put out a hand to guide us.'

"We are as safe as if we were in our own home," I told her.

#### Said Woman, Let the Fog Hurt Me."

"She preferred to sleep on the sofa couch next to the outer wall, while I got into the bunk. After I had turned and switched off the light—quite a time after—my wife ranched over to me and took hold of my hand, and said

with a kind of a tremble in her voice: "Don't let the fog hurt me, will you? Gene?"

"I told her to be a good girl and go right to sleep; that it was nonsense to think that the fog would come to us. I slept rather uneasily, but I awoke and looked at my watch. It was 9 o'clock. The next time I awoke it was to hear a dreadful crash and a tremendous shock.

"There was an awful grinding, crunching noise. Some huge object was torned timbers down on me that pinned me fast. I heard one scream from my wife."

"My God, Mary! Mary!" I shouted. "There was no response. I had a faint glimpse of her being jammed and pinned against the side directly where she was sleeping. I heard the great mass that was crushing through the ship. She disappeared along with a mass of wood and timber against the walls of the adjoining stateroom, and I ran to it."

"She must have been killed almost instantly, as the bow of the other ship had cut her in two. I saw her feet, but never before had we seen such dense fog. As we were preparing for the night my wife said to me: 'Eugene, I'm not a bit afraid of the dark. I'm not afraid of the fog. It's as if we were walking blindfolded among a lot of trunks, with no one to put out a hand to guide us.'

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the doctor made examination of the basic surgery that had been performed by the doctors on the Republic and Florida. There were fifteen men waiting for the private ambulance of the Long Island College Hospital, where arrangements had been made to receive the injured man.

"The doctor had arrived by this time. The doctors bundled up Mr. Lynch in blankets and carrying friends carried him up narrow companionways to

the deck and laid him in the ambulance. At the Long Island College Hospital it was said at midnight that he was suffering from the shock of the collision. What day but was resting easily. What his chances for recovery are could not be told. Mr. Lynch is fifty-seven years old. His home is 11 Elm avenue, Roxbury, Mass. He has no children.

The Florida's entrance into port was slow and halting, as the ship was still the sight of the Highlands at noon, but it was four o'clock before she crept up to Quarantine, stopping there only for a few moments. She went on board and medical officers went through the hasty form of giving her formal entrance to port.

There are Capt. C. B. Richard, New York agent of the Lloyd Italiano who was accompanied by Count Massimiliano Italian consul-general in this country, and several others.

Her decks were clean, her brasswork was polished, her officers were calm and attentive; her crew were all in trim with whom the pilot was Capt. J. F. Rusconi, her youthful commander. He is but twenty-nine years of age, and is making his second trip in the ship. Previous to this he was first officer on the Indiana, in the same line.

It was only forward that there were any signs of the collision at sea. Standing on deck it appeared as if forty yards of the ship had been chewed off. Far out over the port side hung a long stretch of bent and twisted railing like a waving flat. Nothing protecting the deck. The force of the smash had been terrific.

Everything had been buckled inward. The mass was pushed back against the forward bulkhead, but fortunately for the crew, without the least indication of a puncture or leak. Had the crush extended back five feet further the Florida would have gone down bow on in ten minutes.

Capt. Rusconi had little to say. In fact, he was cautioned by the company's representatives about giving any account of the collision, nor make any formal statement until Capt. Sealby, the Republic, had made public his side of the story.

#### Captain Kept Close Watch.

The fog was very dense, said Capt. Rusconi, and before the accident we heard the blowing of the Republic's fog horn, but not as many blasts as we were giving with ours. We were blowing regularly and keeping close watch.

"Suddenly the Republic loomed up directly ahead and almost instantly there was a sharp report. The Republic disappeared in the fog. We took precautions to save our ship and soon found that we were in no danger."

Meanwhile we could hear the Republic blowing and occasionally could see the gleam of her rockets, as we continued to blow steadily. After about two hours a small boat with the first officer of the Republic came alongside and said that we were in no danger.

"We said we could and we did."

Purser Maraviglia here took up the story which the Captain declined to continue further.

"We got out our boats and the Republic lowered some of hers. We made twenty-two trips all night, but the Republic was always alongside. This work required three hours—from 7 to 10 A. M. Then when the Baltic came up and it was decided to take over to her all the Republic's passengers, as well as our own, we made five hours from mid-morning to 5 A. M."

#### Excitement Quickly Subsided.

"At no time was there any great excitement on our ship. Our passengers behaved themselves admirably. Of course there was some uneasiness at first and it was necessary to go among them with reassurances of absolute safety and they quieted down quickly."

"During the day before the Baltic came up, we had 1,500 passengers on board. Not one of them was worried, but they behaved wonderfully well. They were quiet and cool and stood the strain of uncertainty and waiting with great patience."

The Royal Italian Immigration Commissioner on duty aboard the Florida, Captain Johansen, was greatly concerned among the large number of immigrants aboard and assured them that there was no danger, and the crowd obeyed him.

Beyond these general statements of conditions, no information could be obtained from the Florida's officers or crew. No one seemed to know what there was drawn a close cordon around her. No persons except those having official business were allowed ashore. The reporters who had boarded the vessel at Quarantine were kept in the cabin and put ashore, but the door was never locked. The single gangplank was double guarded. The Florida was kept a ship of mystery.

Capt. K. W. Perry, the agent in New York for the Lloyd-Italiano line, was asked why the Florida was not equipped with wireless apparatus. He said and added that the Florida was not with him in his practice as agent.

"I cannot say that wireless played such an efficient part in the rescue," said Capt. Richard. "The Florida had taken off all the Republic's passengers before any of the craft called by wireless. I am not sure whether in this case it figured considerably. I cannot say that it assisted in the first practical work of rescue."

Capt. Sealby, his second officer, had gone down to the deck and dashed into the frigid, pitchy lake coming up on a piece of wreckage. The second officer was the first to be located by the rescuing party. When found he was nearly dead, though he was wreckage and almost ready to collapse. Although very weak he cried to his rescuers to leave him and look for the captain, who could not be found.

Shortly after he had been taken aboard he had been under the leadership of Johansen, who was in the direction indicated by three revolver shots which Capt. Sealby had discharged while clinging to one of the hatches of the floating raft. He was pulled from overboard and was lost.

"When we was the wireless in the case of Lorraine?" She did a lot of work with her wires, but could not locate either of the steamship's radio rooms. She had not seen the Florida, but was damaged as she was, could have made her way to New York with all the passengers and crew of the Republic, if she had been successful.

#### "Florida Didn't Need Wireless."

"Wireless had not proved its entire worth to navigation," Mr. Richard declared. "It is more of a commercial commodity, as is seen as much by the passengers. The Florida, carrying few

cabin passengers, was not required to have wireless apparatus, as it would be very little use for it on board."

On the collision, Mr. Richard said nothing. He was pleased with reports that the Florida's crew had acted well.

Mr. Richard and assistants earlier in the day went about the Baltic as soon as possible to bring her into her dock and did what they could to help the Florida's passengers on to her.

In the afternoon, the immigrants were taken ashore in large numbers.

After four hours of work the ship chandler men got out of the wreckage the body of Salvatore. He was a four-year-old boy, who had just escaped from the ruins of his vessel where all his family had been killed. Making his first voyage in the Florida he had died.

At midnight part of the body of Catagero, who was sixteen years old, was uncovered, but a mass of twisted steel and wood made any further search for more of his body impossible before he could be taken out. The bodies of the unfortunate sailors were removed to the undertaker's shop of Jacob Schaefer, at Third avenue and forty-second street.

## CAPTAIN SWORE TO STICK TO SHIP UNTIL SHE SANK.

Republic's Skipper and Second Officer Dragged from Sea  
When She Went Down by the Gresham's Crew.

SEALBY, EXHAUSTED, CLUNG TO ONE OF BOAT'S HATCHES.

"Save the Captain First!" Cried Brave Companion, Also in State of Collapse.

(Special to The World.)

WOOD'S HOLE, Mass., Jan. 25.—Capt. K. W. Perry, commander of the United States revenue cutter Gresham, which arrived here this forenoon, related a most interesting story of the experience of the Republic's crew from the time of the collision last Saturday morning until this morning, when he shipped them on the Seneca for New York.

Beginning his story at the time when the wireless message from the Gresham was broadcast by wireless, he told of many heroic acts he witnessed.

According to Capt. Perry, the hero of the story was Gustavus Johansen. When Johansen first heard and saw the signal for help from Capt. Sealby on the sinking Florida, he rushed to the side of the revenue cutter and with his sheath knife cut away the painter, jumped into the stern with four members of the crew at once, and went away in the heavy southeast storm, with the waves rolling high and the fog almost impenetrable.

Didnt Wait for Orders.

Johansen had not waited for orders from the captain, but thinking not of his own safety, rushed on madly to the rescue of the captain and second mate. Johansen's four crewmen on the cutter were Henry Matteson, Becker, and Smeltzer, all of the Gresham. The five men were assisted in the work of finding the two lost men by the crew of eight of several steamers in the vicinity.

Capt. Sealby and his second officer had gone down to the deck and dashed into the frigid, pitchy lake coming up on a piece of wreckage. The second officer was the first to be located by the rescuing party. When found he was nearly dead, though he was wreckage and almost ready to collapse. Although very weak he cried to his rescuers to leave him and look for the captain, who could not be found.

Shortly after he had been taken aboard he had been under the leadership of Johansen, who was in the direction indicated by three revolver shots which Capt. Sealby had discharged while clinging to one of the hatches of the floating raft. He was pulled from overboard and was lost.

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#### Captain Dragged from Sea.

Capt. Perry said that although many attempts were made to persuade Capt. Sealby and his officers to leave the Republic after the Gresham took her in tow, they aware they would go down with her, if necessary, and that they

were willing to give Capt. Perry the story of the accident.

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## Hunted for Republic 7 Hours in Fog, Guided by Wireless.

Although Capt. J. B. Ranson, of the Baltic, who played such an important part in the final deliverance of the Republic's passengers and crew, had been without sleep practically since the night of Thursday, a period of more than seventy-two hours, he consented to receive in his chart room aboard his ship one newspaper man yesterday afternoon.

A world record was set up by his covariance to take Capt. Ranson's station wagon to the Republic.

Still bright and cheerful, the commander who is also a lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve, told the story of his search in the fog for the sinking Republic, finding her and the transfer of his passengers.

"We got notice at about 8 A. M. on Saturday that the Republic had been in collision and wanted assistance," Capt. Ranson began. "The message said that she was in a dangerous position with latitude 40° and longitude 70°. We turned and went back and began to search for the Republic." The fog on Saturday morning was very dense.

He searched for her from 11 A. M. until 5 P. M. I should say. We found the Republic by the Marconi."

"We had difficulty at times in communicating with the Republic," Capt. Ranson said. "The weather was so bad that the wireless from the Republic had been dangerously injured and asking for assistance was given. From that time on the wireless operator on the Baltic was receiving and transmitting messages almost without interruption."

The message had been flashed to so many vessels that the operators on the Baltic had difficulty at times in communicating with the Republic.

"According to the wireless messages from the Republic and while I was looking for her, we took off the Florida's own passengers. In doing this we used the Republic's radio equipment.

The Republic, the Florida and the Baltic.

#### How Baltic Was Found.

"We used only the lifeboats of the Republic. We have seven or eight of the Republic's lifeboats, about the Baltic now. The transfer of people from the Florida to the Baltic continued from 8 P. M. of Saturday until 8 A. M. of Sunday. The weather was deteriorating every minute, and cannot give you by classification the numbers shifted, but the total was about 1,650."

The master of the Gresham, Capt. Sealby, was following the Baltic-class passengers, 80; second-class, 172; third-class, 229; crew, 345. Florida—Third-class, 828; first-class, 15; crew 20.

publie—First-class, 224; third-class, 21; crew, 24.

"When we took off the Republic's crew on Saturday night we continued Capt. Sealby to the aboard Capt. Sealby, his chief officer, bosun, chief steward and one boat's crew.

"Now, you want to know how the Baltic found the Republic in the fog. We took the Republic to the Baltic. We used a whistle and steered us by the Marconi."

The wireless operator on the Baltic, whose splendid work had so much to do with the saving of the Republic, was H. J. Tattersall.

Capt. Ranson continued:

"A few minutes ago, we kept sending us wireless messages directing us. I have here copies of all the Marconigrams I received. Here are some of them: 'Please come to the Republic.' 'Our port bow. Can you see us? Republic.'

"You are now very close. Can you see our rockets? Republic.'

"You are too close to us for safety. Republic.'

"You are getting louder. Steel E. S. E. Listen out for me (whistle) and steer us by the Marconi."

"There was one message I got while I was hunting for the Republic that made me anxious. Here it is: 'Sealsonet says hear from Republic. Go to Baltic.' 'Please come to the Republic.'

Capt. Ranson concluded: "My Marconi operator took off a message I hurried with it to me on the bridge. I think it was from the Marconi. It said: 'Please come to the Baltic.'

At 11 P. M. we reached the Baltic, found the Republic, as I have described. Groaning around in the fog was most perplexing. The first message was as follows:

"Now, you want to know how the Baltic found the Republic in the fog. We took the Republic to the Baltic. We used a whistle and steered us by the Marconi."

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leave the Republic. I tried to get him to board the Baltic, but he staid by his ship to the last."

#### WIRELESS OPERATOR WORKED 52 HOURS.

Tattersall, of the Baltic, Tells of Meeting with Binns, of the Republic.

W. J. Tattersall, the wireless telegraph operator on the Baltic, described his personal meeting with "Jack" Blins, whom he had been talking through the fog for some hours.

"Tattersall said he received a call at 12 o'clock in the morning that wireless from the Republic had been dangerously injured and asked that assistance be given. From that time on the wireless operator on the Baltic was receiving and transmitting messages almost without interruption."

The message had been flashed to so many vessels that the operators on the Baltic had difficulty at times in communicating with the Republic.

"According to the wireless messages from the Republic and while I was looking for her, we took off the Florida's own passengers. In doing this we used the Republic's radio equipment.

The message had been flashed to so many vessels that the operators on the Baltic had difficulty at times in communicating with the Republic.

"After the transfer of the passengers from the Republic to the Baltic, the ship was crowded with the Florida's immigrants being protected by such warmer garments as the men had saved when ordered on deck. On the saloon decks were the cabin passengers, mostly ladies, in cases babies and garbed in unmatched costumes provided by the Baltic's passengers.

"The impact of the Florida shook the Baltic from stem to stern," he said.

"I had passed through the fog before, and perhaps was better schooled than the majority in meeting the emergency. The lights were extinguished, the lighting apparatus ashore the ship was plunged in darkness. I had a pocket lamp, which I dashed in the cabin, and was by my watch that was set at 8 A. M. I had on my clothes and went on deck. The fastness of the situation which astounded me was the stillness which enveloped the ship.

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tic. They were described as being uninsured in an ocean disaster, and it is to the front of the ship is impelled that a shocking load of life is carried.

The first to board the Baltic after it had cleared Quarantine were passengers who had been placed on board the Star Line and placed in charge of Gen. George P. Putnam, president of the Star Line, and Capt. Matthew Conroy, manager of the Star Line.

Three inbound freighters served by the Port of New York were crowded with immigrants. The men, women and children who had been saved from the Republic were gathered together in the port of Sandy Hook.

The Florida's immigrants were crowded with the men, women and children who had been saved from the Republic. The men, women and children who had been saved from the Republic were crowded with the men, women and children who had been saved from the Republic.

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"There were scenes of great distress when it was decided to quit the Florida. It was imperative that the women take to the first boats. I saw wives kiss their husbands and depart, and inquire whether the lifeboats would reach their destination or whether their husbands would follow where the Florida founders. Yet every one acted with the greatest courage."

"It was a painful drift of four hours before the immigrants were transferred, beginning at 3 o'clock in the morning. Great excitement which increased as rioting prevailed and were almost overwhelmed. They were put to main force to keep order.

Mrs. J. E. Brookmire, wife of a Boston physician, told of a thrilling experience with the crew of the Florida.

"With several other women I started to the cabin. The officers gave the word came for us to change from the Florida," she said. "We were just about to step into the boat when the cabin rushed at us. You can't leave this ship, they cried. Their eyes were wild and they seemed frantic. We didn't know what to make of it. They told you stay with us, yelled the men. They drew knives and waved them before our eyes. Then we knew that the life we were to be saved by the Baltic and that they were to be left to die. It required much talking to calm them down, only where we could get sufficient accommodations. The officers on the ship had to come to our aid. The Florida was the third deep sea misadventure for Miss Agnes Shuckfield, of No. 62 West End Avenue.

"The accident to the Republic was the most severe of all," she said, "yet there was less disorder than was on a barge sailing. The fire was not very big and there was a stampede that nearly caused in the loss of many lives. Another ship was hit by the Republic and I was shaken from a sound sleep. I thought the end had come. The ship seemed to be trembling. I ran to the deck in my night

clothes. Women came up the staircase in nightgowns and some of them in their bathrobes."

**Knew Courage Was Needed.**

"They did not ask if the ship was sinking. I did not hear one passenger about crying like that. They all appeared to know that the situation was dangerous and that they must have courage. While we were all hugging ourselves to keep warm, the men who were not married, were not afraid. They seem frightened and that made us feel more safe. Capt. Seaby came along and told us we would surely be saved, and more than anything else, he said, to prevent us from breaking down. He made both men and women feel safe. When he told us the Florida was in sight and ready to take us away we all felt like getting him. The men of the Florida never over by any means when the Florida came to our ship. We wondered if we could get to it before the Republic.

In the dark it seemed as though the Republic would settle before we could get away."

**Stout Woman Floats Until Saved.**

One of the most stirring incidents of the transfer of the Republic's passengers from the Florida to the Baltic was the rescue of Mrs. Frances Clary Morse Earle, the author who fell overboard. Mrs. Earle is very stout, weighing considerably over 200 pounds.

Her rescue, while quickly performed, seemed to her and her sister, Miss Frances Clary Morse, to consume the time of the rescue. Mrs. Earle lives at No. 24 Henry street, Brooklyn Heights, and her sister in Worcester, Mass. The two were going to Cairo, Egypt, and had been married there.

The Republic's boat, in which they were placed, seemed overloaded. Raft had succeeded a short time earlier in saving a man. An old broad-shouldered man lay alongside the grating at the foot of the outside companionway of the Baltic. It rolled ten or twenty feet after him and was saved. The Officer in charge of the bank had charge of the disembarkation.

As Mrs. Earle reached out to seize the rope, on which the lifeboat hung, she slipped through the fog and we heard the lurch of the lifeboat as it struck the Atlantic below the lifeboat and the Baltic.

"I was not long after the collision that the sea quieted, and that was a moment for we were getting rather scared and wondering when our ship would go down. It was a big relief when the bulk of the Florida went through the fog and we heard the lurch of the lifeboat. We felt then that we were

safe. The anchor and bow of the ship had charge of the disembarkation. As Mrs. Earle reached out to seize the rope, on which the lifeboat hung, she slipped through the fog and we heard the lurch of the lifeboat as it struck the Atlantic below the lifeboat and the Baltic.

Part of Mrs. Earle's clothing floated above her head. Instantly Mr. Brokdale jumped in after her, but the lifeboat was too small to hold both of them away. The officer held her up and his men fastened boat hooks in the anchor's floating garments and soon had her in.

Mrs. Earle took the incident in good humor. When safe upon the deck of the Baltic she laughed with a laugh: "Well, I am pretty fat, but I am alive."

**Bent Plate Shielded Them.**

A man, identified as Mr. and Mrs. Misses L. G. McCrady, of the pied staircase 92, on the Republic. The sisters were asleep in berths on the inner side of the room on the saloon deck.

The shock threw them on the sofa on the outside wall of their room, one falling on top of the other. The boy of nine years was craned in with his mother as the heavy anchors. Both anchor and bow of the Florida smashed in the big steel plates of the Republic, but the sheets of metal were bent over. Thus they formed a shield for the two women, under which they lay perfectly protected.

As the anchor and bow of the Florida was left upon the plates, and the big anchor which lay the Misses McCrady. Later out of the water the Republic pulled out.

"We had been in the boat nearly an hour when the accident happened to me," Mrs. Earle said later. "I was not able to get my breath nearly exhausted. An English sailor tried to assist me in reaching the ladder, but the boat was low in the water and when the waves struck it the water was thrown against the sides of the boat.

**Mrs. B. Snyder of Scranton, was wins in the boat, and assisted in saving me.**

I lost valuable jewels and a silk coat which were left in the Republic. I was proud to grab the mud this morning. Mrs. Snyder of Scranton who did such heroic work undoubtedly saving many lives by his bravery and coolness."

Samuel Cupples, the millionaire philanthropist and manufacturer of St. Louis; his daughter, Mrs. William Scudder, and the three Misses Scudder, last night gave everything in their cabin to the Republic.

"We were shocked by the collision, but kept our presence of mind. Mr. and Mrs. Scudder and my grandmother succeeded in reaching my cabin, lightly clad, and, locking arms, we made our way to the upper deck. The officers gave the upper deck to the women. I started to the cabin. The word came for us to change from the Florida," she said. "We were just about to step into the boat when the cabin rushed at us. You can't leave this ship, they cried. Their eyes were wild and they seemed frantic. We didn't know what to make of it. They told you stay with us, yelled the men. They drew knives and waved them before our eyes. Then we knew that the life we were to be saved by the Baltic and that they were to be left to die. It required much talking to calm them down, only where we could get sufficient accommodations. The officers on the ship had to come to our aid. The Florida was the third deep sea misadventure for Miss Agnes Shuckfield, of No. 62 West End Avenue.

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clothes. Women came up the staircase in nightgowns and some of them in their bathrobes."

**Felt Anxiety for Her Father.**

"After we reached the dock we waited for two hours, not knowing what moment the ship would founder. A remarkable fact is that there was no evidence of panic among the officers. The officers of the Republic did everything they could to cheer us, saying that assistance was at hand. Soon the signal came to prepare to enter the harbor. The trip to the Florida was accomplished without serious accident, though one woman plunged headfirst into the water and another was nearly drowned. She was nearly crazed by anxiety, for three hours. He was so weak that he could not climb the ladder and had to be carried up. He was revived quickly."

Mrs. J. E. Brookmire and her daughter, Mrs. L. G. McCrady, and her mother hastened to the Baltic as soon as the Baltic docked.

Major John Espy and his wife, who were the parents of the author, were the last to leave the Republic.

Miss Espy refused to go without her husband and was the last woman to depart from the ship. She and her husband returned to their home in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Homer Wakefield and Harriet of New York, West One hundred and fourth street, were on the sea for nearly two hours before they reached the Baltic. She said she remained in the cabin with other passengers, the only about a third of the original number of passengers will continue their voyage.

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"Only one bit of cowardice did I see. That was when some man—I heard he was one of the crew of the Republic—jumped into the water and dangled him out. They threw him to the deck with such force that he thought he would be killed. That was his punishment for having tried to push ahead of the women."

## DAMAGE LIABILITY DEPENDS ON SHIP TO BLAME

Upon the question as to whether there was any element of negligence in the maneuvering of the Republic or the Florida in the fog of Friday when they collided hinges the settlement of claims aggregating at least two millions of dollars.

This vast amount is at stake in possible suits that may ensue after some tangible idea is had as to just what circumstance or set of circumstances the accident was due. The claims of which this amount is made up consist of the following:

First—Damages for the deaths of passengers.

Second—Damages for the deaths of employees.

Third—Losses to passengers—jewelry, money and clothing.

Fourth—Loss of the Republic.

Fifth—Loss of the Republic's cargo.

Sixth—Salvage money for standing by the Republic.

**Facts to Be Found First.**

The answers to these questions depend upon a state of facts. These facts are not yet known, nor can they be determined until a court of inquiry sits and submits the evidence. There are certain conditions, however, which will be controlling as to which ship was at fault. These conditions will appear no matter whether it was the Republic that fouled the Florida, or vice versa.

Admiralty lawyers give answers to these enumerated questions thus:

First—There can be no recovery for loss of life, as there is no law controlling or actionable for the loss of life upon the high seas.

Second—Relatives of employees of vessels have no recourse, no help except such as the charity of the steamship company interest may give.

Third—Recovery limited to \$100 upon each baggage, as each passenger in purchasing a ticket accepts the provisions of the ticket to that effect.

Fourth—if the Florida fouled the Republic and was responsible for her loss, the sum will be limited only to the amount of the value of the ship, which amount the Florida's cargo receipts and passenger receipts, are the only amounts that can be touched by the White Star Line to compensate the passengers on the Republic and the company for the loss of the ship.

Realizing that this situation was one that needed immediate remedy, the Maritime Association had framed a bill which was submitted to Congress this session, it is a measure intended to change this condition. The laws of the United States and those of England differ widely as to this matter of damages for losses at sea. In England the rate is eight pounds for each ton of the injured vessel's tonnage in the case of the passenger's baggage lost, and should a life be lost the damage rate is fifteen pounds sterling for each ton of tonnage.

"We have tried time and again to bring about some uniformity of maritime law between Great Britain and the United States, but without avail. There will be

a conference at Brussels next May in which the matter of uniform laws for the rule of ships on the high seas will be broached."

The bill introduced in Congress provides that in case of death upon shipboard on the high seas, due to negligence, suits will be brought by the relatives of the deceased for damages not in excess of \$5,000.

This means that loss of life at sea is not actionable at law no matter what the negligence nor by whom caused.

This may seem to The American readers as a very strange case, but it is the fact avowed by the most eminent admiralty lawyers in this country. Wing, Putnam & Burlingham, of No. 27 Wall street.

It means also that a vessel valued at \$100,000 sinking a vessel valued at \$1,000,000 can be libeled only for \$100,000, and where the loss is divided among a hundred passengers and another hundred owners of freight that \$100,000 must be apportioned among the

ship's wharfers.

Salvage and wrecking firms yesterday

were figuring on the possibility of raising the Republic. The Merritt-Chapman company dispatched a tug to the place

where the White Star liner went to the bottom in an effort to find out the exact location and to get soundings of the ship's whereabouts. Up to a late hour

## GRATEFUL PASSENGERS GIVE THANKS TO CAPT. RANSON AND \$1,000 TO CREWS

When the Baltic had safely landed her passengers, a set of resolutions signed by many of the survivors of the Republic and Florida, as well as by passengers of the Baltic, was presented to Captain Ranson. A purse of \$1,000 was raised by the passengers of the three vessels, who requested that the money be divided among the crews of the three ships.

Resolved, That the passengers on the Baltic convey to Captain Ranson and his officers and his men their high appreciation of their splendid seamanship; and it is further

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the owners of the White Star Line at Liverpool.

To the above resolution was attached a long string of names of passengers.

Besides the resolutions an open letter was addressed to Captain Ranson. It reads as follows:

To Captain J. B. Ranson—We are requested on behalf of the saloon passengers of the Baltic to hand over to you the sum of \$212 (\$1,000) to be given to the officers, crews and stewards of the two White Star ships and of the Florida as a mark of their appreciation of the splendid efforts made by them in transferring and assisting passengers who were in such urgent need as a result of the unfortunate accident of yesterday morning. We shall be grateful if you can do us the favor of assuming the disposition of this sum. We are,

sir,

Yours sincerely,

THE COMMITTEE

Signed: Charles Ward, chairman, aboard Baltic; Robert H. Ingersoll, aboard Baltic; Dr. M. E. Walstein, aboard Republic; J. E. Lambe, aboard Baltic.

owners of the lost vessel, her passengers and the cargo owners in proportion to their adjudicated losses.

**Damage for Each Person.**

This means that each person damaged would get 10 per cent of his or her loss whether it were the corporation owning the ship, the individual or corporation owning the cargo and the individual passengers.

If it be found that the lost Republic was at fault in the collision all the passengers and the owners of the Florida will be compensated as to what they were entitled to the amount of the value of the ship, which amount the Republic's cargo receipts and passenger receipts, are the only amounts that can be touched by the White Star Line for passage money.

Addressing himself to this subject yesterday, Mr. Burlingham, who is a member of the Maritime Association, said: "This is a very grievous situation; it is known to every admiralty lawyer and is denounced by them all as being almost an intolerable condition. A man may collect for a battered vessel, but not for the death of his parent or wife or son or daughter. No matter what the negligence, death on the high seas is not actionable under the laws of the United States.

"Realizing that this situation was one that needed immediate remedy, the Maritime Association had framed a bill which was submitted to Congress this session, it is a measure intended to change this condition. The laws of the United States and those of England differ widely as to this matter of damages for losses at sea. In England the rate is eight pounds for each ton of the injured vessel's tonnage in the case of the passenger's baggage lost, and should a life be lost the damage rate is fifteen pounds sterling for each ton of tonnage.

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were figuring on the possibility of raising the Republic. The Merritt-Chapman company dispatched a tug to the place

where the White Star liner went to the bottom in an effort to find out the exact location and to get soundings of the ship's whereabouts. Up to a late hour

"Just as they were preparing to remove him the Rev. Mr. Lee and other friends of Mr. Lynch peremptorily stopped the removal. The surgeons pre-

tested because of Mr. Lynch's condition, but the minister demanded that the man be taken to the Long Island City Hospital. After a two-hour wait an ambulance from that hospital appeared and he was taken there.

While aboard the Republic the last rites of the Church had been administered to Mr. Lynch by the Rev. Dr. Norris, chaplain of the Preston Diocese. Before leaving the Florida Mr. Lynch asked that the nurse and doctor be reimbursed for their trouble and for their kindness to him.

## Chief Officer of "Rudder" Ship Tells How Republic Sank

The Anchor liner Furnessia, Captain James Lumsdaine, five days overdue from Glasgow, which turned to and aid in the effort to save the sinking Republic, docked shortly after 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The Furnessia for many hours rode astern of the doomed vessel carrying two of the Republic's 12-inch hawsers and acting as a rudder, while the revenue cutter Gresham, and later the Gresham and the derelict destroyer Seneca attempted to tow her into shallow water, where she might be beached.

What happened is best told in the words of Chief Officer William Mitchell, of the Furnessia.

### Barely Caught the Message.

"The wireless first began to pick up the Baltic on Saturday night," said Mr. Mitchell. "It was with great difficulty at first that Colven caught the message that the Republic had been in collision. Captain Lumsdaine at once started in her direction. It was a mighty ticklish task, and we had to proceed slowly. Hardly one of the officers or crew of the Furnessia had a wink of sleep Saturday night. We knew the New York and Campania were cruising in the neighborhood.

"It was about 7:15 Sunday morning when we caught sight of the Baltic and were told that all of the Republic's passengers had been transferred to her. It was about 10:30 o'clock when we first came up with the Republic, then well down in the water. I started for her with a boat's crew. Just then the Gresham came, and it was decided that the cutter should attempt to tow the Republic in, while the Furnessia acted as rudder. My boat brought back lines from the Republic's stern to the Furnessia. The Gresham made fast her towing gear, but could hardly stir the big liner. I don't think we were making above a knot until the Seneca came up and aided us. Even then the speed was but little better."

### Furnessia's Lines Parted.

"About 6:30 o'clock our lines parted, and in the darkness and fog it was impossible to do anything. At nightfall we had word by the wireless that the Gresham had taken everybody off the Republic except her captain and chief officer. About 8 o'clock a breeze sprang up, and half an hour later we missed the Republic. The wireless brought us word that she had gone down about 8:30. At 9 o'clock the Gresham wired us that by the aid of searchlights the captain and the chief officer of the Republic had been saved. We stayed about for a time, and then when we were sure that there was no further need of our waiting longer, we came on slowly toward New York."

The Furnessia carries no first cabin passengers. She had 95 second cabin passengers, and 178 in the steerage. One day the Furnessia logged only seventy-six miles. During the gale a woman passenger was knocked senseless when knocked against her cable door by the pitching of the boat. A male passenger was also hurt, the passengers say.

## Wireless Hero of Baltic Tells How Republic was Found

The hero of the Baltic is W. J. Tattersall, the plucky wireless operator who found the Republic in the thickest sort of a Nantucket fog. For twenty-four hours he was almost constantly at his receiver, for until the Republic was definitely located he could not leave the instrument even to his capable assistant, G. W. Balfour.

Tattersall is running a close race in wireless heroism with Binns, the Republic's operator, who struck by the ship until there was not another spark in his batteries and who then returned as a volunteer to stay until the end. You would have trouble in making Tattersall

think so, however, and he had to be hunted for all over the ship when an American reporter wanted to ask him about it yesterday afternoon.

He is a typical Englishman, is Tattersall, even to red whiskers. He is young and limber, and shows the strain of little sleep much less than many of the passengers.

### Shore Batteries Interfered.

"It would not have been so bad had the shore batteries kept off," said the young operator, "when he was finally persuaded to talk about his work. 'You see, the minute the Republic's engines stopped her wireless machine lost its direct current. Binns had to use his accumulators, which are not good for more than seven miles at best."

"Now, on shore, at Siasconset and Woods Hole, were powerful stations, with a flash radius of 200 miles. You can imagine what happened to poor Binns' best but feeble efforts when these stations got into range. They insisted on calling me, and for a time the best I could do was to hammer back: 'We're coming, Republic; we're on our way.'

"The stations on shore and on the Canada and La Lorraine were all pounding away, and I could tell by the manner in which poor Binns' instrument was working that he was getting weaker and weaker. It was as though you were close to a friend who was dying, and you were straining every nerve to catch his last word, and then every instant some one with a stentorian voice would put his head in the room and shout for information about his condition, drowning your dying friend's voice.

### Was Dozing at Desk.

"When I got the first C. Q. D. I was dozing at my desk. There had been nothing startling during the night, and I was expecting nothing. At first I did not know what it all meant. Then it flashed on me that I was getting a call for help, and a moment later came the details that the Republic had been sadly rammed and was in such and such latitude and longitude.

"I did not even wait to call for a steward. I bolted out of the wireless cabin and ran up the deck to the bridge. I handed it to Captain Ranson myself.

"'We will get to them,' he said quietly, hurrying into his chart room.

"I went back to my instruments and started in to tell the Republic we were coming. It was not until we were within forty miles of them that I began to get into direct communication. At first the flashes were so faint that I could hardly spell them out. Many messages I lost altogether. All the while Woods Hole or some other infernal operator cut in on me. I know they meant well, but it increased the difficulty of finding the Republic.

### Exhausted by Vigil.

"You want details of the search? Well, you'll have to get them somewhere else. I can't give them to you. It's all a jumble with me. I guess I'm nearly all alone. What do you think happened, though? Saturday night while we were transposing the passengers from the Florida? Who walked into my cabin bin Binns.

"Hello, Tattersall," says he, just as cheerful as if he'd come from a garden party. "We've been having a lively time of it, haven't we? Thought I'd drop in and see how you were, old chap."

"Then he went back to the sinking ship and stayed by her until the Captain ordered the crew off. He couldn't send any more wirelesses, but he thought he might be useful somewhere."

## Congress Halts Its Work to Honor Brave Jack Binns

Washington, Jan. 25.—"Jack" Binns, the Marconi operator on the steamship Republic, is to go down into history side by side with "Jim" Bludso.

The House of Representatives halted its proceedings to-day to eulogize him as few private American citizens have ever been honored. Henry Sherman Boutell of Illinois, brought the hero's name before Congress.

"Jack" Binns has given to the world a splendid illustration," said he, "of the heroism that dwells on seas, in many who are in the quiet, unnoticed work of life."

"During the last two days," said Mr. Boutell, "we have been reminded once more of the perils that beset those that go down to the sea in ships and do business in greater waters." The accident that befell the steamers Republic and Florida last Saturday found heroes ready

for the heroic work demanded of off-them and their wives. I was impressed into service as an oarsman and obliged to

"I believe that every one who read the accounts of the collision and the jeepardi in which occupants of the two ships body got drenching wet.

"On the Florida all was confusion. Some of the immigrants and sailors got into the liquor stores and became intoxicated. The passengers of both ships ran loose around the Florida's decks without any officers controlling them. The Florida was noisy, and without any order.

"The transfer from the Florida to the Baltic was even more unpleasant. I saw one sailor seize his hand upon a refined, delicate woman. She struck him a blow in the face and drew a hatpin. He did not again bother her."

Mr. Boutell's address was punctuated with applause, the appreciation of the House being most evident when he mentioned for the first time the name of John Binns.

## Connolly Accused of Cowardice by Ship's Stewards

An unpleasant incident of the Baltic's trip up the Bay was an attack made upon James B. Connolly, writer of sea tales and friend of President Roosevelt, by several stewards of the sunken Republic who charged him with interference during the transfer of passengers last Saturday night. It came just after the reporters had boarded the Balme from the United States Revenue Cutter Hindson.

Connolly was giving an interview criticizing the officers and crew of the Republic for inexcusable delay and the unnecessary loss of baggage. He was telling a reporter that some of the Republic's crew acted like cowards, when a passing steward heard him.

"What's that you say?" demanded the steward. "You were the only meddler I saw and I don't care who knows it."

A passenger, whose name was not learned, in the scuffle that followed, cried: "I'll back up the steward in that."

One of the under purers bristled up with the statement:

"Don't you dare talk about cowards. You can run around with a life-preserver like a crazy man. You tried to get to the boats ahead of the women, and then tried to excuse yourself as helping your wife and child."

Several attempted to strike the writer, who, backed by his brother, who had boarded the steamer at Quarantine, invited them to come on.

Officers of the ship stepped in and Connolly was persuaded to go to his stateroom until the ship landed. On reaching the pier Connolly outlined his grievances against the Republic officers in detail.

His chief complaint was that they would not let him get to the Baltic to file wireless dispatches about the disaster, which had been ordered by New York newspapers. He declared that three or four hours were lost in settling about the transfer from the Florida to the Baltic, and that he had been unable to find a reason for it.

Captain Ranson refused to comment on the Connolly matter in any way.

Arthur Bliss, publisher of Automobiles, an Englishman, living in Paris, declared that Connolly had come to be known as a "trouble maker."

General Lives and other passengers excused Connolly's alleged behavior on the ground that the writer was excited.

## Gen. Brayton Ives Saw Woman Draw Hatpin on Sailor

General Brayton Ives, the banker, was one of the few rescued passengers who saw—or at least narrated—the disagreeable, unpleasant features of the wreck.

"There was no cowardice, either on the part of passengers or crews," General Ives said, "although there was considerable roughness, and, at times, on the Florida, anyhow, a lack of discipline."

"After the collision we all put on life preservers and waited for the end. We heard the wireless working, but didn't realize that it was going to do us any good. Not until the Florida appeared did we feel at all safe."

"Then there was a great lot of confusion. The officers of the Republic paid no attention to family ties in sending off passengers. They put wives in one boat and husbands in another. Naturally, some husbands lashed out and were rough with everybody who stood between

the heroines and their husbands. I was impressed into service as an oarsman and obliged to

"I believe that every one who read the accounts of the collision and the jeepardi in which occupants of the two ships body got drenching wet.

"On the Florida all was confusion.

"Some of the immigrants and sailors got into the liquor stores and became intoxicated. The passengers of both ships ran loose around the Florida's decks without any officers controlling them. The Florida was noisy, and without any order.

"The transfer from the Florida to the Baltic was even more unpleasant. I saw one sailor seize his hand upon a refined, delicate woman. She struck him a blow in the face and drew a hatpin. He did not again bother her."

## Woman Author Falls Into Sea; Is Pulled Out by Hair

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, a well-known author, had a thrilling experience among the hundreds of passengers transferred from the Florida to the Baltic. She said:

"My sister, Mrs. Frances Clara Morse, and myself were in the same room near where the Florida tore into the Republic. The fog was dense and the whistle of the Republic was blowing signals continually. We both heard the whistle of the Florida, too.

### Terrifying Grinding Noise.

"We fell into a daze, and had awakened when suddenly we felt a jar and then a terrifying grinding noise. In less than ten minutes, the lights all went out and we were in complete darkness.

"We hurried from our room and up two flights of stairs to another deck. Everything was in commotion. I want to say, however, that there was no panic and scarcely a whimper on the part of any of the passengers. We heard a couple of steerage passengers sobbing.

"When we reached the upper deck we decided to go back and secure our clothes, but we were not allowed to do so. Then we remained in the darkness awaiting dawn, which was nearly two hours off. It was impossible to find even a candle, and in this suspense we huddled together, terrified, not knowing but each minute would be our last.

"We were told to put on life preservers and await orders. When daylight came we were put in lifeboats and rowed to the Florida. There was no excitement, and all went all right, but when it was found that the Florida had a great hole stove in her bow and that she was only being kept up by the pumps, then our fears again possessed us.

### "It Came My Turn."

"After much suspense the Baltic was sighted. It was long after dark when the boat I was in, together with my sister, after drifting about nearly an hour, awaited the landing of those ahead of us, approached the Baltic's landing ladder. Several had gotten out and it came my turn.

"A sailor grasped my arm, and at the critical moment ordered me to jump! I knew it was not the right instant, but I obeyed orders, and the next thing I knew I was struggling in the water. I felt myself rise to the surface and sink again, but I was powerless. Then I felt the boat hook thrust against my back, and the next thing I knew the sailor's hands were entangled in my hair. I never lost consciousness, and when all were out of the boat I got up and made my way, this time safely, to the Baltic's deck."

Thought the End Had Come.

Mrs. Morse said:

"When my sister was brought into the lifeboat I did not think she was alive. However, after much of the water had been forced out of her lungs, she suddenly sat up and said, 'I'm not dead.'

"I never saw such an angry sea as that on which our lifeboat was launched. I expected every minute we would be swamped, and when my sister fell into the water I thought the end had come. Mrs. Henry H. Davis, Mrs. Earle's daughter, is the wife of James Elkins, son of Senator Elkins, of West Virginia. She had an experience similar to that of Mrs. Earle. She was, however, just about to get into the boat when the Florida was caught before she had been submerged above her knees."

Mrs. Armento said the lifeboat transferred to the Baltic was tottering. In the party were the two children of Mrs. Davis, Miss Edith, ten years old, and Major Henry C., seven. The toughness of both was the talk of the passengers.

## SHIPS MAY LOSE WIRELESS

### MARCONI COMPANY IN DISPUTE WITH SEVERAL OCEAN LINES.

Controversy Has Been Going on for Some Time Over the Payment of Rent, Since Operating Concern Has Found that Losses Are Suffered in the Dull Seasons.

It is possible that collision between the White Star liner Republic and the Italian immigrant carrier Florida may agitate anew the question of compelling all transatlantic steamship lines to maintain wireless apparatus on board ship. For some time there has been a dispute between the Marconi Company and several of the important lines as to the terms on which wireless plants were to be retained.

Seven years ago, when wireless first came into popular use, its promoters were anxious to get their system installed on steamships, largely because of the advertising which resulted, and also to shut out other companies from the same privileges. They offered to put instruments aboard at no cost to the steamship companies, other than the expense of feeding and housing the operators and supplying the electric current.

By this arrangement the wireless folk were to receive all the tolls from private messages, while the steamship company was to be allowed to send official messages free of charge. This idea worked well in the rush season, when liners sailed with full cabins. In the winter months it was different. The steamship companies couldn't lose, under any circumstances, but the wireless company did. The electric current was not an expensive item, and the feeding of two men on a vessel that carried two thousand did not figure up to a sum worth taking into account, it was urged.

As time went on, however, it became more apparent to the wireless company that it was losing money by the arrangement. So it presented its case to the steamship lines and suggested that a yearly rental of, say, \$1,000, would serve to guard it from loss. That sum would just about pay the salaries of the operators. Wireless operators, by the way, seldom get good pay, especially men on the foreign vessels.

### JACK BINNS'S \$12 WEEKLY PAY.

Men like Binns of the Republic and Tattersall of the Baltic, who figured so conspicuously in the fog-drama off the sandspit of Siasconset, receive about \$12 a week, although, of course, they live on board ship as officers. On the other hand, the ships of the American Line have American operators, who are paid according to the American wage scale, starting at \$60 a month. The same rule applies to the American land stations. The head of the Cape Cod station, for instance, receives \$125 a month.

To the pique of the wireless company, it is said the steamship lines returned a negative answer. They positively refused to consider the suggestion of paying for the installation of the wireless. At this stage of the proceedings, the Marconi company threatened to remove its instruments and men from the liners, unless its demands were granted. This threat was calmly accepted by the steamship lines. Their reply was, in effect: "Do whatever you please."

Now comes the ramming of the Republic by the Florida and the drama of rescue in the tossing waste of waters that stretched from the tip of Long Island to Nantucket, in which wireless played the most important part. If a vindication of the value of the wireless installation were needed, say the wireless men, it was afforded by the events of the two days from Saturday to yesterday morning. Those incidents, they contend, prove that no ship is safe without a wireless equipment.

So they are sitting back in their chairs now, wondering what step the steamship companies will take next. Will they lose the wireless to save \$1,000 a year? That is what the wireless men say they are pondering.

#### WHERE THE COST COMES IN.

"I shouldn't wonder if they did try to do it," said Frederick Mintern Sammis, chief engineer of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company, to-day. "You would be surprised if I were to tell you some of the companies with whom we have been conducting negotiations recently—negotiations which can end only in our getting a reasonable rental or in the removal of our installations from their ships. They are thoroughly modern and up-to-date companies, too, of unimpeachable reputation so far. Yet they have plainly indicated that, rather than agree to our demands, they will do without our system."

"Our demands are not exorbitant. All we ask is that we shall be protected from loss. We'll be satisfied with anything that does that for us. Perhaps, to illustrate our position, a few figures will prove worth while. In the rush season, during the summer months, especially, we generally manage to make expenses all around, and sometimes we do big business. The German boats are the best payers. Sometimes we take in \$500 on a run to and from Europe. The big Cunarders pay, too. I can't explain why it is that the German boats pay best, but they do."

"When we make \$500 in the course of a run, we are lucky. All the expense to us out of that is the salary of the operator and his assistant. On the other hand, when the tide of traffic has fallen off, we often lose money on every voyage. When the New York came in yesterday with nineteen passengers in her cabin, do you suppose we made anything on the trip? Not a cent. We lost \$15 or \$20, and we'll lose as much more on her run back to England."

"On the majority of the liners, we lose money most of the year. That doesn't seem right to us. It wouldn't cost the company a large sum to insure us against loss, and they must know now, if they didn't know before, how valuable the wireless is. One thousand dollars a year for each vessel would suit us. That would allow us about \$50 for each round trip made, and would just cover us from possible loss."

Steamship men say that the Republic disaster has emphasized the need of some universal code of communication regardless of the particular system. Rivalry between telegraph companies, it is pointed out, makes this last impossible.

#### ACCORDING TO EMIL L. BOAS.

According to Emil L. Boas, resident director and general manager of the Hamburg-American Line, the existing arrangement is the cause of much confusion. Mr. Boas is also firmly convinced that all transatlantic ships which carry passengers are in duty bound to be equipped with wireless apparatus.

"The time is bound to come," declared Mr. Boas this afternoon, "when all vessels will take it up. Of course, at the present time, most of the large ocean liners do make use of the system, but it is not universal."

I think steamships with passengers aboard should be compelled to maintain a wireless station and operator. The thing has become a necessity, as the recent collision has clearly shown.

Then there is the other question which seems to me equally important. In our company, for instance, we have to patronize two wireless telegraph concerns. Our Atlantic service, going between New York and the West Indies, is equipped with the United Wireless system, while our transatlantic ships use the Marconi system.

Now, these two rival systems do not work together. You can imagine the inconvenience that results. Here is a case to illustrate:

#### A CASE IN POINT.

"Not long ago we took the Blücher out of our transatlantic service and sent her into Southern waters. Speaker Cannon was on board and had made special arrangements to keep in touch with Washington. But, you see, the Blücher was equipped with the Marconi system and the operator refused to communicate with stations belonging to the United Wireless.

Strangely enough, the operator in question was Jack Baines, who had charge of the Republic's station. I don't blame him for refusing; he was merely working under orders. But plainly such conditions should not prevail. The companies ought to work together. They ought to be made to do so, by law, if necessary."

Gustave H. Schwab, New York agent of the North German Lloyd, added his opinion to that of Mr. Boas.

"Not only should all ships be provided with wireless," said Mr. Schwab, "but there should be a universal system as well. I am strongly in favor of it. There is no reason why the different telegraph companies should refuse to accept each other's messages."

Officers of the Cunard Line were not so strong in their opinion, although it was admitted that the suggestion had many advantages.

It was pointed out that the smaller passenger lines would have few occasions to make use of the wireless system, and that situations where it would be of real service would be exceedingly rare.

At the offices of the United and Marconi Wireless Companies, it was explained that in cases of emergency, orders were to accept all messages. This was done in the case of the Republic.

#### UNITED WIRELESS WILLING.

Officers of the United Wireless Company declared that they were willing to enter into an agreement with their rivals whereby messages should be received at all times, irrespective of the company which sent them. But this the Marconi Company refused to do. John Bottomley, general manager of the Marconi system, explained that the other companies were regarded as imitators, who had sprung up later, and could not be recognized by his concern.

"The only time when we will accept their messages," said Mr. Bottomley, "is in case of distress. Then, all barriers are, for the moment, overlooked. If a ship is in danger, or if there has been an accident, her appeals for aid would certainly be received and answered, no matter what system she used. But otherwise, we will have nothing to do with our rivals."

C. C. Galbraith, assistant superintendent of the United Wireless, said that operators on this system would receive messages sent by the Marconi people, or in fact any other company. "We are agreeable to any arrangement," he added, "whereby a universal system could be established provided the tolls were equally distributed."

**FLORIDA HERE; HAS THREE DEAD**

#### A Fourth Likely to be Added—

Eugene Lynch of Boston  
May Not Survive.

#### CAPTAIN'S STORY CUT OFF

Starts to Tell It, but Is Interrupted, and Officials Stop an Officer's Narrative.

#### BOW A MASS OF WRECKAGE

Smashed Almost to the Bridge, and She Comes Up the Bay Stern High Above Water.

With thirty feet of her bow cut away and tilting forward at so perilous an angle that she seemed about to dive into the depths of the harbor, the Italian steamer Florida, of the Lloyd Italiano Line, which ran down the White Star Line's Republic last Saturday morning near Nantucket, moved slowly and warily into port yesterday afternoon a few hours behind the Baltic, which brought the passengers of both ships. Crippled she was and exhausted, but she had come under her own steam from the scene of the disaster, and the quiet smile on the faces of her skipper, Capt. Ruspini, and his officers told that they were proud of their amazing feat, which they accomplished without any aid whatever.

Seen from a distance, the forward tip of the Florida seemed to be actually flesh with the water, so much was the damaged vessel tilted. At her half yards between the masts were the "Not under control" signals, black and grim, while her flaps, half masted, told of a dead sailor lying strangled in white, in the Florida's hospital end of two other dead seamen, drowned and smashed out of all semi-

bility to manmancy, under somnolent in the chaos of broken, snapped wood and iron which had been the Florida's baw.

The Florida passed Sandy Hook at 2:25 P. M. and began her painful course up the channel toward her haven of refuge at the Italian line pier in Brooklyn. As she crept along tug and launch came out to her, until her course became a triumphant progress.

Two of the tugs crushed her up, just aft of her crushed bow, and began slowly to help her along. Up to that moment since the accident the wounded liner had not had the slightest touch of bad weather. Had there been simply contrary winds to harass her, the situation of the crippled ship would have become precarious. But not until just before coming up the harbor did such winds spring up, and then the danger was over and Capt. Ruspini had accomplished his marvelous piece of seamanship.

As the Florida crept along the narrow channel, previous to anchoring off Quarantine, the neighboring shores were packed with throngs of curious people lining the wharves andatched on every vantage point afforded by sheds and house roofs. Around the ship was a regular flotilla of tugs, small yachts, and other craft, keeping up an incessant shrill whistling.

#### Wreck of the Florida's Bow.

The appearance presented by the bow of the Florida as she "tolted" along made Capt. Ruspini's nerve in daring to run her without delay into New York seem almost beyond belief. Big pieces of sail had been struck across the bow, but between them it was possible to look through great, gaping holes as if into the very vitals of the ship.

On one side a big mass of the flooring of the deck had been jammed straight into the air, the jagged edges of the planks sticking out over the water, while a mass of iron railing, twisted like molasses candy, rose into the air on the other side. As for the bow itself, or what was left of it, was nothing but tangled twisted wood and iron, jammed in huge masses against the forward bulkhead. "If that bulkhead should give way," remarked a sailor on the Florida, "it would be all up with us."

As the Florida dropped anchor off the shore the little flotilla of tugs closed in upon her. One of the first to scramble to her deck and make a dash for the bridge was Count di Massiglio, the Italian Consul General in New York. He seized the hands of Capt. Ruspini and kissed him on both cheeks. "Your conduct has been noble," he said, "and I have come here expressly to tell you so."

Capt. Ruspini leaned against the side of the bridge and smiled. He is only 29 years old. He simply smiled as man after man rushed up to him pouring into his ears praise of his bravery. Among the others who were soon surrounding the young captain on the bridge and congratulating him were Oscar L. Richard, the agent of the Italian Line; Alfred E. Berner, and Albert Engelhoff.

After the effusive congratulations were over, Capt. Ruspini went to Eugene Lynch, the Republic passenger who had been transferred from the latter ship to the Florida suffering from grave internal injuries. The ship's doctor of the Florida had little encouragement to give concerning the hurt Bostonian.

#### Mr. Lynch Ignorant of Wife's Fate.

"You may talk a few words with him," he said to Lynch, to the newspaper men who crowded about with inquiries, "but for pity's sake don't tell him that his wife is dead. He knows nothing about it. And leave here," he added, as he piloted the visitors down through the crew's mess quarters toward the hospital. "If he says anything about a bag full of money which he had on the Republic tell him it's all right and safe, won't you?"

But when the little group got to the hospital it was not possible to communicate with Mr. Lynch. He lay stretched out on a narrow cot, white and groaning, and every time he tried to speak his stomach revolted. "Molto male," said the Italian doctor who had had a large share in the care of the Baltic and strength away. "He has a leg and a thigh broken. He is also suffering from injuries to the head, and his heart, too, is in a bad way."

Nearby lay the dead body of Salvatore D'Amico, a seaman, caught in his bunk in the forecastle and ground to death at the moment of the terrific impact between the Florida and the Republic. As for the two other dead, Plagnolo Laviano and Catagero Mortuscello, the doctor simply shrugged his shoulders.

"In there," he said, pointing toward the heaped, twisted wreckage at the bow. Practically nothing had been done to get the fragments of their bodies out. Capt. Ruspini and his crew had their hands full with other problems of rescue and navigation. Sticking out from among the tangled mass at the bow were shreds of cloth and flesh, and there were red blood stains, too.

The extreme danger attendant on the trip of the Florida from the scene of the accident to New York was made greater by a heavy snowfall, which lasted a good part of the way, retarding the already small-like speed of the ship. But as she

drove near to New York the weather cleared, and the crippled Italian liner actually went ahead for a part of the way at the rate of ten knots an hour, game to the very end of her eventful trip. Capt. Ruspini had made only one other voyage as her Captain.

As the bow of the Florida, smashed up as it had been of the consistency of a matchbox, was rolled into its pier at 5 P. M. yesterday, those on board saw a crowd drawn up around the gangplank, impatient for a chance to board the ship. Foremost among these were a party of men, with tear-stained eyes, friends of Eugene Lynch, who but a few days before had bid him godspeed on the occasion of his departure on the Republic. As soon as the gangplank was lowered they hastened to the deck and were immediately taken to the sickroom, where Mr. Lynch lay.

In the party were the Rev. James Lee of the Church of the Immaculate Conception at Revere, Mass.; the Hon. John Casey and the Hon. William Turtle, Mr. Lynch's lawyers; James Morris, husband of the injured man's niece, Dr. Finnegan, his brother-in-law; and James Watson, confidential clerk in Mr. Lynch's Boston liquor business. The whole party had come from Boston to take charge of their friend.

#### LITTLE HOPE FOR MR. LYNCH.

When they arrived on board little hope was held out to them of his recovery. Silent and grief-stricken, they stood about their suffering friend, stretched on his narrow cot, waiting transportation to a hospital.

The first ambulance to reach the pier came from the Norwegian Hospital, but Mr. Olaus G. Knudsen, the surgeon, allowed his friend to be put into it, claiming that it was so bad as to be unequal for taking so severely injured a patient away from the wharf. The Boston party then sought a telephone, summoned an ambulance from the Long Island College Hospital, and reserved for Mr. Lynch the best private room at that hospital. When the ambulance came racing along the wharf, the injured man was brought groaning down the gangplank. "God bless you all," he murmured to those who were carrying him. From start to finish he had shown great fortitude.

"Be sure that all those on the Florida get something from me as a remembrance," said Mr. Lynch, giving his parting instruction to one of his friends before he was carried on his stretcher down the gangplank.

The removal of Mr. Lynch from the Republic to the Florida, it was said on the latter vessel, was attended with such difficulty that the injured man himself desired that he be allowed to stay where he was when the transfer of all except the crew of the Florida to the Baltic was begun. "If I am to die, let me die here," he said. As his condition was considered very serious, Father Morris of Trenton, one of the passengers taken from the Republic, administered the last sacrament to Mr. Lynch.

Immediately after the Florida had tied up to her pier, several lights were strung on wires across her smashed bow, and the grawsome work of extirpating the bodies of the two seamen jammed to depth in the wreckage there was begun. Capt. Ruspini and the other officers of the ship remained closeted with the representatives of the line, and refused all further information to the reporters, who were eventually ushered to the pier.

The report that the cause of the collision was that the man at the Florida's wheel fell asleep while on duty, for which negligence he received a blow in the face from Capt. Ruspini, was indignantly denied soon after the docking of the Florida by the Italian Royal Commissioner, who had charge of the immigrants on the Florida on her way across the ocean.

The Florida came from Nantucket most of the way at a rate not above four or five knots an hour, simply crawling along.

#### DENY HELMSMAN NODDED.

Rumors of a Sleepy Quartermaster and Fight on Florida Find No Sponsor.

A story which was denied as often as it was repeated, and was quite impossible of authoritative verification, was told on board the Baltic yesterday regarding the quartermaster of the Florida, said to have been at the wheel at the time of the collision.

The story, as told, was that early on Saturday morning, while the Florida was feeling her way through the fog off Nantucket, with Capt. Voisin on the bridge, the Republic, then evidently quite close to the Florida, sounded two sharp whistles. In answer to a long blast from the Florida's horn, this is the well-understood signal for the approaching vessel to turn to port. The acceptance of the signal is a single blast of the whistle. The officers of the Republic say that the Florida's whistle returned the expected answer.

Had the signal been obeyed, it was alleged, the collision would not have happened, for the Republic also turned to starboard, so she was proceeding in the opposite direction, the two ships would have turned away from each other at the same time.

According to several of those on the White Star boat, among them an officer of the Republic, there is reason to believe that when the signal was heard by Capt. Votolini, he repeated it to the helmsman, ordering him to put the helm to port. Beyond that the story becomes vague. There were several on the Baltic when she arrived yesterday, who said that they "understood" and "had heard" that the quartermaster at the wheel was nodding when the order was given, and that he shoved his wheel hard a-starboard instead of to port. This assertion was made it was from the cause that the accident had occurred.

The story continued with a recital that the Captain of the Florida was so enraged with what the quartermaster had done that he turned upon him and struck him with a belaying pin. One version of the tale has the man dropping overboard when the crash came and ran, the Captain running after him and the shipwreck.

According to Capt. Reynolds, the Seneca was off Cape Henry, Va., when the wireless told her that there was some trouble. Capt. Henry is 300 miles from the scene of the disaster to the Republic. The text of the wireless he could not exactly understand and asked Washington to repeat it.

In the meantime he had proceeded on his way and was about 100 miles off Cape Henlopen when he received definite news that it was the Republic which had been in collision. The Seneca, in her trial trips, made two and one-half knots an hour, but in reaching the scene thirteen knots were made.

On board the Baltic was a man from the Florida whose face bore marks. His name was Mario Romolo Schiaffino, a steward and such a good sailor that we could talk English to point out the man who was at the wheel at the time of the crash. He probably left some one running about the deck, finding Schiaffino, and bringing him to the questioner, the latter would present his card, but his name was not mentioned. He was pressed to explain what had happened on the bridge on the morning in question. He said he was the other man, and Schiaffino replied that in his bunk he had a time. Close questioning of the quartermaster, at least on one occasion, led to the conclusion that he had a dozen Italians who stood about and the sudden silence of Schiaffino.

Arriving in the vicinity of Nantucket, at about 8:15 Sunday night, in the midst of a thick fog and a small sea, Capt. Reynolds found that the cutter Gresham was already there and had a line out to the Republic. The Seneca then made fast with 250 fathoms of hawser and with the Gresham started to tow.

After two hours the Republic began to settle and founder. There was no one on board the Republic other than Capt. Sealby and Second Officer R. Williams, and it had been arranged that in case the ship went down two blue lights were to be set off, one by the Captain and the second by means of a mechanical device, which makes the light flame up as the water touches a certain portion of the ship.

#### Blue Lights Tell the Story.

It was 10 P. M. Sunday night, when one of the most dramatic scenes upon the seas was enacted as witnessed through the fog and in came the blue signal lights telling of the Republic's doom. First came one, and then the other. The last gave the signal that the Republic was actually going down. Her plunge to the bottom and the rescue of Capt. Sealby and his second officer are told elsewhere.

#### MARCONI IS GRATEFUL.

##### Inventor Is Glad Wireless Has Helped to Save So Many Lives.

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—William Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy, who is at present at the Marconi station in Galway, from which transatlantic messages are dispatched, said to-day, in reference to the sinking of the Republic.

"I am exceedingly gratified and very grateful that wireless telegraphy has been the means of saving so many lives. I am confident its usefulness will go on increasing with the extension of the adoption of the system by smaller ships as well as by the great liners, because of the ever-increasing range of the instruments."

##### Not a Man in the Whole Republic's Crew but Did His Duty.

#### MARCONI MAN'S PART

##### Binn Stayed with Capt. Sealby After the Passengers Departed—The Republic's End.

The full story of the collision between the White Star liner Republic and the Lloyd Italian liner Florida, the greatest shipwreck in years, came out yesterday, when the White Star liner Baltic brought the survivors of both ships to this port. It proved to be a story of lives saved rather than of lives lost; of earnest effort and not of capitulation; a story of the triumph of human ingenuity, thoroughness, sacrifice, fortitude over disaster, even death itself; of what may have been the mistake of one man causing the dire peril of many.

**The Republic Is 45 Fathoms Down.**

It is estimated by Capt. Reynolds and Capt. Sealby that the Republic lies in about forty-five fathoms of water, that she will probably never be raised, and will never be a source of hindrance to navigation.

All the officers and crew of the Republic on board the Seneca were confined to the cabin, and not one of them last night was allowed to walk. Jack Bruns, the Merchant operator, is the only one on board the Seneca, but he even could not leave.

When Capt. Reynolds was asked how Capt. Sealby appeared when taken from the water and carried on board the Gresham, and later came to the Seneca, he said he looked like a man that had been through about everything he could go through and yet live to tell the tale. He was pale, worn, but nevertheless talked feelingly about the loss of his ship, yet he was overjoyed at the fact that it had not proved a second Bourgogne disaster.

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**Perfect Order Among the Crew.**

Capt. Sealby was on the bridge of the Republic when the collision took place. Almost before the Florida struck the call of quarters sounded from the bridge. Equally quick action was taken in the engine room; in this instance the most important part of the ship. The second and fourth assistant engineers were on watch. As the order was issued from the bridge to close the water-tight doors, an order was issued from the engine room to take down the fires.

These orders were given in the pitch darkness of the foggy night, neither officers nor men knowing exactly what had already happened, or what was to happen next. Every order was promptly obeyed. Not a man hesitated, and the strict discipline and implicit obedience to orders under the most trying circumstances the passengers of the Republic undoubtedly owed their lives in the last instance.

Thus it was, all unknown to the passengers and crew of either ship, that the two vessels approached each other with the mark virtually only the compass and the clouded yellow limmer of the Nantucket Lightship to guide them. It appears now that the Florida was the further to the westward of the two and that both vessels were slightly out of their course—the Republic especially at all, the Florida perceptibly so.

Noiselessly, to all intent and purpose, the two ships drew nearer each other. Each sounded for sirens. Neither could see the other's lights. Yet the Captain of each could hear the deep note of warning that the other sounded from time to time, and by the sound solely the Captain located each other's vessels. And still the two ships drew together.

were endangered have been saved through the instrumentality of the steamer Baltic, it is nevertheless true that the real story of the wreck of the Republic had not been told till the survivors reached here yesterday. Out of the other, from many sources, have come tales and parts of tales, confusing and contradictory, annoyingly brief, but not until yesterday afternoon was the full narrative of the shipwreck available.

The Republic left here last Friday afternoon. Yesterday the passengers who were good-bye to friends from her deck returned quietly to port to be met by the rest. What made the situation more terrible was that every light in the boat went out.

Passengers who attempted to obtain light to ascertain what had happened, or to dress by, found no light available. Outside could be heard the shouting of men on the deck and the terrible crashing of the water. Needless to say, the stopped to dress, took one crossings, few garments, and one passenger, and first-class passengers alike, rushed on deck. Within a minute the decks were crowded with anxious, confused persons, hastening hither and thither, not knowing what to do, nor where to go; all asking questions, disturbed yet without cool in the emergency. And above all sounded the constant rush of the water amidstships.

**Almost Noiseless Collision.**

Strangely enough, the collision made little or no noise. The Florida, seemingly, slid backward out of the rent on the Republic's side, and in another instant was shrouded again in the fog that enveloped the sea. Within a few seconds even her lights were out of sight, and, to those on the Republic, save for the damage she had wrought, the Italian vessel might have been regarded as a phantom.

Within these few seconds, however, much had happened. On the White Star boat deck had come the two persons, Mrs. Eugene Lynch of Boston, and W. J. Money of Langdon, S. D., the latter dying instantly. The crash, however, had disturbed only a few, though the terrific rush of the sea as it poured into the hole in the Republic's side awakened all the rest. What made the situation more terrible was that every light in the boat went out.

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**Perfect Order Among the Crew.**

Capt. Sealby was on the bridge of the Republic when the collision took place. Almost before the Florida struck the call of quarters sounded from the bridge. Equally quick action was taken in the engine room; in this instance the most important part of the ship. The second and fourth assistant engineers were on watch. As the order was issued from the bridge to close the water-tight doors, an order was issued from the engine room to take down the fires.

These orders were given in the pitch darkness of the foggy night, neither officers nor men knowing exactly what had already happened, or what was to happen next. Every order was promptly obeyed. Not a man hesitated, and the strict discipline and implicit obedience to orders under the most trying circumstances the passengers of the Republic undoubtedly owed their lives in the last instance.

As though it was simply a case of regular drill and not a deadly earnest matter, each officer, petty officer, and sailor on the Republic went to his station, took his orders, attacked his task, and kept at it.

Petty officers went about among the scantily clad passengers, reassuring the nervous, getting order out of chaos little by little. Two rockets, signals of distress, were fired from the bridge. Meanwhile the water-tight bulkheads had been closed on the engine room and the intruders of the sea had been stayed. The work of raking down the fires had to be done speedily and was a perilous task. To leave the fire would have been to risk an explosion which would have sunk the ship, and all perished every soul on her, from the bottom. The great fires were driven through the ship throughout the night were raked down in a few minutes since the water was still rushing in, when the coat passers and engineers at last jumped up to safety they leaped out of water nearly three feet deep.

**Waiting in a Calm Sea.**

It was 5:15 in the morning when the collision occurred. The dawn should have been breaking, but the fog obscured the light. In the darkness the passengers muddled together on the decks and kept still. Some of them, however, sought safety through dark alleysways to staterooms and obtained additional wraps. The mark without, the utter darkness in the cabins, the absence of the throbbing of the engine to which the passengers had already become accustomed, and the sudden washing of the calm sea against her sides, all served to accentuate the mystery of the thing that had happened and to make the tides more fearsome. From the time the two ships met until the light of day came was a period of quiet, except for those who had tasks to perform.

One of those whose task was an important was J. W. Bluns, the Marconi operator, to whom the survivors owe the swift summoning of distant ships to their aid, and the world owes what news it received within a few hours of the collision. Of Bluns' courage and energy, of his efforts and their results, a great deal has already been written. Within a few minutes after the Florida had dashed back into the mist whence she had come, a man above the ship was transmitting the magic code signal, "C. Q. D." which apprised the world of what had happened, and brought to the scene, at full speed, the vessels that were to prove the salvation of the passengers and crew.

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**The Florida Reappears.**

While there was any steam available the Republic's whistle was kept going continuously, and it was this that brought the Florida back out of the fog to the aid of the ship she had wounded. Although it was apparent, almost as soon as she was in sight, that she was the cause of the Republic's damage, she was none the less welcome to the passengers on the island of the large ship. The next sight of her was cheering, while the Florida's bow was directly torn away and a gaping hole stood out alone black in the dim light of the early, forgotten dawn. It was easily seen that she was not nearly so badly smitten as was the Republic. So, with the coming of the light, every one aboard the White Star boat emerged.

The extent of the injury to the port side of the Republic ascertained, and an examination made of the bulkheads to see whether they would withstand the strain which the tons of water were putting upon them. Capt. Sealby turned his attention to the possibility of getting the passengers off. He got into communication with the Captain of the Florida, which had come up alongside within half a mile. Then Capt. Sealby summoned the 440 passengers to the deck below the bridge. They came straggling, some of them still confused. Their appearance, too, in the half light would have been ludicrous had the occasion not been so serious. They were dressed in every imaginable garment from blankets to overcoats. Many were barefoot. Some had stockings, no shoes; others wore slippers, but no stockings.

**Captain's Speech From the Bridge.**

Speaking from the bridge, the Captain reassured the passengers and asked for their co-operation. He said there was no immediate danger, but that their transfer to the Florida was thought advisable. The embarkation in the small boats must be done slowly, carefully, he said, and of course it must be a case of "women and children first."

Capt. Sealby had been so busy directing the saving of his vessel that few of the passengers had seen him after the vessel was struck until he spoke to them from the bridge. He said:

"Passengers of the Republic: I want to advise you that the steamer has been injured in collision. We are in no immediate danger, but I want to ask you to stand by me and act with coolness and judgment. There is, I repeat, no immediate danger; but to be on the safe side it is necessary for you to be transferred to the Florida as soon as possible. It will take some time, and I expect that you will be cool and not excited. Take your time getting into the lifeboats. Remember, the women and children go first, and the first cabin next, and then the others. The crew will be the last to leave this vessel."

There were shouts of approval, a cheer or two, and then, with a direct objective before them and the prospect of not standing by helplessly any longer, the passengers hastened in an orderly manner to gather together what belongings they had and to follow the directions of the officers and crew as to taking the boats.

When the boats were lowered the women and children were taken aboard, and trip after trip was made until they were all transported to the Florida. Luckily the sea was calm, very calm indeed, but even as it was the trip across the stretch of water to the Florida was somewhat of an adventure to many of the women. The transfer of the passengers, 440 of them, occupied two hours and a little more, and was accomplished without mishap.

**Bluns Stayed at the Key.**

During the morning, in response to the "C. Q. D." signal, ships began arriving in the vicinity of the disabled steamer. On hand were then only the Captain, the second officer, a boat's crew, and the indomitable Bluns, the Marconi operator. The incoming vessels were guided by Bluns, still at his instrument ticking away messages, first to this port, then to that; one to this ship, then one to the office. News was going out to the world that the passengers were safe, that the boat had not sunk, that there was no immediate danger.

Instructions were going out, too, as to the exact locality of the disabled steamer. Bluns was doing it all. He and the Marconi instrument kept the whole thousand odd souls on board the two boats in touch with the world out beyond the fog. Now quite alone in his little cabin, and now with Capt. Sealby standing by him and telling him what to send and where to send it, Bluns kept at his task all the livelong day and well into the night. When darkness came the electricity in the storage batteries gave out. The dynamos had gone when the engine room was flooded.



"This is how the Republic got us to know we were lost," said our whaleman and steersman by the Marconi. As fast as our Marconi operator got a message he rushed with it to me. I have never been so portentously busy since. "Our ship is dead. You are now on our port bow. Can you see us? Republic?" Other messages read: "You are going to close. Can you see us? Republic. You are too close to us for safety, Republic." "You are getting louder. Steer east-southeast, hard to starboard. There is a gale a gale of blinding man's buff, with the wireless messages coming. Now you are hot," and "Now you are cold."

Then came messages giving us different steering directions, and in between we caught flashes of other messages. The crew and officers received that message more anxious. It read: "Siasconsett says, hear from Republic, says to Baltic to hurriedly bring us to a port or blind-man's buff, with the wireless messages coming. Now you are hot," and "Now you are cold."

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"Throughout the whole trying time the passengers acted with coolness."

#### PASSENGERS PRAISE OFFICERS.

Vote to Give Them Medals and Raise £212 for the Crews.

Resolutions indorsing the seamanship, courage, and devotion of Capt. Ranson and the officers of the Baltic were adopted at a meeting of the passengers of the Republic and Baltic on board the Baltic on Sunday evening. Two other meetings were held. At one of them a sum of money was raised to be distributed to the men of the two White Star ships as a mark of the appreciation of the passengers, while, at the other, a committee was appointed to consider all matters pertaining to the collision, action of the officers, &c.

This resolution was adopted at the meeting on Sunday:

Whereas, On approaching New York word was received to the effect that the steamship Republic had been in collision with the steamship Florida in the vicinity of New York Harbor, and was in urgent need of assistance, and

Whereas, The prevailing dense fog made actual navigation difficult, especially for a crippled vessel, especially so far and whereas, The commander of the Baltic successfully carried his ship over, so far as of transferring over 1,600 persons in open boats without a single mishap; therefore be it resolved,

Resolved, That the passengers of the Baltic hereby convey to Capt. Ranson, R. N. R., the officers and crew their thanks for the appreciation of the seamanship, courage, and devotion displayed; it is further

Resolved, That the sum of £212, which will be forwarded to Messrs. James, Jamie & Co. of Liverpool, managing owners of the White Star Line, and to the Secretary of Lloyd's, London, be given to the Chairman.

ALBERT E. ASHCROFT, Chairman.

After the second meeting this letter was sent to Capt. Ranson:

To Capt. J. B. Ranson, R. N. R.

We are requested on behalf of the salaried passengers of the two White Star ships, Baltic and Republic, to hand over to you the enclosed sum of 212 pounds sterling, to be divided among the crews and officers of the two White Star Line ships and also the Florida, as a mark of their appreciation of the skill and care manifested in transporting and assisting passengers who were in such urgent need as a result of the unfortunate accident of yesterday morning.

It is earnestly requested if you can do us the favor to leave the division of the sum contributed to each vessel in your hands. We are, Sir, yours sincerely, the

CHARLES WARD, Chairman, S. S. Baltic.

J. J. AMBROSE, S. S. Baltic.

ARTHUR BLESS, S. S. Baltic.

Dr. M. E. WALDSTEIN, S. S. Republic.

This meeting also decided to have medals struck off to be given the three officers and crew of the Republic, the crew of the Baltic, and Volotheen of the Florida.

The third meeting was held yesterday morning. The Chairman was Major John Easy of St. Paul and the Secretary was M. L. Fleischbein of the same city. Major Easy presided and the meeting was called for the purpose of considering all matters pertaining to the accident, action of the officers, transfer of the passengers, and compensation for the deceased and injured.

W. F. Densmore of Minneapolis, W. C. of Michigan, N. Y. A. Clark of Winona, Conn., L. G. Phelps, and J. B. Connolly of Boston were appointed a committee of five with instructions to select a committee of seven, five including themselves, to take fitting action.

#### RESCUED SAILORS IN NEED.

Seamen's Friend Society Shelters Them and Appeals for Funds.

The American Seamen's Friend Society, at 507 West Street, took care last night of from 75 to 100 of the Republic's crew. All yesterday the men kept drifting into the institute, where writing material and free postage were furnished them, so that they could let their friends know of their welfare. They expect to return to England on the Baltic when she sails Saturday.

Last night at the institute was held the regular Monday night concert, and about a hundred of the crew of the Republic were present. Most of them looked to be of the common stock, some of English descent, but here and there was noted a face that showed signs of racial origin, possibly German. One of them, when asked about the wreck, said:

"That chap who sent the wireless messages saved our lives. He's the real hero. We just don't know where he is now, but we're all thankful that we're here to tell the tale, but we are all sorry that the Republic is at the bottom of the Atlantic."



JACK BINNS.

# SEALBY TELLS OF DEATH WATCH ON LOST REPUBLIC

Captain Who Stuck to Ship Till She Sank Under Him Gives Graphic Account of Vessel's Last Hour.

## RACED WITH DEATH TO RIGGING AS CRAFT SANK.

Caught Bit of Wreckage and Floated Long Before Gresham's Crew With Searchlight Could Find Him—Overcoat as a Life Buoy.

Here are the accounts of the two men who kicked the Republic away from under their feet as she dropped into her final resting place:

BY CAPT. WILLIAM I. SEALBY.

"I don't want to say anything about the collision itself or the happenings after except in a general way. Others have told those things. But I can tell just what happened on board the Republic as she went down.

"Mr. Williams and I had arranged to stick to the ship until she should sink or be beached. The derelict destroyer Seneca, the revenue cutter Gresham, the steamship Furnessia and the tug Scully were standing by—the Seneca and Gresham towing. All four vessels had their searchlights trained on the Republic. It was very dark and somewhat foggy.

"Mr. Williams and I were on the bridge. We were quite comfortable with our overcoats and blankets and really did not think the Republic was going down so soon. Both of us were tired out and somewhat stupid from loss of sleep. There was some wind and quite a little sea.

#### FELT VESSEL SINKING.

"Suddenly we heard a terrible rumble and crack aft and below. The stern began to go down rapidly. Then, I think, I turned to Mr. Williams and asked him what he thought about it.

"'Well, Captain,' he replied, 'I don't think it will be a long run. Let's make a sprint for it.'

"'All right,' said I. 'When you are ready let her go.'

"Let us burn a blue light," said Williams. This I did. Then I fired five shots from my six-chambered revolver to attract the attention of those on the neighboring vessels in case they should not see the blue light.

"Then Mr. Williams and I ran from the bridge to the saloon deck, making for the forecastle. We carried our blue lights and a lantern. I suggested making for the foretopgallant.

When we got to the saloon deck forward the water was just creeping up on the deck aft and the stern was sinking rapidly. The incline of the deck was so steep that it was like climbing a steep hill to make our way forward, and we had all we could do to keep from slipping back. The water climbed up right after us at our heels.

"I saw Mr. Williams catch at the port rail and hang on, half over the side. I took to the rigging and climbed up as far as the masthead light—about 100 feet. The ship was standing with her nose out of the water and the forecastle was at such an angle that if I had dropped I would have landed about amidships of the deck.

#### COAT WAS LIFE-PRESERVER.

"I rested at the masthead light a moment while I took another blue light from my pocket and tried to light it. The light was wet. Then I fired the last shot from my revolver just as the water swirled up and caught me under the armpits.

"Fortunately I had my coat buttoned and my revolver and my binoculars in my pockets kept the skirts down. The water forced air up under the coat and it acted like a life-preserver.

"I was afloat, spinning around like a top for a little bit. Then the ship went under and I went down in a whirl of roaring seething water. The noise and power of the whirlpool were terrible. But I shot to the surface pretty soon and tried to get my coat off.

"I came up in a mass of floating wreckage, out of which I managed to catch a couple of spars. Then I got hold of a large hatch and pulled myself up onto it, where I lay spread-eagle fashion.

"The search lights were directed on the spot where the Republic had gone down and everything about me was light as day. But I was too low in the water for the search lights to reach for any length of time and the men in the boats did not see me. After what seemed an interminable time I felt myself getting numb and indifferent.

#### WAVED TOWEL AS SIGNAL.

"I roused myself, got out my revolver, loaded it with greased cartridges and fired it again. Just then I saw a towel float by. I grabbed it and waved it aloft and the searchlights picked it out and it showed like a signal. A few minutes later a boat from the Gresham picked me up. I found they had already rescued Mr. Williams, who shook hands quite gayly with me as I was dragged aboard.

"That ended our danger. I want to speak in the highest terms of the officers and crews of the cutters Gresham, Capt. Perry, and Seneca, Capt. Reynolds. I cannot say too much for them or for the service they honor.

#### ALL SHOWED BRAVERY.

"During all our operations on board the Republic the wireless proved invaluable. It was to operator Binns that we owed our ability to communicate with the vessels around us. If he had failed our wireless would have been of little use. Mr. Binns is a young man, but he has real sand and will be heard from as he grows up.

"I can speak only in terms of praise of my officers and crew. As for the passengers, they were a remarkably cool lot. The behavior of the ladies was especially admirable. The men rendered invaluable service in assisting in safely conducting the women and children from under the bridge to the boats at the time of the transfer to the Florida. The passengers on this occasion could not have gone out of a theatre in a more orderly manner."

## *Jumped for Life as the Republic Went Down*

No less interesting is the story of Second Officer Williams of what happened to him after he parted company with the captain on the forward saloon deck of the sinking vessel. Here is his account:

BY R. J. WILLIAMS.

"I was hanging on the rail by my elbows—I was going to say by my eyebrows—when I lost the captain. The ship had been going down steadily by the storm. As I hung on the rail I thought she was going to stand right straight up in the air and dive stern first.

"But her stern finally rested on the bottom. You see, she was 100 fathoms long, and the water there was only about 40 fathoms deep. So her stern struck the bottom and rested there, and I could feel the shock as she struck and feel the hull stiffen. For maybe about five seconds she remained solid and motionless.

"Then she broke in two, probably abaft the engine-room. I thought she would go that way and when I felt the shock I jumped from the rail into the water, forty feet below. I am a fair swimmer. As soon as I got into the water I turned on my back and shed my overcoat. Then I struck out with all my might to get away from the ship before she went down.

"I was swimming on my back and moving away from her foreward. I could see her keel when the searchlights played on her. Capt. Sealby was hidden from my view by the hull. I could see her settling steadily and knew that if I was within range of the suction she would pull me under when she took her last dive.

### **DOWN WITH FLAG FLYING.**

"I was about five fathoms away when she went to the bottom. She left a hole for a second that looked like the jaws of hell to me, and then I heard a roar as if I was under Niagara Falls. The water boiled and whirled and dragged me under. I wasn't frightened and I thought with satisfaction that about the last I saw of the Republic was her flag, for she went down with her flag flying.

"I caught hold of a small hatch, but was unable to climb upon it. But it supported me until I got another, and between the two I kept afloat for twenty minutes. The searchlights did not seem to pick me out, but I could see them feeling all over the ocean around like fingers of light. Just as the small boat from the Gresham was picking me up I heard Capt. Sealby fire his revolver, and the sound guided the rescuing party in his direction."

## **Capt. Sealby, Who Stuck by His Ship, and Operator Binns Accorded Re- markable Reception at Pier and on Broadway.**

With the survivors, officers and crews of the vessels which were in collision off Nantucket last Saturday safe in port, with funerals arranged for the dead and assurances in plenty that the injured will recover, today was devoted to honoring the heroes of the disaster and clearing the decks for the litigation which is to ensue between the White Star line and the Lloyd-Italiano.

The White Star line will claim from the Italian line the value of the liner Republic, which was sunk by the Florida, but the amount of damages, even if the claim is sustained, will be limited to the actual value of the latter vessel, her cargo carrying charges and fares, a total of \$1,020,000, it is estimated.

Capt. Sealby, of the Republic, landing this morning with his officers and part of his crew from the derelict destroyer Seneca, which had conveyed him from the scene of the wreck, spent a day of embarrassment.

### **SEALBY, LIONIZED, IS EMBARRASSED.**

He is a sailor, rearing, as seafaring men are in general, and the lionizing to which he was subjected from the time he set foot on the White Star line pier until he escaped into privacy was more of a trial to him than his vigil over his sinking vessel off the coast of Massachusetts.

A remarkable demonstration, indicating what the Republic's passengers who survived the collision think of the commander of the ill-fated vessel, was rendered him at the White Star offices, No. 9 Broadway, this afternoon. He visited the office with Binns, the wireless operator; Second Officer Williams, Fourth Officer Morrow and Chief Engineer McGowan to make to the officials of the company a formal report of the accident. As a result of the mishap at sea his license has been automatically revoked, and he will have to go to England, stand trial before the Board of Trade, and be exonerated of responsibility before he can take charge of another vessel.

There was assembled at the offices of the company when Capt. Sealby and his officers arrived a large crowd of Republic survivors. The company has given them the opportunity of demanding the return of their passage money or, following their plans for the cruise of the Republic by departing from New York on the Red Star liner *Vaderland*, sailing to-morrow for Antwerp, the White Star liner *Baltic*, which sails to-morrow for Liverpool, or the White Star liner *Romantic*, which sails to-morrow for Liverpool.

### **GREETED BY HIS PASSENGERS.**

Among those who were at the offices of the line making arrangements along these alternatives were Mrs. M. R. Baskerville, Dr. Arthur Beeson,

## **FLORIDA NOT TO BLAME FOR CRASH, AGENT SAYS**

The following official statement, setting forth the position of the officers of the Italian steamship Florida concerning the collision with the Republic, was given out this afternoon by O. L. Richards, agent of the Lloyd-Italiano Steamship Company:

"The officers of the Florida are in no

way to blame for the collision. On the

bridge at the time were Capt. Rustini,

First Officer Rafaello Garguilo and a

quartermaster. They were proceeding

cautiously in their course, sounding

for signal frequently. They first heard

the Republic's four whistles reduced

to probably a mile apart a half to the

northwest. They held their course.

No signal was given them by the Republic

indicating that they should go to star-

board or port side.

"The sound of the Republic's whistle

became clearer. Capt. Rustini reduced

the speed of his boat to five miles an

hour. Suddenly the Republic, which

had turned to the southeast from the

course she held when her fog signals

were first heard, loomed up right in

front of the Florida. The collision was

unavoidable."

If the Admiralty Courts hold that the

officers of the Florida were at fault

Saturday morning when the Italian

steamship rammed the Republic, the

owners of the Florida will be liable to

the extent of \$1,020,000. This is the value

of the Florida, her passenger fares and

cargo charges.

In explaining this to-day a member

of the firm of Wallin, Butler &

Brooks of No. 54 Wall street, counsel

for the Florida, on the Society

di Navigazione, as the company which

owns the Florida is variously known,

said that the line purchased the Flor-

ida three years ago for \$1,000,000. The

value of the fares and cargo carrying

charges amounted to \$20,000. No mat-

ter how many millions the Republic

and what went down with her may be

worth, the owners of the Florida can

not be held responsible beyond the

value of the Florida.

The Italian line's attorneys said, how-

ever, that it would take at least a month

to examine into the evidence concerning

the collision and prepare papers.

F. D. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Bourgeois and their infant daughter, who

was the only baby in the collision; Major and Mrs. John Espy, Robert

Friederichson, Miss Leslie Jackson, J. E. Lilly and Dr. Martin E. Waldstein,

scores of other survivors who were in the vicinity rushed to the White

Star building when Capt. Sealby and his men arrived.

As soon as the Captain appeared a great cheer went up from the crowd

that packed Broadway and the steps in front of the White Star headquar-

ters. Hundreds of hands were put forward in greeting to the Captain, who

bowed and blushed and grabbed here and there, all the time working his

way toward the door. Behind him came Binns, the wireless hero, and others worthy of praise which was freely accorded.

The cheering was deafening as Sealby and his little company crowded

through the jam in the office. Shipping men from all over the Battery neigh-

borhood were on hand to chip in with congratulations. Sealby was over-

whelmed. He shook hands with J. H. Thomas, chief of the operating de-

partment; W. W. Jeffries and David W. Lindsay, of the passenger depart-

ment, and these gentlemen tried to force a way for him to the private office

of Vice-President Franklin, upstairs.

**INSISTED ON SPEECH.**

But the crowd wanted a speech. Sealby was lifted bodily and placed

upon a table. The man who remained on his vessel until he felt her touch

the bottom of the ocean under his feet quailed and shivered in the face of

the crowd that confronted him.

"I can't make a speech," he faltered, "because I've nothing to say.

I'm glad to see you here. You must excuse me."

With that he made a leap from the table into the crowd, opened a way

and rushed up the stairs. A great throng gathered outside and waited

long and patiently for his reappearance.

Capt. Sealby and Operator Binns had been accorded a remarkable re-

ception when they landed at the White Star line pier with forty-nine other

officers and members of the crew of the sunken liner.

The crowd was brought up from the Seneca, off Tompkinsville, by the revenue cutter

Manhattan.

As it was not known that Capt. Sealby and his men would reach the

pier the general public was not represented there. But the other 150 mem-

bers of the crew of the Republic, the entire crew of the Baltic and the per-

sonnel employees of the White Star Company, less than 500 in all, made as much

noise and generated as much enthusiasm as a crowd of a hundred thousand

men.

Capt. Sealby and Binns landed first. They had no sooner stepped

on the dock than a rush was made for them and they were hoisted to the

shoulders of cheering men. Then they were carried the entire length of the

pier and into West street, around in a great circle on the plaza fronting the

pier and back again and upstairs into the office of Capt. Penne.

All this was to the accompaniment of such cheering as only sailor men

could do. The noise was heard for half a mile up and down the river bank.

Tug boat captains, catching the spirit, turned loose their whistles

and pandemonium reigned for a time.

Capt. Sealby, although born in England, is an American by education

and training. He has made his home in Vineland, N. J., since he was a

small boy. At the age of fourteen—thirty-one years ago—he entered the

White Star service, and since then he has sailed the seven seas. He has been

commander for thirteen years.

While Sealby was being lionized in Manhattan stevedores were engaged

down in South Brooklyn in taking out the cargo of the Florida preparatory

to placing her in dry dock. The bodies of the seamen who were crushed to

death in the vessel were removed this morning to an undertaking establish-

ment. Whether they will be buried here or returned to Italy has not

been decided.

Eugene Lynch, of Boston, whose wife was killed by his side in their

stateroom on the Republic and who sustained frightful injuries himself,

died this morning in Long Island College Hospital. The other persons in-

died in the wreck are doing well.

### **MEN.**

The marvel-working wireless piercing the air with appeals for help and assurances of safety is the novel feature of the wreck of the Republic. There is another—an old, old story, but one of which the generous-hearted will never tire—of the courage, discipline and iron endurance of the captains courageous and their crews.

There were passengers of the Republic who did things in the fury they would now wish to forget: small blame to a few poor immigrants on the Florida who had just escaped an earthquake to incur peril of shipwreck if they became frantic with fright. But the officers and crews of both the stricken ships and of the *Baltic* bore themselves like men.

The treatment of the Republic's passengers to the Florida, and especially that of the passengers of both ships to the *Baltic* at night in a rougher sea, was a memorable feat. Capt. Sealby and First Officer Scott clinging to their ship while any part of her was above water were true to the British tradition. And Capt. Voitolin of the Florida, wherever lies the blame of the collision, displayed after it, in his more difficult post, with his smaller crew and badly crowded decks, the qualities of a brave commander of plucky men.

The wireless is a wonder, collision bulkheads that keep a wounded ship thirty-eight hours afloat are a safeguard, but so long as we go down to the sea in ships there will be need of Men.

### **WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.**

The news stories of telegraph operators remaining for two days at their keys without sleep following the Republic collision have a familiar ring. They are related of all great disasters, the telegraph service having a roll of honor for devotion to duty in time of emergency peculiarly its own. The fact to note is that the operators in this case were the servants of a new science, trained employees of an industry which has been created, developed and systematized all within a decade. The evolution of the telegraph and the telephone presents no such marvel of invention and progress as that shown by wireless telegraphy while yet in its infancy.

Only eleven years have elapsed since the time of Marconi's wireless signalling at Flatholm—but six years since the exchange of wireless messages between Cape Breton and Cornwall. Now the globe is virtually girdled with wireless stations—at Nome, in Hawaii, Hongkong, Burmah, Mozambique, Trinidad, Tripoli. Paris talks with Messina, press reports are flashed across the Atlantic, steamships at sea receive daily bulletins, cables are ordered from a point 200 miles out of port, fugitives from justice are overhauled in mid-ocean.

The eighty-eight land and sea wireless stations on the American continent in 1906 have been multiplied. A wireless fire-alarm system for the preservation of forests is projected and wireless weather reports from fifty coast stations are proposed. The crowning demonstration of the usefulness of the wireless in summoning aid to a ship in distress has shown the ocean alive with such sentinels, all with ceaseless vigilance safeguarding sea travel. Wireless telegraphy has changed the nature of military evolutions and given a new aspect to naval warfare. The Republic disaster should make obligatory its installation on all vessels of the world's mercantile marine. If the Florida had possessed a wireless apparatus there need have been no collision.

Not the least of the wonders of wireless telegraphy while yet in its early stages is its creation virtually out of space of a new line of employment and a new field of endeavor for young men. Marconi and his companion inventors have literally produced national wealth out of the impalatable air.



**Jack Binns  
The C.Q.D. Hero**

CROWDS IN LOWER BROADWAY CHEERING WIRELESS OPERATOR "JACK" BINNS  
AND CAPTAIN SEALBY ON THEIR WAY INTO THE OFFICES OF THE  
WHITE STAR LINE.



When the officers of the lost White Star liner Republic came into this port yesterday on the revenue cutter Manhattan they received a welcome that, as Capt. Sealby said, "was nearly as bad as had as a shipwreck."

There were crowds at the White Star pier, where the revenue cutter put in, and they cheered Capt. Sealby, Second Officer R. J. Williams and Wireless Operator Binns, of the Republic, until those three conspicuous figures in the great sea catastrophe were at a loss for words.

Hysterical men, survivors of the wreck for the most part, were waiting for the arrival of the gallant commander and his mate; they rushed past the few guards on duty at the pier and carried Sealby and

Williams out to the street. Binns was hoisted on the shoulders of two men also, but he struggled loose—as he expressed it, "ducked."

The demonstration lasted for ten or fifteen minutes; and during that time Capt. Sealby was busy shaking hands and expressing his appreciation of the words of cheer and gratitude. He literally had to fight his way out of the crush to the Ninth avenue elevated train, which he took for the White Star Company's offices at No. 9 Broadway. He went there to make a formal report of the wreck and loss of the Republic.

Word of his coming had preceded him, and there was an immense crowd gathered in Bowling Green awaiting his arrival.

*Another Crowd Surrounds Him.*

Some one in the assemblage recognized the ruddy face of the captain as he neared the entrance to the offices, and a cheer went up. Then there was a rush for him that he tried vainly to avoid. Hundreds of men lined up and yelled for Sealby and Binns and Williams. The three were still together.

Capt. Sealby tried to get through, but it was a vain effort. A sea of hands

extended toward him, and he began the impossible task of shaking each one. This seemed to encourage the crowd, which was getting larger every second, and the captain was soon the centre of as lively a crush as lower Broadway has seen in many a day. Williams and Binns came in for their share of attention, too, but main interest seemed to centre in Capt. Sealby.

After laborious effort the trio succeeded in gaining the entrance to the White Star offices and were swept inside by the human tide. There they were greeted by another crowd, mostly employees of the White Star Company. Capt. Sealby bowed repeatedly, but that did not satisfy, and a dozen hands grasped him and "boosted" him up onto a table.

"Speech! speech! speech!" yelled the crowd.

The Captain was visibly embarrassed.

"I am not a speechmaker," he said, "and I haven't anything to say if I were. I can't make a speech."

"Speech! speech!" yelled the crowd again.

"I am glad to see you," answered Capt. Sealby. "I am glad that you are here. Also I am glad that I am here. Let's all be glad that it wasn't worse."

That was all of the speech. Sealby made a flying leap from the table into the crowd and was permitted to elbow his way through and up the stairs to

the private offices, where he presented his formal report.

Capt. Hanson, of the Baltic, had started out from the White Star Line pier with Capt. Sealby, but had been separated from him in the crowd. He got into the White Star offices just as Capt. Sealby's brief speech was concluded and was recognized. A yell went up for him, but he backed away blushing like a schoolgirl, and then turned and ran up the stairs.

"My heavens!" he panted, as he went through the door of the top landing. "The glad they didn't want me to make a speech."

#### Capt. Sealby's Own Story.

Capt. William Leman Sealby is close to forty-five, but doesn't look it. His hair is just a bit silvered; but his blue eyes are clear and his cheek is ruddy. His sandy mustache matches his sandy complexion; his step is buoyant as that of a schoolboy. He spoke simply of his thrilling experience.

"I don't know why I should be cheered," he said. "I only did what that hundreds of better men have often done. Don't think that I stuck to that ship for fun. I did it because it was my duty to do it. No officer should leave his ship until it is absolutely necessary."

"I guess Williams and I stayed until there was no question about the necessity. Williams is a brave chap. Do you know he really ought to be the captain (think with a laugh) because he refused to obey me orders to leave the ship. Not that he exactly defied me, but he pleaded so to stay that I had to let him."

"And there he stuck on that bridge for hours and hours. I don't know how long it was, but it seemed like a century. Of course I thought that there was a chance to get our vessel into port. We could see that she was getting lower and lower, but we still believed that she would keep afloat long enough for us to make harbor."

"Williams and I each carried a lantern and a blue light, and arranged for signaling in case the ship went down.

"It was cold up there on the bridge, and the sharp air made us hungry, too. Williams went down and foraged and ate some marmalade and cakes and some raw eggs and water. I don't know how long he stayed, but he came back pretty wet and laden with victuals. And that food did taste good."

#### Bottom Seemed to Drop Out.

"On Sunday evening the stern of the Republic began to sink rapidly. We could feel it plainly from where we were, and we tried to signal the derelict destroyer Seneca and the revenue cutter Gresham, which were towing us. But it was dark and foggy, and although the searchlights of these two vessels and of the Florida and the tug Seneca, which were standing by, trained on us, our efforts were useless."

"Of a sudden there was a roar, a terrific swish of the waters, and the ship began to drop down. I tried to hold on to the deck of the Republic. I cannot describe it to you. Williams knew what it was in a minute. So did I. There was a wrenching sound as if the ship was going to pull apart toward the sinking stern," asked Williams when he thought about it. "I guess we'd better get out of here and spring for the bow," he said; "it will not be a long run."

"Then he suggested that we burn a blue light, the last resort in the event of a sinking. We ran from the bridge to the saloon deck and headed for the forecastle. The incline of the vessel had become so great that we were walking on the deck, and the boy was going up, up into the air, while the stern was sinking."

"The mass of the water was deafening, and we ran. We ran from the bridge to the saloon deck and headed for the forecastle. The incline of the vessel had become so great that we were walking on the deck, and the boy was going up, up into the air, while the stern was sinking."

#### Climbed the Foremast.

"The water was right at our heels before we reached the deck, from which I found a slide to the foremast. The deck was then inclined at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and should have been at least ten feet above the water. I grabbed the rail, and Williams clung on to the port rail and making slow progress toward the ship, I heard him say that he was away out of water."

"I managed to get up to the mizzenhead, and stopped there to take a breath. The water was high, and I was wet, but it was wet and wouldn't work. So I slipped a waterproof cartridge into my revolver, and fired an

"I felt the stern of the ship strike the bottom, at least I think it must have been that, never can tell what we were on the bridge together. He even joked once or twice about our situation, and said that we were the entire crew, and that we had to go down. The old Republic Corp. Sealby had a few cigars and we lit them and tried to be contented under the circumstances."

The water hit me under the armpits with a rush that broke my grip on the rope I had hold of, and then I fell down. I don't know where I fell under that water, but I don't want to go down that far again."

"I had my overcoat buttoned tightly, and had my revolver in one pocket and some cartridges in the other. That made a sort of life preserver of the coat. I believe, At all events I came up mighty quickly, and found myself in a perfect condition."

"I tried to swim, but the clothes I had on made it impossible to make any progress. It didn't seem that. Something bumped into me and I grabbed it. It proved to be a spar. In a few moments I caught it, and then I got to that. I pulled myself up on it, holding on the spar the while. Then I lay down on my stomach and kept afloat."

"I loaded my revolver again and dried. I saw that no one on the boats heard the shots. Williams says he heard them. I found afterward that he was floating around, and was probably afraid that a long bath towel came floating by, I got hold of it and waved it and the searchlights picked me up."

"A few minutes after that a boat from the Gresham picked me up. The happiest moment of my experience was when I got into that boat and found Williams was there. He had found him but a minute or two before."

"I cannot express too much my appreciation of what he did for the officers and crews of the Gresham under Capt. Perry and of the Seneca under Capt. Thurston."

"I want to say something for Operator Bins, who sent the wireless messages that brought assistance. If he had failed, I think he might have been our fate. Mr. Bins is still all right through."

"My own officers and crew behaved nobly. So did the passengers. There was really no panic. When the passengers were transferred to the Florida, the work was extremely hazardous, but it was accomplished splendidly."

"I cannot speak of the collision itself until I have permission from my employer."

Capt. Sealby after the conference with officials of the White Star Line went to the Baltic at Pier 42, North River. Second Officer Williams is also there, the guest of the Baltic's officers.

#### PROUD TO STAY AND SINK WITH CAPTAIN.

Officer Williams Gives His Account of the Last Hours on the Republic.

Lieut. R. J. Williams, second officer of the Republic, was found in a stateroom in the officers' quarters on the Baltic at the White Star Line pier yesterday afternoon, and he was a very tired and nervous man.

"I ought to sleep," he said, "but I can't. I cannot get calmed down. All I want to do is smoke, smoke, smoke."

"The second steward, Lieut. Williams has been in. He is an officer on the Avoca in the East Indian trade when that vessel was lost at sea several years ago, and drifted about for twenty days in a lifeboat with nine negroes."

"The Republic settled steady first," said he, "and the second time it accompanied that movement, when the nose of the vessel shot up into the air, was the most horrible feature of our experience. The second time it accompanied the lurch of the waters is something that cannot be described. It was simply deafening. It sounded as though the hulls of the vessel were being crushed in."

"I am not so sure that she didn't break in two as she sank, although it is an incredible that that could have happened."

"The vessel was almost perpendicular, it stood like a wall, when the nose was churning up around us, was almost half clinched, the inclined deck was being pulled down by the port rail until I was past the forecastle when I saw that the final plunge was coming."

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"The vessel was

to the small boats at once, and it is almost impossible to imagine such a condition existing.

"It would be physically impossible for a vessel to carry enough small boats to take off all the passengers and crew at the same time. If that number of boats were required, there would be no room for passengers except in the boat, so that the proposition would reduce to an absurdity."

"There need be no fear that the liners are not providing all possible safety devices. There is too much at stake for the lines to take any chances in that direction."

## REPUBLIC VICTIMS TO ABANDON THEIR TRIP

Many Get Money Back and Give Up Plans for Travel Abroad.

### OTHERS TO TRY AGAIN.

Captain, Whose Offer of Tow Was Refused, Says He Could Have Saved Steamship.

Up to a late hour this afternoon only eight of the survivors of the Republic disaster had definitely announced their intention of resuming the journey interrupted by the collision. The *Vanderland*, sailing to-day, which was at the disposal of any of the survivors who decided to continue their journey, sailed without any of them. The plucky eight will sail on Saturday.

About twenty of the survivors demanded and received their passage money. Among them are Samuel Crimples, the aged St. Louis millionaire, who declares he will never go to sea again.

There have been many inquiries concerning opportunities of sailing on other ships on Republic tickets, but few of the women passengers have called at the White Star offices. This is accounted for by the fact that they were saved with only the clothes they wore.

The following arrangements have been made by the eight survivors:

#### How They'll Go.

Sailing on Romance from Boston Saturday for Mediterranean ports: Dr. T. J. Lusk, Miss Doepke, Robert Friederichsen and Miss A. Margedan.

Sailing on the Baltic Saturday for Liverpool-Dv. and Miss Martin C. Waldenstein, Charles P. Law.

Sailing on the New York Saturday for Southampton-Miss Olga Eshetohn.

Four passengers are sailing on the German liner.

Note saluted on the *Vanderland* this morning on account of not having time to republish word.

The White Star line has requested that all the passengers turn in an inventory of their belongings on the Republic, as that it can be used in suing the owners of the Florida.

The use of wireless telegraphy after the wreck of the Republic has failed to bring into the matter of settlements for damages questions which have never before been presented in admiralty law. A modern invention has created conditions undreamed of when present laws regulating financial responsibility for disasters at sea were framed.

It appears, from statements made in various quarters to-day, that if Capt. Sealby had allowed his disabled vessel to be taken in tow on Saturday night and had permitted pumps to be put aboard her, the ship with her cargo and the baggage of the passengers could have been saved; at least one could

have been guided to some unhampered harbor and there allowed to sink in such a way that it would have been a comparatively easy matter to salvage her.

Capt. Thomas Fenlon, of the Standard Oil whaleback towboat City of Everett, states positively that he could have saved the Republic if Capt. Sealby had permitted it. The Everett, he says, could have rammed the waterlogged liner through the water without any trouble and landed her on the shoals back of Martha's Vineyard in six hours.

#### Offer of Tow Refused.

Capt. Fenlon, with the Everett, was close alongside the Republic at 8:20 o'clock Saturday evening and offered to tow the disabled vessel to shoal water. Capt. Sealby, with that bugaboo of the marine-salvage-staring him in the face, refused assistance.

It would have cost the White Star line about \$30,000 in salvage had the City of Everett towed the liner to a safe harbor. Capt. Sealby feared to commit his owners to the expenditure of that sum. They had told him White Star

tugs were on the way and he knew a couple of revenue cutters were close by. To save \$30,000 he sacrificed his \$2,000,000 ship, according to Capt. Fenlon and other seafaring men. Now comes the question as to what bearing this will have upon the settlements for damages.

If the Republic could have been salvaged can the Italian steamship Florida be libelled for her value by the White Star line in the event of reimbursement, even if the Florida is shown to have been at fault? Would not the damages awarded be confined to the actual damage done to the vessel and the cost of salvage if she had been saved?

#### As to Other Losers.

The Republic's passengers also figure largely in this complication. Under the rules of the White Star line no passenger may recover more than \$100 for baggage lost at sea.

If it is shown that the Republic could have been towed to safety and the baggage could have been recovered undamaged, would not the White Star line be held liable for the full value of all the baggage destroyed? And could not the United States Government recover \$40,000 for the consignment of stores bound for Gibraltar that went to the bottom in the Republic's hold?

How far, in other words, may a captain go to save his vessel's salvage and still avoid liability? After days of wireless the question must be settled, because in any frequented part of the high seas a disabled vessel may summon assistance within a short time.

#### Asks for Fenlon's Report.

That the White Star managers realize the importance of the situation was shown to-day when Vice-President F. A. Franklin sent word to the Standard Oil Company that he would like to have the report of Capt. Fenlon. O. L. Hollenbach, manager of the local marine department of the Standard Oil Company, immediately transmitted a copy of the report to Mr. Franklin, and Capt. Sealby was summoned to the White Star offices to give his side of the story.

Capt. Fenlon is in Philadelphia with his ship. They were bound for that port when they ran across the Republic Saturday evening. Capt. Fenlon tells the following story of what happened on that occasion:

#### Offer of Aid Refused.

"The City of Everett arrived at the side of the Republic a few hours after the collision. My ship contains some of the most powerful apparatus for wrecking purposes abroad. Our pumps have a capacity of 60,000 barrels, or 2,000,000 gallons and hour, and the barge we had in tow would have held the baggage of the Republic's passengers and a large part of her cargo.

"When it was represented to him that we could tow him to shore Capt. Sealby quickly declined our offer and said a couple of Government boats were then coming to his relief.

"Those little Government boats could not do what was required of them. If our tow had been accepted it would probably have cost the White Star line \$20,000. Our help was refused to save that \$20,000 and the company lost \$3,000,000.

"The first news I had of the collision was a wireless message to us from the Nantucket Lightship. Their messages came with the read: 'Still afloat' and the only word came that the Republic had transferred her passengers to the Florida. Finally at 12:30 last Saturday was told no assistance was needed.

At 2:30 we ran alongside the Florida. Men and women cried to us from their deck and offered little sums of money if we would take them off.

have been guided to some unhampered harbor and there allowed to sink in such a way that it would have been a comparatively easy matter to salvage her.

Capt. Sealby, with that bugaboo of the marine-salvage-staring him in the face, refused assistance.

#### Handed a Blackjack.

"When my first officer, Mr. Tucker, went on board the Florida the first officer on the Italian boat handed him a blackjack and told him to use it if necessary to keep the passengers from trying to jump from the Florida to the City of Everett.

On that same night I remained in the vicinity of the Republic and Florida ready to give assistance if called upon, and on Sunday morning, at 9 o'clock, I offered to give assistance. Again Capt. Sealby refused my offer. I was desperate and told him we were going and that I could do nothing else.

"On board my boat were nine deep sea towing hawsers and two spare ones. The fact is that I did not leave until Sunday night is proof positive in my mind that my assistance had been accepted by Capt. Sealby. The Republic was to be saved by Capt. Sealby and the White Star Line.

Vice-President Franklin, of the White Star line, refused a discuss Capt. Sealby's contention this afternoon. He said he would wait until he got additional facts from Capt. Sealby and the officers of the Republic and the Baltic.

"As for the official statement of the Italian line placing the blame on the White Star line, I do not believe that they would do that," said Mr. Franklin. "The responsibility, however, will be fixed by a United States Court of Admiralty.

#### No Going Full Speed.

"I have only one comment to make upon the statement referred to. They charge the Republic with running at full speed. That is not true. The ship was running at greatly reduced speed and was right in the position she should have occupied at the time of the collision.

"As for the statement that the Florida was moving at the rate of five miles an hour, I will call attention to the hole she made in the side of the Republic. She does not seem reasonable that a ship moving five miles an hour could go almost straight into another ship.

"I am told that the other ship being in modern construction and nearly twice as large as the Florida.

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## OPERATOR WHOSE LOG TELLS STORY OF THE REPUBLIC.



JACK BINNS.

"A.M.—Try station. Find everything O.K. Spark weak. Report to captain. Republic has big hole in port side. Covered with tarpaulin. Jammed abreast engine room. She looks like sinking in.

"9:30 A.M.—Send message for captain asking where tugs are.

"10 A.M.—Give good-bye to Baltic. She has all of Republic's and Florida's passengers and part of our crew. Florida gone on. Commence with FI (Furness), who has come up to stand by.

"10:30 A.M.—Revenue cutter Gresham comes up. Takes line from our bows and commences towing. Tell FI to come to stern and stand by to take lines to steer us.

"11:30 A.M.—RCG (Gresham) to come on starboard, as his line is fouling our port anchor. Republic appears to be holding up now. May save her.

All Standing My Captain.

"1:15 A.M.—Ask RCG what course he is taking. Reply not west.

"12 Noon—Tell FI that RCG is taking nor-westerly course.

"12:30 P.M.—Towing operations now under way. Going mighty slow. Captain and crew numbers thirty-eight. All standing by captain.

"1 P.M.—Send message to MSC (Siasconset) saying 'Towing now, RCG ahead. FI astern, steering.'

"1 P.M.—Standing by RCG and FI talking.

"3 P.M.—Listening in case of calls. No one comes to FI and RCG talking about us. No ship in horizon. Baltic and Florida disappeared.

"4 P.M.—Boat setting fast. Fear she can't hold longer. Net time to get effects together.

"5 P.M.—Captain sends down and orders me forward. Ready to take to boat when we are ready. Last look at station and go forward. Last message to FI and RCG says 'Good luck. I'd like to see you again.'

Operator Binns and all but Capt. Sealby and Second Officer Williams departed from the Republic at Captain's orders. They were joined by Gresham and stood by to watch the last struggle of the Republic. Two hours later the Republic went to the bottom.

## NEW WIRELESS TERMS.

### Marconi Company Wants Subsidy from Lines It Equips.

The part the wireless system played in the wreck of the Republic has naturally made wireless installations on passenger vessels a subject of great interest in the last day or two, and it was learned yesterday that there was some disagreement between the Marconi company and some of the steamship lines as to the terms on which the installations are maintained. In the early days of wireless the company installed its apparatus free, and the only cost to the steamship lines was the expense of feeding and housing the operators, the company relying on charges for private messages to clear expenses.

Now the company wants a subsidy from the lines for every steamship equipped with wireless to insure the company against loss, and some of the smaller lines are objecting. John Bettemore, vice-president of the company, said yesterday, however, that there was no real trouble and that everything would undoubtedly be adjusted.

Emil Ross, agent for the Hamburg-American Line and Gustav H. Schwab, agent for the North German Lloyd, said they were more than convinced of the usefulness of wireless, and that they thought every liner should be equipped.





CAPTAIN SEALBY

JOHN BINNS  
2ND OFFICER R. WILLIAMS

**Great Throng on Hand to Greet the Commander and Wireless Operator of Ship.**

**BINNS' FIRST REQUEST IS FOR A CIGARETTE**

Captain Sealby and His Officer Tell of Their Desperate Battle as the Vessel Sank.

**BOTH CAUGHT IN SUCTION**

Owe Their Lives to the Searchlights of the Seneca and the Gresham, Which Stood by Doomed Vessel to End.

Captain Sealby, his second officer, Lieutenant R. J. Williams; "Jack" Binns, the wireless operator, and other officers of the ill-fated Republic met a noisy and enthusiastic reception when they arrived in New York yesterday morning.

The first demonstration occurred at the White Star pier when they were landed from a revenue cutter, the Manhattan, which had taken them from the Seneca at Quarantine, and the second at the White Star office in lower Broadway, where the men appeared there to make their official report to the company.

At the pier several hundred persons were waiting and everybody shouted and tried to shake hands with the brave seamen when they came ashore. Captain Sealby appeared utterly unprepared for the reception, but he and his men met with a still greater surprise when they got in sight of Bowring Green and saw there a crowd of about five thousand citizens waiting to "whoop it up" in American fashion for the men who had stuck to their posts of duty and saved the lives of those on the Republic.

**Greeted by Women.**

The portals of the White Star office had been decorated with flags for the occasion, and porters stood guard to prevent too large a crowd getting inside. A score of passengers from the Republic, however, were there and were the first to greet the men and express their appreciation of what they had done. Several of the women wept hysterically as they grasped Captain Sealby's hand, and the young wireless operator showed much embarrassment under the load of praise that was heaped upon him.

They had a hard struggle getting through the crowd, as hundreds of persons wanted to shake hands with the men and tell them what they thought about the collision. On the inside of the office it was

the same performance, but only at shorter range. Captain Sealby could only bow and smile in recognition of the warm congratulations from many lips, and then somebody yelled "Speech!" A dozen voices took up the call, and as the Captain showed no signs of responding to the call a group of men caught him up and placed him on a table. The Captain pulled off his cap in sailor fashion, turned red, cleared his throat and said:—

"I'm glad to see you all again. I am glad we are all here, and safe. Thank you."

**Story of the Sinking.**

It wasn't much of a speech, but it meant much, especially to the Republic's passengers, and then, after another session of handshaking and congratulations, the Captain and his men were allowed to go into the private offices of the company and make their reports. Later both Captain Sealby and Lieutenant Williams told briefly the thrilling story of their experience when the Republic went down. These two men stuck to the ship until she sank and were picked up by the crew of the Seneca, which was standing by.

"There isn't much to say about the last moments of the ship, except that she went down and Williams and I were saved, thanks to the good sailors who picked us up," said Captain Sealby. "Williams and I had been together on the bridge for a long time. We realized that the ship was gradually going down and at about eight o'clock we could feel that she was going pretty fast.

"Finally there came a rumbling and crackling sound in the after part of the ship and we saw that her stern was settling. Turning to Williams I said, 'Well, old man, what do you think about it?' He answered, 'I don't think it's going to be a very long race from now on. My instinct is we'd better spring for it. When you are ready, let her go.'

**Into the Water.**

"A few seconds later we became aware that she was going down very fast and I told Williams to burn blue light and get ready to get away. I fired my revolver to let the men in the boats near us know that we were about to go into the water. 'We'd better take to the forward rigging,' I said to Williams, and we ran from the bridge to the saloon deck burning blue light as we went. As we ran forward we could feel that she was going down and the incline became so steep that when we got to the fore rigging we slipped back so that we could hardly keep our footing.

"I finally got into the rigging as far as the most headlights. I tried to burn more blue light, but it was wet and so fired the last cartridge in my revolver. The water had now caught up to me, coming up under my great coat, and I partly floated and partly swam away. The last I saw of Williams he had crossed the port rail and was hanging on the side.

"Well, then came the final act. With a tremendous roaring and rushing of the water the ship went down. I was caught in the whirlpool and churned about prettily for some time, but finally came to the surface again and began to catch at the debris swirling all about me.

"At last I got hold of a hatch cover and clung to it, sprawling out upon it spread eagle fashion. It was cold, I remember that very distinctly. I also remember that it seemed a very long time before the searchlights of the Gresham and Seneca found me. They flashed all about, played and flickered over the spot where the Republic had gone down, but it seemed as if they were trying to keep me in the dark.

**Picked Up at Last.**

"I had picked a towel out of the sea bottom, and of course it is unnecessary for me to say that I was mighty glad when I found him comfortably tucked away in a warm spot on the Gresham. They found him before they did me. To be sure we got wet, but if there is any praise due to anybody it should go to the passengers of the Republic, who showed remarkable fortitude all the way through. Sailors are expected to keep their heads and always be prepared for a ducking. It's different with passengers—some passengers I mean."

Lieutenant Williams told his story, describing as the captain had done how they stood together on the bridge until the stern of the ship began to sink and it became necessary for them to leap into the water. Beginning at that point, he said:—

"After Captain Sealby leapt into the rigging I clung to the rail with my elbows and feet, but it was not a very enjoyable view. I remember very distinctly how the captain looked climbing up into the rigging with the agility of a squirrel. The searchlights from one of the ships were focused on him and his body was outlined so that it looked like part of some odd spectacle on the stage. I knew the ship was going down and I was racing up over the deck and bear the heavy gurgling and rumbling as she filled. Suddenly the searchlight veered away from us and I could no longer see the Captain in the rigging.

**The Last Plunge.**

"Then the stern began to go down very rapidly. The boat was carried high up into the air and the ship seemed to be lying nearly on edge. Down, down went the stern, until there came a sudden dull thud, and then the stern struck the rock bottom. The Republic is one hundred fathoms long, and it could easily have rested one end on the bottom at the depth of 100 fathoms. It lay there, half in the water for several minutes, tilted pretty well out of the water, and then there came a violent jar followed by a prolonged roar. The stern of the big ship went down out of sight. It is my belief that the ship split in halves amidships as she sank."

"After that came the hardest part of the night's work. As I felt the ship going down I released my hold on the rail and was thrown into the sea. I fell about

forty feet striking first, and as I am a good swimmer I managed to get a fair distance away before the mighty suction caught me. I feared I would be forced down into the water and fought hard to get out of the whirlpool. As the vessel sank out of sight there was a roar like heavy thunder, and then silence. The water closed in, and after that came a furious boiling and swirling and foaming all about me, with a taste of salt water all the while. At last I caught hold of a hatch cover, but it kept turning over and over until my hands became fatigued and I slipped off it again. Then I caught another hatch cover and, bringing the two together, made a sort of a raft of them. After my hands were tired I merged, kept afloat until the Gresham's searchlight caught me and I was picked up. I was in the water about twenty minutes."

**Chief of Marmalade.**

"While Captain Sealby and I were waiting on the bridge earlier in the night I heard a敲ing on the door and I managed to find my way into the pantry and get some bread and marmalade. I took that up on the deck like a sandwich and ate it. The marmalade with our fingers I think it was the most delicious meal I ever ate."

Binns, the wireless telegraph operator, who had been working for the company, advised the passengers by calling help to the ship, had very little to say in reply to the hundred of congratulations given to him and he put his pipe in his mouth during the long vigil and wanted a cigarette.

Part of the office in which he worked was torn away by the force of the wind and it struck the Republic, and much of the time he was exposed to rain. During all the demonstration yesterday at the pier and the White Star office he remained in the background and finally slipped out of the office by a private door and joined a group of men who had been rescued.

While no blame is attached to Captain Sealby for the loss of the Republic, it was stated yesterday that as a legal formality his services will be revoked.

Captain Sealby will remain in New York for several days, until he has given all information desired by the company's agents, and then he will return to Liverpool, where he will appear before the Board of Trade for further examination.

If the trial, which hears the testimony concerning the sinking of the ship, decides that the Captain is in no way responsible for the loss of the Republic his license will be at once restored.

**SEALBY HAILED AS A HERO**

**MUCH EMBARRASSED SKIPPER LANDS IN NEW YORK.**

**With Binns, Wireless, and Others of the Republic's Men He is Brought to the Dock by the Revenue Cutter Manhattan—Crowd at White Star Offices.**

Probably a man who has lost a ship as big as a skyscraper rear and sink under his feet and who has had to fight for his life knows the meaning of danger. Yet when that same man is hoisted to a pedestal for the hero worship of New York he is in greater danger still, and he is a great man if he knows it. Capt. Sealby of the wrecked Republic had to face this greater danger yesterday and he knew that he was under test.

With him in the ordeal of idolizing that began at Pier 49, at the foot of West Eleventh street, carried to the White Star offices at Bowring Green and there continued until the captain sought refuge in a Turkish bath uptown, were Jack Binns, the wireless operator aboard the Republic, R. J. Williams, second officer, and various others of the little group of officers and forty-one members of the emergency crew who had remained on the Republic until near the end.

The revenue cutter Manhattan had dropped alongside the Seneca, anchored off Tompkinsville early yesterday morning, and the commander of the Republic and all his men, who had been getting a much needed sleep securely locked from the intrusion of inquiry during the night, transhipped to the Manhattan and were brought up along by the bay.

The cutter drew alongside of the long pier, on the opposite side of which the big Baltic was lying. Most of the Republic's crew that had been brought in on the Baltic, a bevy of stewardesses and Supt. Belliss hurried down to the gangplank of the Manhattan to give the Republic's commander and his officers the proper reception. From West street a big crowd of stockers, longshoremen and marine idlers had invaded the White Star shore and filled the spaces between heaps of freight about the gangway.

Capt. Sealby came up the gangplank wearing the same heavy blue greatcoat that he had about his shoulders when he went down into the ocean with his ship. He had a rough black fedora hat on his head that he had picked up from the dirty box of some sailor on the Seneca. Beneath the drooping brim of the hat his eyes looked heavy, and the marks of three nights of sleeplessness were about the corners of his mouth. Binns, the wireless operator, a chunky, florid faced English boy, still garbed in his raincoat and a service cap of the White Star, followed with Chief Engineer McEwan, Fourth Officer Morrow, Second Officer Williams and the rest of the officers that had been sent off to the Gresham by their com-

mander before the Republic took the plunge. Some of the emergency crew that had been quartered on the ship were among the survivors of the ship's stock of pets some canaries and a fuzzy parrot.

The crowd swooped down on Capt. Sealby and his companions before the captain hardly got across the dock. The captain had to force his way through the cheering folk. Even though they did not dare to take liberties with their superior officer, the men of the Republic, who had been quartered on the ship, were not above some fun.

Charley Barrow on their shoulders and parading about the dock with him.

Capt. Hanson of the Baltic came down the gangway just then with an open hand for Capt. Sealby. For a moment the crowd was silent, but then the roar of the crowd was louder than ever.

Captain Sealby's commander had to rescue Capt. Sealby.

Capt. Sealby's officers then went down to the White Star offices in case. A jam was waiting for them. Out on the sidewalk was a representation of all the shipping news from an newspaper boat-kite and littering citizens filled in the crannies. Two porters at the revolving doors at the head of the steps swung the red ship flag of the White Star with enthusiasm, while the click of the cabs followed by the scurrying of the drivers.

Capt. Sealby's face was red when the crowd took up his name and banded it about with scattering cheers. He bowed his head and ducked for the revolving doors.

Inside the offices there was a crowd of the Republic's passengers. The warming started right there. Two dozen or more men who had been on the Republic and who were down at the steamship office booking for other boats out rushed the mortified captain to a table, hoisted him to the blotted in the middle of the rosewood and then yelled for a speech.

"I can't make a speech," Capt. Sealby began with confusion written all over his pink countenance. "I don't know what to say. I am glad to see you all. This is about all I can say excuse me really." Mrs. Leon Bourgois with her baby daughter, the only first cabin baby on the ship that had been rammed on Saturday morning, was standing near the doorway to the office when it was placed. She lifted her pink bonneted youngster high above her head and called out to Sealby: "Here's one of the survivors who wished to thank you, captain."

Just before the captain made for the stairs he stopped to speak to President Franklin's office Mrs. J. P. Weyland, an old friend of his, pushed through to his side and gave him a warm invitation to visit her home at 48 East Fifty-third street. "We can do it when," Capt. Sealby stammered in his haste. "You know others are waiting to see me in my own home at Vineland."

When the Republic's commander disappeared he word in the White Star office seized upon Binns, the wireless operator. It was a sad moment for Binns. He blushed, crossed one foot over the other and jammed his hands in the pockets of his raincoat. His round British face was spattered with a wavy pattern of mortification.

"I say now!" he protested. "Call it off; call it off!"

Binns had to take refuge upstairs. When he came down it was by an elevator in the rear of the steel door. He stepped out to report to Mr. Bottomley, the manager of the Marconi American Wireless Company at 27 William street, and subsequently he had a difficult time saving himself from being harpooned by a score of reporters, managers and other interested persons. Mr. Bottomley said yesterday afternoon that he thought Binns would hide himself for a few days to rest up, then would return to England to take a job on a ship that the Marconi people have already slated for him. His salary of one shilling a month from the White Star people stopped the minute that the Republic sank, but Binns will not be affected by that. His pay is supplied by the Marconi people, and that shilling salary is a nominal one, necessary to comply with the English maritime law.

After Capt. Sealby had had a conference with Mr. Franklin and the other officers of the Manhattan, Marconi American Company, the nature of which was not given out by the company's officers, he stepped into a cab and made for a Turkish bath uptown, saying that as soon as he got there he would take some coffee and then take out of his jacket what he was going to make for his home in Vineland, N. J. The rest of the Republic's officers who had come in with the Seneca scattered to various hotels to await the time when they will be sent back to England by the company.

The Modesty of Mr. Binns.

**M**R. BINNS says: "Any other man in my place would have done the same."

"It is a characteristic saying—characteristic of brave men."

It is not quite true. The truth is that any other man might have done as Binns did; the possibility of fine, faithful deeds is in every man. But not all men realize the possibilities of their own nature.

Brave men like Binns always take it for granted that they are like everybody else. Brave men are never concealed. And concealed people—though they may sometimes bluff through great difficulties—are never really brave.

If real courage were not in its nature something very modest—making its appeal to what is commonest in men—it could not be so contagious as it is. It wouldn't be possible for the courage of one or a few to infect a whole ship's company and make everybody heroic—if courage were not a characteristic of plain, unaffected human nature.

When we cheer for Binns, therefore, or Sealby or the stewards and stokers of the Republic, we cheer our own near-heroic hearts with the assurance of the big things that lie latent within them.

"Any other man in my place would have done the same." Well, perhaps so, Mr. Binns. Anyhow, hooray! Millions of men, on account of you, will be a little more likely to "do the same."

## SEALBY TELLS STORY

### HOW HE STUCK BY HIS SHIP TO THE END.

**Williams and Binns Describe Their Part on the Republic—Throng on Hand to Greet Them.**

It was left for Captain Inman Sealby, of the Republic, and the men who aided him so stoutly in his fight for the lives of all on board the wounded White Star liner to tell the tale of the last moments of the ship. The story was told as he came up the bay from Tompkinsville yesterday. Captain Sealby described the last struggle of the vessel, his plunge into the waters and his rescue by the men of the Seneca. "Jack" Binns, the man who stuck at his key by the wireless instrument and flashed the calls for help that brought every ship within range hastening to the rescue, had his modest story to tell, too, and not the least interesting part of the narrative was the contribution of Robert J. Williams, second officer of the Republic, who stood by his captain to the last and shared with him the peril of the plunge into the icy water, with the chance of being sucked down to death in the whirlpool created by the disappearance of the liner.

It was like drawing teeth yesterday to get Captain Sealby to tell of his experience, just as it had been the day before to induce Captain Ruspini, of the Florida, to tell of his wonderful trip from Nantucket to New York, without accepting a line or a bit of help from any other craft.

#### RECEPTION FOR CAPTAIN.

But Captain Sealby and the others got a reception when they came up the harbor that showed plainly what others thought of the work they had done. Whistles blew and men cheered, and there was a demonstration that lacked nothing in real and spontaneous enthusiasm. It seemed as if all the enthusiasm had been kept for the men from the Republic, for there were no whistles and no cheers on Monday when Ruspini brought his crippled and almost wrecked vessel triumphantly into port. To some this seemed a bit unfair, but there was plenty of appreciation of the Italian's work by the passengers he saved.

There was a great crowd on the White Star pier when the little party that had come from the Republic on the Seneca was landed, and Captain Sealby was lifted on the shoulders of a dozen men and carried to the street. Thence he, escaping from the cheering crowd, made his way to the offices of the line, where he and Williams were mobbed by another throng before they could get inside. Some one had found a bugle, and he headed the procession from the pier, blowing triumphant blasts all the way.

Captain Sealby began his story down the bay, and this is how it ran: "Williams and I were on

the bridge when it was close to the time for us to leave her. The stern began to go down, and she began to rumble and crack.

"Well, what do you think about it?" I asked Williams.

"I don't think it will be a long race," he said. "Let's make a sprint of it. When you're ready, let her go."

"Burn the blue lights," I said, and fired five shots from my revolver. That was the signal to the Gresham to let go. We ran from the bridge to the saloon deck, burning blue lights and carrying lanterns. As we ran the stern of the ship was sinking rapidly, and the deck was so steep we slipped back. The last I saw of Williams he had caught the port rail and was hanging on. I went up the mast as far as the masthead light, about a hundred feet up, and tried to set off a blue light, but it was wet. Then I fired the last shot from my revolver.

#### SUPPORTED BY COAT.

"Then the water caught me. It got under my great coat and supported me by the air inside, while the weight of my revolver, binocular and cartridges supported me as a sort of life belt. By this time there was a roaring mass of water all around me. I was churned down in it, but came up and tried to pull off my coat. I did not succeed. There was a lot of wreckage all around, and I finally reached a hatch. On this I lay spread-eagle fashion.

"The searchlights of the cutters played on the Republic as she sank, and finally they were concentrated on the spot where she had gone down.

It seemed an interminable time that they played around without striking me, but I managed to reload my revolver and fired it to attract their attention. It was very rough and cold, and I was getting benumbed, so I lay on the hatch and saved my strength, shouting at intervals.

Finally the lights struck me and I waved a towel I had found, and then a boat picked me up and took me to the Gresham. I was nearly finished then. The boat was in charge of Gunnar Johanson, and he handled her well. Four of the eight men in her crew were from the Republic."

In his stateroom on board the Baltic yesterday afternoon Williams told how he and Captain Sealby stayed on the bridge of the sinking ship until compelled to slip into the water when the steamer finally settled herself for her long sleep.

"I am glad I am alive," said Williams, "but it would have been an honor that any man would be willing to fight for, to die with the captain. I would not have been the lucky man permitted to stand by the captain, maybe, if I hadn't been the first to get to him and beg for the privilege."

He said "No" at first. He said he was going to stay on the ship alone; but I kept begging him to change his mind. He wouldn't, though, and finally he said: "Williams, go ashore; you have a father and a mother." I have," I said to him, "and a have a few dollars in the bank, too. But I will be a richer man dead, if I die here with you, than if I should go home and tell my folks that I left you in this condition, captain. My parents wouldn't care to see me under those circumstances, and the money I've saved up would be poisonous to touch."

"And then the captain said, 'All right. Will-

Iams, I'm obliged to you for the offer, and we were then on the bridge together.

"Well," says the captain after a while, "we've got a gallery seat, Williams." I never was so close to the skipper before. It was fine having him joking with me in an intimate way like that. We got hungry, by and by, and I said to him, "Captain, if you'll excuse me a minute I'll go below and bring you some eggs, and perhaps I can rustle up something else for a meal," and I broke a couple of eggs in a glass, with a little water, and we had a couple apiece, and some bread and marmalade that I ran across. I got him some blankets to put around his knees, and I never, too, and we sat there, chumby like. I never was so close to the skipper before, let me tell you."

"When the nose of the steamer was pointing upward we knew she was going. I don't believe any man can explain the sound of the water as it rushed in at that time. It was an awful roar, and had a vicious snarl to it that said everything except what was pleasant to think about.

"The captain and I started for the bow, arm in arm. When I felt the ship sink I let go and fell into the water; it must have been forty feet.

#### HELD ON TO HATCHES.

"While I was swimming," Williams continued, "a hatch struck me and I tried to get on it, but couldn't. Then another came along, and I got between the two and supported myself that way.

I heard Captain Sealby fire three shots, and I had been in the water about twenty minutes when the Gresham's boat picked me up.

"Having heard the shots, I was able to help the boat's crew in the search for the captain. They found him at last, and he was shivering when he was pulled in. He didn't know I was there at first, and I reached over and touched his elbow. He knew who it was, and threw his arms around my neck."

"Williams," he said, "game to the last."

#### JACK BINNS MODEST FELLOW.

"Jack" Binns, the young wireless operator of the Republic, who had nerve enough to stick on the steamship to the last, was ready to signal "C Q D" the moment that he was landed from the revenue cutter Manhattan. He shared in the demonstration accorded Captain Sealby at the White Star offices. He stood it fairly well, keeping his courage up with a weak grin, until a girl stenographer grabbed him and kissed him. That was the last straw, but before he could get by the big negro porters who were waylaying the red house flags at the entrance he had been kissed half a dozen times.

He got inside after struggling with his fair assailants. "Give me a cigarette," he said. "This is the worst yet."

Offers from theatrical managers were waiting for him before he got ashore. He waved them all aside. "None of the cheap notoriety for me," he said. "All I want is a cigarette, a long sleep and a chance to get back to work."

When he landed he already had received a message telling him of the praise given to him on the floor of Congress by Representative Boultell. "That's nice," said Binns, "but I did not do much."

Binns ought to be in the Fire Department, for when it comes to talking about himself he is about as communicative as an oyster; but when it comes to telling about the heroism of

others then Binns is as good a press agent as an opera manager could want.

Not from Binns, to any degree, but from others, the story of his work on the sinking Republic was gathered. The dynamo out of commission, he had to rig up accumulators after the collision, and the power in these, he knew, would be short lived. So he sent out his "C Q D" call, telling all those he picked up that he would "listen in" on all messages, but would not send more than absolutely necessary. The roof of his deckhouse had been torn away, and for ten hours he sat wrapped in a blanket with the receiving harness on his head. Then he got hungry for food and cigarettes. He had to dive and swim into a galley, and found only a dish of almonds and a biscuit. From then on he did not take the wireless harness from his ears until the order to abandon the ship was given.

#### SEALBY PRAISES BINNS.

"During all the operations the wireless was invaluable," Captain Sealby said, in giving enthusiastic praise to the young fellow. "It is to such operators as Mr. Binns, who stuck to his post to the last, in spite of the fact that most of his operating room had been carried away, that we were able to maintain communication with the various ships that came to our relief."

The praise heaped upon Binns on his arrival shook his composure but not his modesty. The White Star officials wanted him to make his formal report before he talked for publication. A representative of the Marconi system also warned him not to say anything yet about what had occurred.

Binns is only about twenty-five years old, but has knocked about the world a good bit, having been at Jamaica at the time of the Kingston earthquake, and in a good many other corners of the world.

Efforts were made to get Binns to talk the moment he was inside the owner's office. He had nothing to say, he said, for he had not done much of anything. All the credit, in his opinion, belonged to Captain Sealby. While efforts to get some part of his story out of Binns were being made, James C. Douglas, steward of the Republic, came along.

"Here's a man you ought to write about," said Binns; "he saved lives. Last night was the first that he has slept since the accident. He was with me all the time. He carried my messages back and forth, and kept me supplied with food. He did not desert me once, and if it had not been for him I would have had a pretty hard time."

## FREE FLORIDA OF BLAME

### ITALIAN'S SIDE OF CRASH.

**Line May Be Liable for \$1,020,000, It Is Said.**

Inquirers about the Florida, of the Lloyd-Italiano Line, were referred yesterday by the agents of the line, C. B. Richard & Co., to Wallace, Butler & Brown, their counsel, and back again, and finally a statement was given out, asserting that the Florida was not to blame. No one was allowed to see Captain Ruspini or any of his officers, and no statement whatever was made, but according to Mr. Richard, or Archibald Thacher, of the legal firm, though several were attributed to him.

The pier was strictly guarded yesterday, and the men of the Florida, who were at work on her, were not allowed to give any information or to leave the pier.

Sailors all over the city who have seen the battered and smashed Florida have nothing except praise for Captain Ruspini's skill and nerve in bringing her to port, and say that he would have saved every soul on the Florida even without the aid of the Baltic. They say that he and his officers lived up to the finest and best traditions of the sea.

The official statement given out at the offices of C. B. Richard & Co. follows:

The circumstances of the collision between the Republic and the Florida were as follows: The Florida, which had been operating in fog at intervals for some hours before the collision, was proceeding at moderate speed, blowing her fog whistle frequently. The captain and chief officer were in charge of her navigation on the bridge, and a quartermaster was on the wheel and the lookout was doubled on account of the fog.

The Florida was proceeding slowly, when the fog was broken by another steamer, which afterward proved to be the Seneca, which was heard by the officers and lookouts of the Florida.

The Seneca struck the side of the Republic, causing the wheel to jam, and the lookout was doubled on account of both steamers.

When the Seneca became visible in the fog she was crossing the bow of the Florida, which was starboard to port and running at a high rate of speed.

The Florida nevertheless took place, the bow of the Florida striking the side of the Republic.

The somewhat stiff of amateur, causing serious damage to both steamers.

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It was afterward ascertained that the steamer which collided with the Florida was the Republic of the White Star Line.

The collision occurred some distance southeast of Nantucket Lightship, about 5:30 a.m. Saturday.

The statements which have appeared in some of the papers to the effect that there was any misjudgment or error on the part of the crew of the Florida are not true. The orders given by the captain were promptly and properly executed. The seaman whose head was bandaged was turned in, asleep, at the time the ship struck the Florida on July 1, and was, therefore, not the quartermaster of the ship.

No criticism whatever was made by the captain or the officers against any member of the crew of the Florida. The captain and officers are satisfied that every man did his duty. There is no foundation whatever for the story that any member of the crew was severely reprimanded by the captain or any of the officers.

After the collision occurred, and after the Florida had received the extent of her own injuries, she rendered such assistance as was in her power to the Republic and her passengers.

Should the admiralty courts hold that the officers of the Florida were at fault, their owners will be liable for \$1,000,000, the value of the Italian steamer, her passenger fares and cargo charges. This was explained by counsel for the line. The Italian Line is a stock company with a capital stock of \$4,000,000. Nearly all the stockholders and officers are in Italy.

## COMPULSORY WIRELESS.

### Government May Require It on Every Ocean Passenger Ship.

(From The Tribune Bureau.)

Washington, Jan. 26.—Urged by a telegram from Reuben Miller, of Pittsburgh, one of those who sailed on the Republic, Representative James Francis Burke, of Pennsylvania, to-day introduced a bill providing for the compulsory equipment of vessels with wireless telegraph apparatus. Mr. Miller's telegram says: "I was on the wrecked Republic, and had it not been for the wireless I feel sure that all would have been lost. Could you not start an international movement to compel all vessels carrying passengers to equip themselves with wireless telegraphy?"

Mr. Burke immediately drew up a bill which provides that every vessel carrying more than fifty passengers and sailing more than five hundred miles shall be equipped with wireless or that clearance be refused. It allows one year before its provisions go into effect.

The bill was referred to the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, and Mr. Burke hopes to obtain a hearing before that committee and to have the bill favorably reported to the House in time to permit its passage before the adjournment of the present Congress.

## CREW HEARS ITS RIGHTS.

### Republic's Men to Get Pay Up to Time She Sank.

The crew of the Republic stood on the chairs and tables in the steerage department of the steamship Baltic at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon to listen to E. W. P. Thurston, first British consul at this port, outline in crisp sentences what the seamen could expect to receive from the White Star Line, in view of the laws governing the merchant marine.

The men were without money, without jobs, and in many cases lacked sufficient clothing, and yet, deprived of these benefits, they were a jolly, good-natured lot. Only once was there a groan of protest from the more than two hundred men in the dark hold of the vessel, and that was after one of their number, who acted as spokesman, urged that proper sleeping facilities be afforded the crew. The men were then asked by Mr. Thurston if the speaker had voiced a grievance that was general. A deep rumbling "Aye, aye!" was the quick answer from all present.

"You can't hope for the same entertainment on the Baltic, now overcrowded, that you had on your own ship, you know," said Mr. Thurston, "but I will see what can be done to improve matters."

"All we ask is a place to sleep," said a member of the crew. "We are nearly dead for rest. Can't we be put on short until the steamer leaves port on Saturday?"

Mr. Thurston, in defining the rights of the crew, said that they would receive their wages up to the hour when the Republic sank. They could not, he said, expect any money from the company for the time it would take to carry them back to Liverpool. The company would provide passage to send them all home on the Baltic on Saturday, he said. The men cheered this part of the statement.

The crew was also informed that it would not receive the full amount of wages until it arrived for it at Liverpool. Whether employment could be given to the men by the officers of the White Star Line, he did not know. He hoped the men would all find work, but that was a matter that was solely in the hands of each man present.

The company would arrange, said Mr. Thurston, to advance a small amount of money to such men as were greatly in need of it, the sum drawn to be deducted from the wages due them when they arrived at Liverpool. Also, to those men who were suffering for lack of clothes the company would supply such articles as were positively necessary, and for this accommodation had agreed to make no charge.

## WRECK SUFFERERS MEET.

### Republic Passengers Deny Stories About J. B. Connolly.

The committee of passengers chosen by the survivors of the wrecked steamship Republic to look after the interests of all decided yesterday at a meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria to take no action against the White Star Steamship Company to recover damages. The question was just casually discussed.

The members of the committee present were W. P. Devereaux, of Minneapolis; A. L. Clark, of Winsted, Conn.; J. C. Phelps, of Meteetsee, Wyo.; William Snyder, of Waterloo, N. J., and J. F. Gilfallen, of St. Paul. J. B. Connolly, of New York, who was selected as a member of the committee, did not attend any of the meetings.

It was also determined to leave claims for baggage, fixing value and other matters of personal interest to the individual passengers. After the meeting the committee called on the managers of the White Star Line and congratulated them on the excellent manner in which the comfort of every one had been looked after.

One of the members of the committee absolutely and positively denied any misconduct on the part of James B. Connolly, the Boston writer of Gloucester sea stories.

"I was ordered by the captain to assist in lining up the women of the steerage," said L. G. Phelps. "On one side we lined up the steerage women, and on the other the women from the first and second classes. When the last woman cabin passenger had been removed from the Florida an elderly man tried to break through. I stopped him and told him that 'women first' went for the steerage as well as for the first cabin. He gave no more trouble."

Mr. Connolly was defended first by William P. Devereaux, of Minneapolis, and J. E. Gilfallen, of St. Paul, his roommate on the voyage.

"I stood where all the work of transhipment was going on," said Mr. Devereaux, "from start to finish. In all that time I did not once see Mr. Connolly. If he did any of the things charged against him I would have seen him and known of it."

"The whole story is a downright falsehood," said Mr. Gilfallen. "It is only an attempt of certain persons to get even for an attack Mr. Connolly made on them. I did not see him do any of the things that he was charged with and heard nothing about them until the Baltic docked."

## EUGENE LYNCH DIES.

### Lost Wife in Republic Crash—succumbs to His Injuries.

Eugene Lynch, the wholesale liquor dealer of Boston who was injured in the collision between the Florida and the Republic, and whose wife was killed, died early yesterday morning at the Long Island College Hospital, Brooklyn, where he was removed on Monday from the Florida. Father James Lee, rector of Boston, was with him until he died. Several friends were also at his bedside. Before his death Mr. Lynch told his friends how the accident occurred. He was sleeping in the berth and his wife was lying on a couch. The ship struck the Florida and his wife struck by the bow of the Florida and was thrown away. He was pinned under the wreckage and could not move. He knew that she was killed. In great mental and physical agony he lay calling for help from time to time for four hours before aid came. "I do not care to live any longer, now that my wife is dead," he said repeatedly.

## HEROES OF THE TELEGRAPH.

As between the wireless operators on the Republic and the Baltic in the emergency which recently arose off Nantucket, it would be hard to say which is entitled to the more honor.

Bhans, of course, knew that his life was in danger, at least for a short time, and that the worse misgivings of Captain Sealby might be realized before help came.

In sticking to his post, therefore, he showed high courage, as well as devotion to duty. Such heroism cannot be admired too heartily. Tattersall, however, had no easy task. A part of his work was performed under peculiar disadvantages.

For several hours after the Baltic turned back on its mission of mercy he had much trouble in discovering what the Republic was trying to tell him, because after the wounded White Star liner's engine room filled her wireless apparatus was obliged to rely on storage batteries in sending messages. The difficulty was increased, as Tattersall says, by the louder tones in which one or two land stations were speaking at the time. The strain thus imposed on his nerves may well have exceeded that to which Bhans was subjected.

For ordinary marine service "untuned" instruments are used. In consequence, messages sent from one ship are pretty sure to be heard on other vessels within a given range, though the range depends on the power employed for transmission. Captain Sealby sent one dispatch which was especially addressed to the revenue cutter Gresham, but he also sent another which

was meant for all stations within reach. It was both a warning (not to run into him) and a call for help. Either directly or by repetition it was conveyed to four or five liners and nearly as many revenue cutters, and all of them sooner or later participated more or less actively in the work of relief, and those which were provided with Hertz wave apparatus gave an assurance of their intentions.

In ordinary telegraph service under the Morse system every operator on a line hears all messages which are going through, but only one at a time tries to send. A somewhat similar usage seems to prevail in wireless telegraphy. Under exceptional conditions one operator may interrupt another, but, as a rule, when an operator begins to send he is given the right of way until he finishes. As the land stations mentioned by Tattersall in the interview printed by The Tribune yesterday had more powerful transmitters than the partly disabled one on the Republic, it is easy to understand why they drowned out the feeble whispers from that ship. It may safely be assumed, however, that the operators who thus hindered communication between the Republic and the Baltic did not realize what they were doing. Perhaps the impulses from the ship which had received her death blow were too indistinct to be heard on shore.

## WANT ONE WIRELESS SYSTEM

### STEAMSHIP MEN COMPLAIN OF RIVAL SERVICES.

Don't Object, They Say, to Paying Reasonable Charges, but Do Object to Having Some Boats Equipped With the Marconi and Others With the United

The Republic-Florida collision has brought to a head a question which has been in dispute between the steamship companies and the wireless companies for some time. A steamship man who asked that his name be not mentioned summed the whole matter up in the following way yesterday:

"I hope that the collision will serve to bring the question of wireless telegraphy protection to the notice of our lawmakers. That there is a positive need for wireless on every passenger carrying ship cannot be disputed, but there certainly should be some universal system. The Government uses one system and the transatlantic steamers another, while some of the coastwise steamers use the Government system, some the Marconi and some a third."

At present the Atlantic liners use the Marconi system, but all is not peace between the steamship lines and the wireless company. As it is now arranged, the liners give board and lodgings to the operators and have free use of the wireless service for company business. The wireless companies make their money out of private messages transmitted. The steamship New York arrived Tuesday with only nineteen first cabin passengers, and it is plain that the wireless company did a small business.

The Marconi company wants the steamship companies to pay them \$1,000 a year for each ship equipped with apparatus. An operator receives \$12 a month. An American operator, that is one who works for an American company, gets from \$60 to \$125 a month.

From what could be learned yesterday among the shipmen there is no strong complaint at paying a fixed price for the wireless, but the companies do protest at the fact that there is no universal system.

Officials of the United Wireless Company say that it is difficult to make the system universal, but that the receipts must be equally distributed. John Bottomley, general manager of the Marconi system, said yesterday that the other companies were not to be blamed, but that they only as intermediaries and that only in cases of distress would the Marconi consent to forward messages received through any of the other companies.

"In other words," said the steamship men, "we object to some legislation that will force the wireless companies to get together."

There is a common impression that one system cannot receive or send the messages of the other system, but this is incorrect. By a very slight adjustment of instruments the apparatus of either company can be tuned to that of the other.

Edmund L. Best, resident manager of the Hamburg-American Line, said yesterday,

"I think steamships with passengers should be compelled to maintain a wireless station and operator. The thing has become a necessity, as the recent collision has clearly shown."

The wireless question, which is equally important, in our company, for instance, we have to patronize two companies. Our Atlas service going to the West Indies is equipped with the United Wireless system, and our own service along this coast uses the Marconi. These two rival systems do not work together.

You can imagine the inconvenience that results."

## COULD HAVE SAVED REPUBLIC, HE SAYS

Captain of the Everett Declares He Had Apparatus That Would Have Kept the Steamer Afloat.

### SAYS SEALBY REFUSED AID

Standard Oil Whaleback Had Most Powerful Pumps Made and Ample Room for Baggage, Her Commander Declares.

*Special to The New York Times.*  
PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 26.—If Capt. Sealby of the liner Republic had accepted the aid I offered him immediately after the collision with the Florida, on Saturday last, the ship would be safe in port now, and the cargo and the effects of the passengers would have been saved, beyond the shadow of doubt."

This statement was made to-day by Capt. Thomas Fenlon of the whaleback steamer City of Everett, which docked at Point Breeze yesterday. Capt. Everett arrived near the Republic a few minutes after the Baltic, and, according to her commander, was the first ship to speak to the disabled Republic.

"This ship under my command," said Capt. Fenlon, "contains some of the most powerful apparatus for wrecking purposes afloat. Our pumps have a capacity of 40,000 barrels, or 2,000,000 gallons, an hour. The barge we were towing would have held all the baggage of the passengers of the Republic and a large part of the liner's cargo besides. The City of Everett was built for ocean towing, and is equipped with tremendously powerful machinery and towing cables seven inches in diameter. With such magnificent facilities right at hand, Capt. Sealby curiously declined our assistance, saying that a couple of Government boats were coming to his relief."

"These little Government boats could have towed a rowboat as well as they could have towed that big liner. We offered our assistance, mind you, at 8:30 o'clock that evening. We could have worked all night. All it would have cost the White Star Line would have been about \$20,000. As it was, property of all kinds to the value of some \$2,000,000 was lost."

"The first intimation that we had of anything wrong was a wireless message from the Nantucket Lightship. We have a De Forest instrument on the City of Everett, and there was another on the dredge we had in tow. We put about at noon and cruised toward the scene of the wreck.

"Messages of 'still afloat' kept coming in, and we received word that the passengers had been transferred to the Florida. At 8:30 o'clock we ran alongside the Republic, and I offered the use of my outfit to Capt. Sealby. He answered that he needed no assistance whatever, but asked us to go to the Florida, as all his passengers were on board that boat. At 9:30 o'clock we ran alongside the Florida.

"Men and women cried to us from the liner and offered us large sums of money if we would only take them off. When my first officer, Mr. Tucker, went on board the Florida her first officer handed him a blackjack and told him to use it on the passengers if necessary to keep them from trying to jump from the deck of the Florida to the City of Everett.

"We remained in the vicinity all Saturday night, with the boats all cleared ready to render any assistance if called upon during the transfer of the passengers from the Florida to the Baltic."

"On Sunday morning at 9 o'clock we once more ran alongside the Republic, and once more I asked Capt. Sealby to allow me to help him. Once again he refused my offer, saying that his ship was all right. He said that he had engaged assistance from New York by wireless. I felt desperate at the way things were going, but my hands were tied. The capacity of my barge was 6,000 tons.

"On board the City of Everett were heavy deep-sea towing hawsers and two anchors. The City of Everett is a whaleback, built for heavy oil barges across the ocean, and our pumps are so powerful it is possible to build the type that the Republic kept afloat by her own efforts until she sank. She is in poor positive, to my mind, that will require the help of the proper kind she would have given us, and would be lying safe in New York to-night."

The City of Everett is the property of the Standard Oil Company.

# BINNS'S STORY OF WIRELESS WORK

Republic's Operator Gives The Times the First Account of His Long Vigil.

## SIGNALS FROM BROKEN KEY

With One Hand He Holds It Together and with the Other Flashes Appeals for Aid.

## SIASCONSETT REPLIED FIRST

"All Right, Old Man; Where Are You?" —Then Came the Baltic and Other Ships—Tribute to Capt. Sealby.

Plainly showing the effects of the harassing experiences he had gone through in the last few days, John R. Binns, the Marconi operator who stood at his post on the Republic and flashed forth the messages that brought aid to the sinking liner, has written for THE TIMES the story of his experiences since the moment he was buried from his birth when the Florida rammed the Republic last Saturday until his arrival in port on Monday night.

Mr. Binns is a modest man, and will not admit that he did any more than any of his fellow-operators would have done in like circumstances. Here is Mr. Binns's narrative in his own words:

By JOHN R. BINNS,  
Wireless Operator on the Republic  
at the Time of the Collision.

I had just turned in for a few hours after the previous day's work when the shock of the impact shook me out of my bunk. A crunching, ripping noise followed as the Florida's bows crumpled up on our side. The panels and side of our cabin fell in, one panel being smashed to splinters, but fortunately the wireless apparatus was unharmed and remained standing.

I had a fear, however, that the aerial wires between the masts might have been shaken down, so I hastily tested them, and most fortunately they were still intact.

My first impression was that we had run ashore, which was strengthened when I peered through the interstices of the wrecked woodwork of my cabin and saw a dark object outside over which the sea was washing. This I took to be a rock, but later found it was Boat No. 15, which is always swung out from the ship and which had been torn from its davits. The First "C. Q. D." Message Sent.

Five minutes after the collision the lights all through the ship went out, and we were in total darkness. I tried to make my way to the bridge in order to report to the Captain that my gear was all right, but, unable to make my way through the wreckage, I returned to my wrecked cabin. The dynamos being stopped, greatly handicapped the working distance of our station, but the accumulators were in good condition, and so I immediately sounded the "C. Q. D." signal, which announced to surrounding ships the peril of our position.

Just then the Captain's steward came to me from the bridge and piloted me through the debris. On the deck dock all the passengers were assembled, and the crew had already got the boats swung out, for, despite the darkness, everything was done in an orderly and smart manner.

I reported to Capt. Sealby that everything was all right with my wireless instruments, and he hastened to reassure the passengers, brave but anxious, with this most comforting bit of news:

"This having been done, I returned immediately to my cabin and had the satisfaction of gaining the attention of our station at Siasconsett on Nantucket Island. This is the message flashed to A. H. Glaman, the operator there:

The Republic. We are shipwrecked. Stand by for Captain's message.

This was the answer that was immediately flashed back to us:

All right, old man. Where are you?

At this stage our chief officer came, and anxiously inquired if I had yet got in communication with the shore, and was greatly relieved to learn that Siasconsett had answered me. He at once hastened to the Captain to convey this intelligence. Capt. Sealby then sent me this message for transmission:

Republic rammed by unknown steamer. Twenty-six miles southwest of Nantucket Lightship. Badly in need of immediate assistance, but no danger to life. SEALBY.

Five minutes later Siasconsett informed me that he had sent for the revenue cutter Acushnet, then lying at Wood's Hole, and that it was to proceed to assist us. Word had also been sent to the steamships Baltic, La Lorraine, and City of Everett.

I was now working under extreme difficulties, as it was very dark. I had unfortunately broken the lever of my sending key just after the lights went out, but eventually managed all right by holding the broken lever with one hand and sending with the other.

### The Dead Discovered.

Then came the first rescue I had made since the force of the crash had hurried me from my bunk. It was now getting light, and with the first streaks of dawn I was enabled to look about me and comprehend the damage that had been wrought, together with the extreme peril of our position. This was more vividly brought home to me when, placing at the floor just outside my wrecked cabin, I saw the mangled bodies of two passengers. The light was not strong enough for me to make out who they were or whether they were the bodies of men or women, but both were mangled beyond recognition, and for the first time I knew that human lives had been sacrificed in the crash of the fog-bound ships.

Capt. Sealby was on the bridge all this time, but soon after I discovered the bodies lying near me Dr. Marsh came along, and, after examining the bodies, announced that both had been killed outright. Blankets were stretched over the two still forms, and a little later they were laid in coffins. It was not until a roll call had been made that the identity of the dead was established.

Sick with the horror of the scene that had been enacted before my very eyes, I was indeed grateful to the heroic people that followed. I lay on my boots and a waistcoat and was lucky enough to find an apple and some water at hand, but it was bitterly cold in the cabin, for a stiff breeze was blowing through the splintered wood work, and then, too, the blinding fog filtered all about me, chilling me to the marrow. I was soon busy again, however, and once more in communication with the Siasconsett station, doing my utmost to locate the Baltic. I could hear the Baltic's wireless signals as they were being flashed to shore, but my disabled spark was too weak to reach the Baltic's operator.

Just as the Florida returned to us the Baltic began to pick up my signals from them on I was kept busy identifying that ship of our position and from that time forward it was a steady interchange of messages between Tattersall and Baltic, the Baltic's operators, and myself.

The passengers were successfully transferred to the Florida, and not a single mishap occurred to mar this perilous work. The fog lifted for a few minutes shortly before noon on Saturday, and I happened to look out at that moment and saw the Florida with her bows gone almost to the bridge, the majority of her remaining plates forward of the bridge being in ribbons and twisted beyond recognition.

About 2 o'clock I realized for the first time that I was hungry and Douglas, my steward, who had been running to and from the bridge all morning with messages for and from the Captain, was able to get a bite of food and a cup of coffee for me, which I devoured while sending and receiving messages.

### The Lorraine Gets in Touch.

Early in the afternoon the Lorraine was able to read us, and we began to give her steering directions. But it was difficult for her navigator to find us on account of the blanket of fog that enveloped the sea. The hours of the afternoon dragged slowly, and they were filled with anxiety for the Captain and all on board. Darkness set in early, supervising, of course by the thick weather. The

most anxious hour of the day was about 6 o'clock in the evening, when Capt. Sealby heard, only faintly, the explosion of a bomb in the far distance. He had communicated with me and I made him aware of the fact that the Baltic had been exploding bombs in an effort to apprise us of her whereabouts. We, too, had been exploding bombs, but had nothing but our almost exhausted and fast-weakening wireless apparatus.

The Baltic then informed me that she had but a solitary bomb left, and arranged with us that this would be exploded at a certain moment. This was done, and as we heard the faint rumble there was no further doubt in our minds that the Baltic would soon find us as we tossed about, maimed, as it were, in the fog, and not knowing how long we could remain afloat.

Capt. Sealby took the direction from which the sound came, and so I was able to give the Baltic Capt. Sealby's orders as to what course the sister ship was to steer to reach us.

These steering directions Capt. Sealby changed at times according to the change of wind, direction, and a little later we heard the Baltic's fog horn blowing faintly, and this increased in volume as she lessened the distance between us. Occasionally we fired rockets, but they could not be seen through the fog, although a little later the Baltic's siren was heard so plainly that we know the ship was close by. Realizing this, Capt. Sealby issued orders that the Baltic be told to proceed as carefully as possible, as she was now too close on our port side to be safe.

### The Baltic at Hand at Last.

I had just communicated this message when I heard a cheer, and I at once realized that these sounds of rejoicing could not come from our men, as only Capt. Sealby, the officers, myself, and the crew were aboard our ship, and they were all busily engaged in standing by the boats. Looking aft through my splintered cabin I made out quite near the stern of our ship, the fog having again lifted somewhat. She was a blaze of light, and as I sat there in my little cabin the thought occurred to me that the most beautiful sight in the world is a ship at sea, especially when that ship is needed to supply a link between life and death. Time and again it occurred to me, as I worked away in feverish haste, a mere machine voicing the words of our gallant Captain who so heroically watched over the safety of those who had entrusted their lives to him, that the end was near; that it was only a question of how long the ship could withstand the wound that pierced her very vitals, and I had practically resigned myself to the fate that every sealing man has before him at some time in his career. I never expected to see New York again, and as I sit here writing this narrative it all comes back to me like a terrible nightmare.

We were now apparently settling fast, and Capt. Sealby sent this message to me for the Baltic:

Come to our leeward and take up our boats. Have Lorraine and Lucia convoy the Florida.

This message concluded with the words: "Wireless now closed."

The Captain then sent word to me to come forward from my cabin as soon as I had sent the message off. Reporting to the Captain, I was told to take to the boats with the officers and the crew, who were about to be transferred to the Baltic. By that time the weather had cleared to a considerable extent, but a heavy swell was running. After a stiff pull we reached the Baltic, whose people gave the heartiest kind of a cheer as we came alongside. Our sailors were about to respond to the welcome when Mr. Williams, the second officer, who was at the tiller, said: "Now, my hearties, steady. Keep cool and let them see us come up in good style!" And without a word, we ran in alongside the gangway, and as all the sailors and officers were aboard, with the exception of Capt. Sealby, Chief Officer Crossland, the boatswain, and a boat's crew, who were standing by the ship, Capt. Sealby megaphoned to Capt. Ransom of the Baltic, asking him to go to the assistance of the Florida, and "leave me, as I am all right."

### Perilous Transfer Successful.

When the Baltic came alongside of the Florida the Baltic's and Republic's officers and sailors, using the Republic's boats, began to transfer the passengers from the disabled Florida to the Baltic. This task was extremely difficult and dangerous, as there was a heavy swell running, with the sea momentarily increasing, causing the boats to bump violently against the gangway. The greatest difficulty had been in inducing the women passengers to leap at the right moment.

Upward of 2,000 people were transferred during the night, and the greatest

credit is due to our officers and seamen for the magnificent and cool manner in which they conducted this most arduous undertaking, as it was only their strenuous and unceasing efforts that prevented loss of life. Cowards? Not a bit of it! Never, and I mean never, entirely, was there a braver lot of men whose courage was to the most crucial test. They came through the trying ordeal with col-  
lars flying and reticulated wonderful credit upon that most splendid and bravest of masters, Capt. Sealby.

Our officers and crew had no sleep Saturday night. I was more fortunate, having snatched a few hours' rest in one of the cabins. The following morning the Florida (she had a very perceptible list to port Saturday night) had righted herself somewhat and her Captain apparently had decided to go to New York without assistance.

The Baltic steamed back to the Republic, and Capt. Sealby shouted across, calling for volunteers to go and stand by the Republic. The officers, cook, and one or two stewards, including Chief Steward Stanier and the second class steward, stood the saloon steward, and myself, all went over, which, including the Captain, who had remained aboard all night, made thirty-eight of us all told. Arriving on board, I tested my wireless apparatus, found it to be all right, and so reported the same to the Captain, who at once made wireless inquiries for the tug that had been sent to our assistance.

By this time the Furnessia had arrived and had been standing by; then the Florida came alongside of the Republic, remaining there as a safeguard for those of us left on our ship, and the Baltic took us on her journey to New York with her tremendous burden of human freight. As she steamed by our stern, where our Captain and officers had assembled, every living soul aboard the Baltic gave us a hearty cheer.

After leaving the Baltic vanished from view. I thought of my of my wrecked cabin and later, nailing up some blankets around the rent sides, I soon made it more habitable, and was able to keep sheltered from the chill air. Once more I was ready for business.

The volunteer cook had prepared us a meal, and this we had just partaken of when the revenue cutter Gresham arrived. She took one of our lines on board, and, steaming ahead, commenced to tow us, with the Furnessia attached by two lines to our stern, to steer us.

### Ordered to Abandon Ship.

At about 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon we had shipped so much water that Capt. Sealby decided to order the crew to the boats, and transfer them to the Gresham. I had put a box of cigarettes at my side, so that in case we left in a hurry I could snatch them up, but so unexpectedly did the order come that I forgot to take them, and, being somewhat addicted to the tobacco habit, and with nothing to smoke, my pangs became more and more acute as night wore on.

One of the officers then ordered me to the boat. Capt. Sealby and Second Officer Williams were remaining on the fast-settling Republic.

This time we were taken aboard the Gresham. Reaching across the stern of the Gresham were two steel hawsers, which were attached to the Republic's bows. Capt. Perry then ordered that a nine-inch rope hawser be attached to that end of the steel hawser, and then paid out until the rope was wrapped around the bit of the Gresham. An axe was laid alongside of the rope hawser, so that in case the Republic settled further or sank the rope could be cut, and thus free the Gresham. A boat was lying alongside the Gresham, ready to rescue Capt. Sealby and Williams in case it was necessary.

About 5 o'clock the derelict destroyer Seneca came alongside of Capt. Sealby. The Seneca came along, and put a line alongside the Gresham, and helped the latter to the pier. Two hours later we passed the lights of the Furnessia. At 8 o'clock a signal was sent up from the Republic and the Gresham's hawser was severed. The crew was in the life-boat, and the searchlight was playing upon the spot almost before the rest of us, who were standing around, could realize it. We caught one fleeting glimpse of the poor Republic's bows, which were shown up by the searchlight. After that we saw no more of her.

### Cheers for Sealby and Williams.

A heavy sea was running and every man standing on the Gresham's quarter-deck was straining his eyes to follow the movements of the little boat that was casting about in search of Capt. Sealby and Second Officer Williams. On account of the high sea running we could not make anything out, and it was an anxious time we spent until we finally hauled her in and learned that Capt. Sealby and Williams were safe. Rousing cheers were given, and it was with the heartiest of warm welcomes that we received the two men on board who had last trod the decks of the Republic.

The officers of the Gresham and the men are men and sailors in every sense of the word, and too much praise cannot be bestowed upon them for the part they played in the stirring incident that have just closed, and the treatment they accorded us while under their care.

To the Editor of The New York Times:  
Here is my tribute to the hero of the hour:

JOHNNY BINNS.

We were wrapped in fog and sleep. All was calm upon the deep. With not thought of threatening danger or of war. But the house was fraught with peril, Goff Nantucket, bleak and sterile. For the souls that slumbered peacefully below.

From the muck below appeared. Struck us full; we trembled, reared. The Republic tossed a wreck upon the wave.

Yet that instant, God above, In His all-abounding love, Sought and found a hero ready there to save.

Johnny Binns. Binns. Binns. Let our dear old globe forever as it spins. To all nations flash the fame And the plain old English name Of the hero of the shipwreck. Binns.

DENIS R. O'BRIEN,

Brooklyn, Jan. 26, 1909.

## CAPT. SEALBY TELLS OF REPUBLIC'S LOSS

Gives a Thrilling Account of His Escape as His Vessel Plunged to the Bottom.

## LIONIZED AT THE PIER

Enthusiastic Sailors Carry Him on Their Shoulders and Woman Tries to Kiss Him—Second Officer's Story.

Capt. Innan Sealby, the commander of the lost White Star liner Republic, and his second officer, Lieut. R. J. Williams, came ashore from the United States derelict destroyer Seneca yesterday morning. The now famous skipper modestly received the plaudits of a cheering crowd. The shipwrecked sailors who had come to the pier to witness the scene, and later told the story of that thrilling last night on the Republic.

Capt. Sealby was received on his landing as a hero, and despite his energetic protests the enthusiastic sailors insisted on parading up and down the White Star pier at the foot of West Tenth Street, bearing on their shoulders the commander they had so willingly served under through all the dangers the Republic met.

Capt. Sealby and Second Officer Williams, together with forty-eight of the crew of the Republic, had passed the night on the derelict destroyer Seneca off Stapleton, S. I., and early yesterday morning they all boarded the revenue cutter Manhattan and came up to New York. They sat at a pier on which the Republic sailed last week, on what was to be her last voyage. As the Manhattan, with Capt. Sealby and his men and Binns, the Marconi operator on board, came into sight the crowd on the White Star pier began a demonstration of enthusiasm over the efforts of Capt. Sealby to save his ship.

### "See the Conquering Hero Comes."

Those of the Republic's sailors and firemen who had been brought to New York on the Baltic were there, besides about 200 other persons who wanted to join in the welcome to the men who had stood to the sinks of Republic until the last minute. There was a band and the music, if such it may be called, was furnished by a bugle that was blown to the Republic's own official bugler. This man still wearing the few clothes that were all he had been able to save, trumpeted what sounded like "See the Conquering Hero Comes" as the Manhattan steamed into sight, and as the cutter entered the slip he switched off to "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," while everybody else was cheering and waving hats in welcome to the skipper, who, with moistened eyes, was looking down upon the crowd from the pilot house of the Manhattan.

When the Manhattan was made fast to the pier and those on board began coming ashore, the cheering became continuous, and amid the noise could be heard cries of "Where's the skipper?" and "Bring out the Captain," and so on. Finally, after a dozen or so of the sailors



At the Cunard Line offices it was said that water-tight bulkheads are depended upon more as safety devices nowadays than any number of life-boats will ever be. Still the popular illustration of the effect of wireless telegraphy this, too, will be depended upon to a great extent.

#### No Lack of Life-Saving Devices, Says Uhler.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—Supervising Inspector-General George Uhler, of the United States Steamboat Inspection Service, said to-day:

"We have not been informed of any lack of adequate life-saving apparatus on any of the big liners. With special reference to the Republic and Florida we do know that when they were last inspected all the regulations had been observed. In the case of the Republic, as she is a British vessel, our inspection would be in the nature of the verification of the facts laid forth in her certificate of inspection from the British Admiralty's Bureau of Inspection. Our inspection is only the nations with which the United States maintains reciprocal relations in those matters."

#### Mrs. Lynch Had \$10,000 Accident Policy.

BOSTON, Jan. 27.—Less than a week ago Mrs. Eugene Lynch, who was killed on the Republic, took out an accident policy for \$10,000 through a Boston agent. Husband and wife now being dead the claim becomes an asset of the estate.

## REPUBLIC SAVED FROM BLOWING UP BY NEW HERO

Captain Sealby, Second Officer Williams and Wireless Operator Binns were not the only heroes on the sinking Republic. To their names must be added that of Fourth Engineer J. G. Legg.

It was learned to-day that Legg, a Glasgow boy of twenty-four, was chiefly responsible for the saving of the Republic from a tremendous explosion.

Had he been derelict in his duty not six or seven, but perhaps six or seven hundred, sailors have lost their lives in the wreck of the White Star liner with the Italian ship Florida.

Late at night, when passengers and principal officers were asleep, young Legg was on duty in the engine room. Under his command the stokers had turned the stokeholes were sixteen of the "black squad" stokers and trimmers.

#### Danger of Explosion.

When the crash came, W. L. Scott, first assistant engineer, was asleep in his bunk. "Oh, Legg!" he shouted.

A moment later he ran to the door overlooking the stokehole, attired grotesquely in blue pajamas and a tennis blouse. "Make her right, Legg!" he yelled.

Young Legg, gazing at the indicators, saw that the Republic was carrying 210 tons of steam. He realized that the cold sea water poured in against the plates of the boiler a terrible explosion was inevitable.

"Turn on the injectors!" ordered the young watchman.

By this time the water had come pouring into the Republic's stokehole; it surged around the waist lines of her crew. But not a single man deserted.

Four of five of the "black squad" sprang for the telephones and an instant a stream of cold water reduced the boiler pressure by many pounds. A second order came from the cool Mr. Legg.

"Close the dampers," he said.

#### Others Deserving Credit.

This was done, and by the time the water swirled around the necks of the "black squad" the sixteen men who had stuck to their posts while the deck men and officers above were doing the most spectacular work, the main engines had been reduced to a point where no incoming water, no matter how chilled, could have caused the boiler to burst.

Young Legg won not the sole distinction of credit, although he did most of the actual work. The crash that sounded when the Florida's bow burst through the side plates of the Republic disclosed that the banks Chief Engineer James McGowan, Second Engineer William Scott, Third Engineer John Kelly and the First, Second and Assistant Stewards, Jenkins and Richardson. Every man of them ran down into the steam-clouded boiler room.

In less than five minutes they had done everything possible.

# BINNS CALLED HELP FOR THE REPUBLIC WITH BROKEN KEY

## Wireless Operator Held Broken Lever With One Hand While He Flashed the "C. Q. D." Message Out With the Other.

By far the most graphic description of the wreck of the White Star liner Republic was told to-day in an article from the pen of "Jack" Binns, the wireless operator, to whom every man, woman and child on the Republic owes life.

"Just then the captain's steward came to me from the bridge and piloted me through the debris. On the boat deck all the passengers were assembled, and the crew had already got the boats swung out, for, despite the darkness, everything was done in an orderly and smart manner.

#### Reassured the Passengers.

It reported to Capt. Sealby that everything was all right with my wireless instruments, and he hastened to reassure the passengers, brave but anxious, with this most comforting bit of news.

"This having been done, I returned immediately to my cabin and had the satisfaction of gaining the attention of Capt. Sealby at Siasconsett, on Nantucket Island. This is the message flashed to A. H. Gimman, the operator there:

"The Republic. We are shipwrecked. Stand by for captain's message."

"This was the answer that was immediately flashed back to us:

"All right, old man, where are you?"

"At this stage our chief officer came, and informed me that I had you in communication with somebody, and was greatly relieved to learn that Siasconsett had answered me. He at once hastened to the captain to convey this intelligence. Capt. Sealby then sent me this message for transmission:

#### Capt. Sealby's Message.

"Republic rammed by unknown steamer. Twenty-six miles southwest of Nantucket Lightship. Body in need of immediate assistance, but no danger to life."

"SEALBY."

"Five minutes later Siasconsett informed me that he had sent for the revenue cutter Acushnet, then lying at Wood's Hole, and that it was to proceed to assist us. Word had also been sent to the steamships Baltic, La Lorraine and City of Everett.

"I was now working under extreme difficulties, as it was very dark. I had unfortunately broken the lever of my sending key just after the lights went out, but eventually managed all right by holding the broken lever with one hand and sending with the other.

#### The Dead Discovered.

"Then came the first people I had had since the force of the crash had buried me from my bunk. It was now getting light, and with the first streaks of dawn I was enabled to look about me and comprehend the damage that had been wrought, together with the extreme peril of our position. This was more vividly brought home to me when, glancing at the floor just outside of my wrecked cabin, I saw the mangled bodies of two passengers. The light was not strong enough for me to make out who they were or whether they were the bodies of men or women, but both were mangled beyond recognition, and for the first time I knew that human lives had been sacrificed in the crash of the fog-bound ships.

"Capt. Sealby was on the bridge all this time, but soon after I discovered the bodies lying near me Dr. Marsh came along, and after examining the bodies, announced that both had been killed. The bodies were laid in the two still rooms, and a little later they were laid in coffins. It was not until a roll had been made that the identity of the dead was established.

#### Sounded the "C. Q. D."

"Five minutes after the collision the lights all through the ship went out, and we were in total darkness. I tried to get up to the bridge in order

to report to the captain that my gear was all right, but unable to make my way through the wreckage, I returned to my wrecked cabin. The dynamics became stopped greatly handicapped the working distance of our station, but the accumulators were in good condition, and so I immediately sounded the "C. Q. D." signal, which announced to surrounding ships the peril of our position.

#### Horror of the Scene.

"With the horror of the scene it had been enacted before my very eyes that followed I drew on my boots, and a life-jacket, and was lucky at hand but I was able to get into the cabin, for a stiff breeze was blowing through the splintered woodwork, and I was soon carried along, screaming all about me, calling me to the marine. I was soon again, however, and once more in communication with the Siasconsett station, directing me to locate the Baltic. I could hear the Baltic's wireless signals as they were too short, but my disabled spark was too weak to reach the Baltic's operator.

As the Florida approached us

the Baltic began to pick up our signals, and from then on I was kept busy notifying that ship of our position, and from time to time telling her to stand by, and to make arrangements for meeting between Tattersall and Ballof, the Baltic's operators, and myself.

#### Transferred Without Mishap.

"The passengers were successfully transferred to the Florida, and not a single mishap occurred in our march to the ship, and the two boats were off together for a few minutes shortly before noon Saturday, and I happened to look out at that moment and saw the Florida bows low over the water, and the bridge, the majority of her remaining plates being in ribbons and twisted beyond recognition.

"At 2 o'clock I realized for the first time that I was hungry, and Douglas, my steward, who had been running to and from the bridge all morning, was able to get a bite of food and a cup of coffee for me, which I devoured while sending and receiving messages.

#### The Lorraine Gets in Touch.

"Early in the afternoon the Lorraine

came to us,

and they were able to give her steering directions, but

it was very difficult for her navigator to find us on account of the blanket of fog that surrounded the sea. The heat of the afternoon dried ship, and they were filled with anxiety for the captain and all on board. Darkness fell in early, suddenly, of course, by the lightning. The most terrible hour of the day was at about 6 o'clock in the evening, when Capt. Sealby, hearing only faintly the explosion of a bomb in the distance, at once communicated with me, and I made inquiries, learning that the Baltic had been exploding bombs all over to assist us, and for whomsoever we, too, had been exploding bombs, not exhausted our supply, but now on had nothing but our almost exhausted and fast-weakening wireless apparatus to which we could pin our hopes on rescue.

"They informed me that she had

had a solitary boom left,

and arranged with us that this would

be exploded at a certain moment. This

rumble there was no further doubt in

our minds that the Baltic would soon

find us as we had almost managed,

and we were in the fog, and knew

how long we could remain afloat.

#### How Directions Were Given.

"Capt. Sealby took the direction from

which the sound came, and so I was

then able to give the Baltic

Capt. Sealby's orders as to what course

she should take.

"These steering directions Capt. Sealby

changed at times in accordance with

the change of sound direction, and a horn blowing faintly, and this increased in volume as she lessened the distance.

"Occasionally we

shot rockets, but they could not be seen

through the fog, although a little

later the Baltic's siren was heard plainly close by.

Realizing this, Capt. Sealby issued

orders that the Baltic

should be prodded to proceed as carefully as possible, as she was

now too close on our port side to be safe.

#### The Baltic at Hand at Last.

"I had just commanded this message

when I heard a cheer, and I at

once realized that these sounds of rejoicing could not come from our men and officers, but from the crew of the Baltic, and they were all busily engaged in standing by the boats. Looking aft I saw the small boat making its way through the fog, and the Baltic quite near shore, the fog having again lifted somewhat. She was a blaze of light, and as I gazed at her I thought to myself that this must be the sloop of war in the world a ship at sea, especially when that ship is near to supply a link between land and death.

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#### Ordered to Abandon Ship.

"At about 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon

we had shipped so much water that

Capt. Sealby decided to order the crew

to abandon ship.

"The officers, many sailors,

and two stewardess, including Chief Steward, Mrs. Sealby, and the second class chief steward, the saloon steward, and myself, all went over, including Captain Sealby, who had remained aboard all night, made thirty-eight of us all told.

"After we were all aboard, I tested my wireless apparatus, and found it all right, and so reported the same to the Captain, who at once made wireless inquiries for messages that had been sent to our assistance.

"By this time the Furnessia had arrived and had been standing by, then Captain Sealby ordered the Baltic to remain there as a safeguard for those of us left on our ship, and the Baltic took up her journey to New York, where her crew had been taken off in human freight. As she steamed by our stern, where our captain and officers were standing, I could see every soul aboard the Baltic gave on a hearty cheer.

"After seeing the Baltic vanish from view, I brought me of my wrecked ship, and the crew, who had been given blankets around the rent sides, I soon made it more habitable, and was able to keep myself from the chill air. Once more I was alone.

"The volunteer cook had prepared us

a meal, and this we had just partaken of when we received word that the Gresham had arrived. She took one of our boats

aboard, and, steaming ahead, commenced to tow us with the Furnessia astern, for two miles to our stern, to

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## "I'm No Hero," Says "Jack" Binns



When "Jack" Binns, the heroic wireless operator of the lost liner Republic, arrived here he made the following modest statement to an Evening Journal reporter:

"It's a treat to me, y'know, to get a good smoke. While I was going through that inferno on the Republic I did not have a single cigarette."

"A heavy fog hung everywhere as we were passing Nantucket, and I was wearied by my long vigil. For almost twenty hours I had had no sleep, and I had just turned in for a little nap when the crash came. The sound awakened me."

"I dressed in a hurry, and when I realized the seriousness of the accident I sent out an appeal for help. I don't know how long I remained on duty, but it seemed an age. I am ready now for a good long sleep."

"I don't see why they call me a hero. What I did was only in the way of duty, and any other man in my place would have done the same thing."

Sealby and Williams were safe. Loud cheers were given and it was with the hearts of warm welcome that we received the survivors of the crew who had fled the decks of the Republic.

The officers of the Gresham and the Seneca are men who have earned their reward, and too much praise cannot be bestowed upon them for the part they played in the stirring incidents that have just occurred. The steamer Seneca, according to her captain, "did her best."

### SENATE LAUDS WRECK HEROES.

#### Resolution at Albany Praising Binns and Ships' Officers and Crews.

ALBANY, Jan. 27.—The Senate adopted a resolution to-day, which was introduced by Senator Shultz, expressing its admiration for the heroic services rendered by the Marconi operator on board the steamship Republic after the collision with the steamer Florida, and of the conduct of the officers and crews of the colliding vessels, the steamer Baltic, the revenue cutter Gresham, and the derelict destroyer Seneca. Senator Raines, in speaking to the resolution, said:

"The operator of the Marconi system has been most highly complimented by the press. In response to the compliments extended to him he said: 'I simply did my duty.' I suppose every officer of that ship did his duty, but there are so many who fail to perform their duty in emergencies that I think it may be well to adopt the resolution, as expressing our appreciation of the fact that there are men in public office and officials and employees of companies charged with the safety of the lives of men, women, and children, who, in an emergency, are capable of overlooking the necessity of taking care of themselves and performing the duties they owe to those in their charge.'

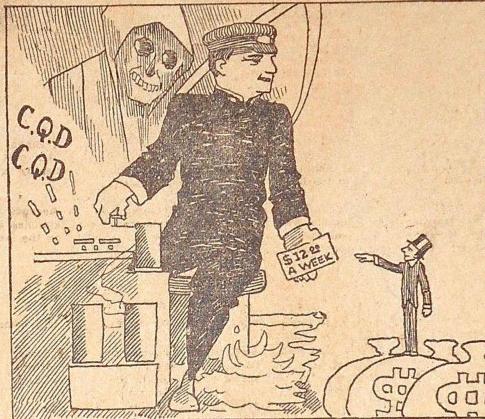
Inevitably there will be more or less discussion as to whether the commander of the Republic used the best possible judgment, after his passengers and crew had been removed to places of safety, in the measure he took for the saving of his ship. The only interest, other than academic and general, which the public has in this dispute, however, is due to the fact that a large quantity of baggage was lost that might have been rescued if

## JACK BINNS—\$12 A WEEK.



JACK BINNS'S salary was \$12 a week and board when he was working on the Republic. For the fifty-two hours Jack Binns worked on a stretch he got no overtime pay. Everything, his services, his electrical skill, his courage, his judgment and his endurance, was included in the \$12 a week.

While Jack Binns was sending and receiving wireless despatches from the sinking Republic a member of the Stock Exchange announced that he had made so much money in Wall street that he was going to retire and work no more. He had been a stock broker about as long as Jack Binns has been a wireless telegraph operator. On the Stock Exchange he had cleared up two or three million dollars. Jack Binns had not the money to buy a cigarette or a meal, much less to get clothes to replace those which he had borrowed.



In recent years it has become too common to measure a man's success by the amount of money he has made and to compute his value to the rest of the world by the number of millions of dollars which he has been enabled to get away from other people and keep other people from taking away from him.

Measured on this basis this stock broker is worth three million of Jack Binns.

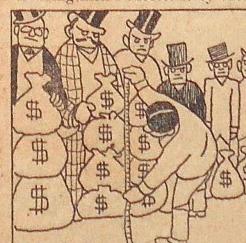
Measured on the basis of real public service, Jack Binns is worth considerably more than three million stock brokers.

There are many ways of comparing men. One is by how they influence scales. A fat man may outweigh two thin men. Another way is by height. Three tall men may measure more feet and inches than four short men.

Another way is by digestive capacity as displayed at beefsteak dinners and pie-eating contests, or by the number of bottles of wine that a man can drink without lying down on the floor, as in the New Year's eve and election night drinking contests in the White Way lobster palaces.

But the most common way of measuring men's success is by their ability to make money. Rockefeller is the richest man in the United States, therefore he must be the biggest man in the United States, the ablest and the most powerful. J. Pierpont Morgan has got up more and bigger trusts than anybody else, therefore he is a great man. Gauged by this scale, the stock broker who retired with \$3,000,000 was not so successful after all, although he showed a great deal of sense by quitting before some bigger Wall street man took it away from him.

But measured by their services to mankind, Jack Binns excels them all.



## BINNS SAYS ALL HE WANTS IS SLEEP.

### Wireless Operator of the Republic on His Way to Philadelphia Tells of His Adventurous Life.

John Robinson Binns, or "Jack" Binns as he will be registered on the rolls of immortals, left for Philadelphia last night to concur with a theatrical manager who is anxious to have him capitalize his heroism. The never youth who managed to save the wireless operator of the Republic was asleep before his departure. When told that it would take more than the C. Q. D. to wake them up over in Philadelphia, he said:

"I'll be as quiet as the day goes there myself. I'll be sleeping and staying there a few days and get some rest. They've certainly been sending me over the breakers since I struck shore. I have had a good sleep since last week and I don't expect to get one. I can't hide any place. And all this because I ripped off the wireless messages."

"But look at the lives you saved," suggested the reporter.

"I didn't look at my own life," he laughed.

"I saved that, you didn't!"

Despite the adulation that has been showered upon him "Jack" Binns has not yet got around to the business of getting a place to live in. His twenty-five years have been filled with adventure. He was born in Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania, on July 1, 1889. The date of his debut shows that even at that early age he possessed rare discrimination. He is a tall, slender young fellow, and a suit of clothes gives him the appearance of being loosely built.

He has laughing blue eyes sheltered by long bushy brows. His forehead is high, his nose inclined to pug, and his chin fairly well set. Just at present it is hard to define his features, for his face has been in perpetual motion, either laughing or talking, ever since he landed here on Tuesday. Next to being an expert wireless operator, his dancing is his best accomplishment. His feet are always in evidence. They look strong enough to stomp the deck of a gambling-house steamer. As to his appetite, let it be known that he "could eat a brick without gravy."

"I am thinking about myself and my family?" he repeated. "Well, we can get through the latter part in a hurry. I am all that I am to the Binns family. I am a son, a brother, a husband, a father. I was born. My mother followed him about a year later. I had no brothers or sisters. After school days I got on the Great Eastern. I was fourteen. I was fourteen. I might have been railroading yet if I hadn't been hurt. I was knocked down by an engine and was six months before I was able to walk again. When I was recovering I studied telegraphy. When I left the hospital I had eight messages in my pocket which the doctors had presented to me after removing them from my leg. I carried them with me up to last Saturday. They were given with the Republic."

"Since taking the wireless I have been all over the world. Several times I have managed to be in places where things were going on, but my luck I have been mixed up in earthquakes and shipwrecks and I haven't got a place to live in. I am a wanderer. Forget that part of it. I've had that letter a long time. You wouldn't know who she was if I told you. Just a pretty good girl of mine."

"What are your plans for the future?"

"To go as far as possible as possible. I have had material managers, newspaper-men and magazine publishers chasing me since I hit New York. I know you are mean, but honest. I've got a sore throat from talking so much. I am cracked from obliging the snapshot men. I have had offers to go in vaudeville, but I don't think I will. So long."

### JACK BINNS, THE C. Q. D. HERO.

JACK BINNS, the young wireless operator who stuck to his key on the ill-fated *Republic* for fifty-two hours and by so doing his duty sixteen hundred lives were saved, is being lauded to the skies by the press throughout the world. So, too, we are glad to praise JACK BINNS, not because we admire his brother operators the less, but the lucky chap who made good, the more. But while we are lauding BINNS we should not forget that there is another whose name must also be considered, for without his initiative genius BINNS could not have sent his life saving signals. To MARCONI is due the honor and the glory of the invention of the wireless telegraph, that marvelous device which will save other lives and enable other operators to win the appreciation and the applause of a grateful people until such time as the building of ships shall have become an exact science.

# Daily Wireless Stories of the Sea Told by "Jack Binns," Hero of the Republic

Tells To-Day How He Became a Wireless Man After Having Been the First on Whom the Serum Anti-Streptococcus Was Used.

(Copyrighted, 1909, by the Press Publishing Co.)  
BY JOHN ROBINSON BINNS.

By the time I was able to walk I had neither father nor mother to speak to. Father, a factory engineer, passed away two days after my birth—almost as soon as he saw me—and mother, a hardy Yorkshire lass, only living a year after this event, you may call it. My full name is Jack Robinson Binns, after my father, and I was born twenty-five years ago—July 4, 1884, so you see I am somewhat of an American by birth.

I was the only child, and Grandmother Binns, my father's mother, took me from the lonely little cabin in which I was born, outside Briggs, Lincolnshire, to her home. She was good to me; taught me to spell and write, told me of my folks and my home, and the hills about Lincolnshire where my father hunted and roved. He was an adventuresome Briton, and I guess being forced to work broke his heart early.

At fourteen I was a big lad and could bow a ball, shoot a gun or use my dukes with any inches and lots bigger. I had a fair education, and being an observant fellow, I managed to get a good idea of life principally in roaming about Lincolnshire with my grandmother, who moved about every year. Then I decided to shift for myself. I didn't know what to do. I struggled into a railroad office one day and saw a dozen young men drawing lines.

## Starts Work for a Railroad.

That decided me. I wanted to be a draughtsman. I got a place with the Great Eastern Railroad. There was no opening at once, and each day I hung about the railroad telegraph office until the operator took pity on me and taught me the code. In two weeks I could "send" but not "receive." Learning telegraphy was my first "accident." Then came the second. One day I was crawling under some cars when an engine bumped the "string" and I fell. Two cars ran over my right foot and left leg. That was Dec. 5, 1898.

In the six months I was in the hospital they gave me up four times. Finally, my temperature got to 107—the highest on record at that time, the surgeons said—and they left me to die that day. Toward night I saw three long-whiskered men standing over me. One said: "Let's try it on him—it's our only chance. You one will know!"

I didn't know what it was about. I figured it was all off, anyway, and didn't mind it much. Then I saw them bringing in a long needle, half an inch thick. They punctured my back. I found out after that it was a newly discovered serum, called "anti-streptococcus." I was the first human patient they ever experimented on with it. Well, it was a hit with me. I began to get better right along, and my leg muscles and ankles are as strong as any man my size.

## Took Out Nine Pieces of Bone.

They took out nine pieces of bone, some of them more than an inch long. Once I twisted like a driftwood and put them all in alcohol and had them with me when the Republic went down. So, you see, I'm with the old ship yet—in part, anyhow.

While getting better I kept practising at a little key, and when able to get about went to work again—on crutches. Four years more were spent with the Great Eastern—they had promised me a job for life. I was a good operator when I quit, in 1902, to take a job with the British Post-Office in Colchester, Essex.

It was here I had my third accident. Over there you sleep right under the roof. One night the house took fire. I had been awake twenty-six hours and was sound asleep. No bells or shouts reached me. Finally I felt my face warm. I tumbled out of bed to see the sky above me and flames eating away the last shingle on the roof. My bed was burning and ashes were piled on my clothes. I rolled down to the edge and tumbled to the ground. My hair was singed. Two minutes after the floor crashed in. Then they called me "Lucky Jack."

First of a Series of Articles

## Binns the "C.Q.D." Man

A Story of a Remarkable Orphan



WIRELESS  
OPERATOR  
"JACK"  
BINNS

Photo by  
Warneck

President-elect Taft was completing his trip about the world. He was returning on the President Grant and I got the job.

He enjoyed the trip and we had many chats. He's an excellent man and will make a splendid President. Then came the Berlin Conference, which forced only German speaking operators aboard the German boats. After a time at Crook's Haven, in Ireland, a ship station, I joined the Republic in Liverpool. It was the 11th of last November. We sailed between Liverpool, Boston and New York.

My next assignment? Well, I go where I'm sent, but if Capt. Sealy gets a ship to go with him and stick with him too! His example andarsity of command in the face of such a party for the good brave master the confidence which even wireless could not give the passengers. His splendid example must be followed with the wireless operator less when history writes the log of the Daniels.

## TO TALK WITH SHIPS 3,000 MILES AWAY

Bids Opened for Wireless Station at Washington Subject to No Interruption.

## THE FLORIDA LIBELED

White Star Line Sues for \$2,000,000, but Its Opponent Asks to Limit Liability to Value of Vessel and Contents.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—Following the achievements of wireless telegraphy in the recent collision between the steamers Republic and Florida, the Navy Depart-

ment Representative Burke of Pennsylvania. Mr. Peters proposes to require wireless telegraph equipment on all ocean-going vessels, in both the foreign and domestic service, plying between ports more than 100 miles distant. The Burke bill applies only to vessels in the foreign service. A maximum penalty of \$1,000 is provided in the Peters bill.

## LIBELS THE FLORIDA.

White Star Line Also Presents to the Court Its Version of the Collision.

The responsibility for the sinking of the White Star liner Republic, the damaging of the Lloyd Italian steamer Florida, the question of the speed at which both vessels were going when they came together and the right to damages are all to be threshed out in the United States District Court. The Oceanic Steam Navigation Company, as owners of the Republic, libeled the Florida yesterday, and she was seized by United States Marshal Henkel, under a writ of attachment. The libellant asks \$2,000,000 damages, of which sum \$1,500,000 is asked for the vessel, freight, supplies, wages, money and the remainder for the officers, crew and passengers.

The owners of the Florida have asked the court to fix the limit of liability at \$250,000, the value of the vessel, the freight, and passage money. The papers say that the collision was "solely caused by the faults and neglect on the part of the part of the Republic." There will be no cross libel, as the Republic is sunk, and there is no vessel for the Italian line to libel, but the latter repeats its declaration of intention to fight the case to the end.

The libellant describes the Republic as being tight, stanch, and seaworthy at the time of the collision she is said to have been heading south 84 degrees east true, and going under reduced speed. What happened just before the vessels struck is told in detail, as follows:

## Official Republic Version.

About 5:45 A. M. a signal of one whistle was heard and reported on the Republic's port bow. Immediately the orders "stop," and full speed astern were given to the engine room, and the helm was ported. These orders were at once obeyed, and at the same time a signal of three whistles was given. Shortly afterward there was made out broad on the Republic's port side a number of bright lights, apparently from a large vessel, which proved to be the Florida. Both of these suddenly soon came abreast. The Florida was bearing down on the Republic at high speed, threatening to strike the Republic a right angle blow amidships. In the effort to escape the blow the master put the engines of the Republic ahead, but the Florida came on at a high rate of speed, apparently swinging under a starboard bow, and crashed her on the starboard side of the Republic, penetrating into the engine room. The collision occurred about 5:50 A. M.

The stem of the Florida struck the Republic's port side nearly a square blow and made a narrow, vertical cut, extending well below the water line, straining and starting the bulkheads. Under her momentum, the Florida's bow, where it struck the side plates, was torn off, and the stem was bent at the top. The top of the Florida's bow passed above the Republic's side plates, so that it reached and wrecked the cabin along the saloon and promenade decks, causing the death of two passengers and injuring two others. The Republic's engine room was quickly flooded, and although the bulkhead doors were closed, the sounding showed that the ship was settling aft.

**Florida Accused of Speeding.**  
The story of the transfer of the passengers and the sinking of the boat is then set forth. In contending that the accident was due to the fault of the Florida it is charged that she did not keep her proper course; that she did not have a proper lookout, and that her officers not having done their duty gave proper warning that she did not pay attention to the whistles and lights of the Republic. It is also declared that the Florida was going at an inordinate speed, and that the first shot of the gun was heard when the first whistles of the Republic were heard by those on her bridge.

The most serious charge is that there was a lack of presence of mind on the Italian liner, and that in the critical moment when the Republic was about to strike the stem of the Florida was thrown suddenly to starboard instead of to port, thus throwing her directly in the path of the Republic, throwing the effects of Capt. Sealy to clear the oncoming Florida.

**To Recognize Binns's Heroism.**  
PARIS, Jan. 28.—The Maritime Committee of the Chamber of Deputies has decided to ask the Government to recognize in a special manner the heroism of John R. Binns, the Marconi operator aboard the Republic.

# Daily Wireless Stories of the Sea Told by "Jack" Binns, Hero of the Republic

Tells To-Day of Experiences in His Cage on a Great Ocean Liner and the Women Who Ask Questions.

(Copyrighted, 1909, by the Press Publishing Company.)

BY JOHN ROBINSON BINNS,

The Republic's Famous "C. Q. D." Man.

A wireless operator must pet and caress his instruments even as a violinist tunes his strings or a chauffeur tests his engines. The spark-gap flashes of the wireless is the ocean song of electricity—the humming of the auto on land.

He is as helpless as a babe if he doesn't know every little device's condition. It's like a person out of sorts, only far more so. A fellow off edge can't work the limit, and the least bit of illness with any part of the wireless makes the whole system deathly sick and useless.

Going on a voyage is full of expectations. You know you have everything adjusted and ready long before the big boat's horn announces you are out on the stream. So sure you are toy it with a bit as the gangplanks roll from the ship's side and a crowded place a waving sea of handkerchiefs and carewells. Once into the stream, telephone the captain "All's well" and stand by. You take up the 1000 foot communication chart, furnished by the Marconi, indicating just where in the Atlantic you will pass incoming or possibly slower cugolous vessels.

## But That Is Only Routine.

These are the first routine matters. None of the fashionably dressed tourists have begun their wanderings about the decks to finally reach you and bombard you with questions a scientist couldn't answer. You're smoking your pipe or some of the ship's cigarettes, and maybe, dreaming of sailing on land and a fair face to won you by her smiles. Or maybe, you're thinking how many days and nights are before you will finally see her on the other shore. The phone rings at your side. It's from the captain's bridge—the only phone leading to the wireless room.

"Please say to office that Miss O'Hare, No. 143, lost her purse and tickets on dock."

It's the old man's voice and yours will down stream.

It's the old story—some one always losing or dropping something. Sea Gate is near and you tell them. Maybe an hour after you get your first message.

"MKC, MKC, MKC (Republic). Purse found. Give her ship's best."

It's a MSG (captain's message) and no one knows its contents but the skipper. Passing down below Sea Gate you say, maybe:

SA, SA (Sea Gate), how's things? Gate coming. All well here. Had big time on Broadway this trip."

## On Liner's Last Trip.

We left New York that Friday alone. The chart showed us meeting the Baltic 100 miles east of Ambrose Light ship. I stood by the key until after two o'clock that morning to haul her, but got nothing. Then I lay down for a few hours until I should meet the New York about nine o'clock.

My nap was interrupted by the Florida. Then came the long tedious hours which, the newspaper persist, made me a hero. I did my duty, that's all, and expect nothing for it.

Usually you are quite out of the lime-light. You send a hundred messages or so all along the Atlantic coast to Marconi stations until well into the Atlantic and nothing happens to mould you into a hero, unless long hours and no sleep help to make one such.

Probably a day out a group of sweet-faced young women saunter up to your wireless cabin on the upper deck and knock two or three times. If the sparks are flashing there's something doing and you can't run to the door. If not, you receive the passengers and while away some pleasant minutes. They want to know how it's done.

All are curious about the sparker and the big key and the swinging wires fixed to the mast and the chart, but I haven't run afoul of many who would ask the wireless instruments. The aerial comes

Second of a Series of Articles

## Binns the "C.Q.D." Man

The Wireless Operator Aboard Ship



JACK BINNS

in through a window. Out on deck I point to the two masts supporting the cross-trees to which are attached the aerials. One is a wire, the other a glass insulator. I show them the glass insulators on the aerials and the insulators lower down and explain how the waves go out from the wires at right angles.

Moisture Costs Energy.

I conclude much like this:

"We depend on perfect insulation. Moisture such as the fog we ran into in the Republic may collect and cost us energy. It is the operator's duty to keep the insulation perfect. These wireless waves go longer over the surface of salt water than over the land and make water damp. This dampens sun and water and effectively air at night than at day. The more aerials I have the further we can send."

"I can send a message any place on the globe on board. Suppose I want to locate a ship in the Atlantic. Even with all these instruments and records, it is hard to find the receiver demanded by the Marconi chart, which looks like a weather map full of lines. Assuming the message has been received at the station on the coast of Massachusetts, I can send it to the Cunarder Utralba. He may be 1000 miles away out of his zone. But the New York is midway between Sagapo-

neck and the Umbria. The operator signals the New York and when he responds the message is relayed."

"We are bound to an oath of secrecy under Green-Brown's code. It is deathly a year's conviction, of \$1,000 fine, or both. Of course, you hear talking all the way across the ocean, and often you are amused and sometimes scandalized."

## The Boy Hero,

or Words to That Effect.

(Within a few days, tortured public, the popular song writers will commit something like this—maybe worse.)

TWO ships had run in awful crash and one was going down; But Binns, the boy operator, perched in his room so high, Stood at his post and to those folks these words did loudly cry:

## CHORUS.

Don't be scared, for I am here;  
Please don't go away from here;  
I will bring help, for cannot you see  
These messages I'm sending out;  
They show I know what I'm about;

Now listen while I sound the C.Q.D.

The hours wore on most wearily, but Binns was on the job,  
And now and then some passenger would give a tearful cry;  
At last a boat came into view—it was the Florida—  
And Binns was lit a cigarette at these words he did say:

## CHORUS.

## WIRELESS.

The seas are deep and the seas are wide,  
and or ever the days of creatures were.

By sun and moon was pulled the tide and all the Earth was ocean-stir—  
Then came land and then came beast and then came Man, and five feet high  
Blinked his eyes on the churning yeast of a sea that melted in the sky.

Laughing the five-foot creature stood  
against the leagues on leagues of the deep—  
Laughing he knotted a raft of wood and paddled his craft through hollow and steep—  
But the seas are deep and they swallowed him down—and a host therefeat—

Till nations came like a vast ebb-tide and went down cursed of insolent laughter.  
Nation by nation the daring came, with ribs of oak and with ribs of steel,  
With wing of sail or heart of flame, but the great sea sucked them keel by keel—

Till some escaped and some flew free, and mammoth greyhounds skimmed the deep—  
Yet still the salt and dreadful sea was like a mastodon asleep.

But now comes the triumph of all the ages—the subject seas belong to Man—  
They break his ship when the tempest rages, they bind his keel with the ancient ban,

But out through the big and blinding weather and the thick black fog that chokes and smothers, Man sends his cry through the infinite ether and calls to him his courting Brothers.

Lo, at his call the mighty steamers turn them about with a word of love, And deeds in the brains of ancient dreamers come real in flesh and live and

The Brotherhood gathers on gliding foam and with sandal-seas are their frail feet shot—  
Man is making of Earth a Home, man is making of man a god.

Lo, we have taken, the Earth's rough features and builded cities and civilizations—  
Lo, we have sky-lost creatures are shadowed by our own creations—

Earth, that was but rough seas and sands, becomes a being with soul and heart—  
Man is the Power of God with hands to build of Chaos an ordered Art!

Earth and the teeming fulness thereof is Man's; and the land of clay There is laid of Dream and fire of Love enough to burn the sides away—With every Labor the Soul enlarges—Its depths are vaster than the sea—We have not touched its starry marches, nor guessed how godlike we may be.

Vast Eternities are before us with dreams and labors no soul may shirk:  
Pure with all Glory divine that bore us we shall loosen God in us; set Him to work—

Unborn stories and grandeur releasing touch of a new creator;  
The immense Creation of God is great, but the human spirit shall make it greater.

JAMES OPPENHEIM.





## Daily Wireless Stories of the Sea Told By "Jack" Binns, Hero of the Republic

TAFT AND WIRELESS.

BINNS, THE "C. Q. D." MAN.

Fifth Article in Series.

(Copyright, 1909, by the Press Publishing Company, New York World.)

BY JOHN ROBINSON BINNS,

The Republic's "C. Q. D." Man.



NE of the pleasant memories of many trips across the Atlantic was the privilege of acting as the President-elect's tutor in chief in wireless when he was rounding the last leg of his famous trip about the world a year ago. We became very friendly, and I may be pardoned for expressing the opinion that Mr. Taft is well versed in the marvels of the Herzen waves.

The Kaiserin Augusta Victoria had just tied up after my only trip about to depart with the then "Secretary of Peace." There wasn't anything unusual for a day out. The operator's "cage" was not as well apportioned as on some of the big liners, but the instruments were reasonably installed and the ship's system was an excellent one.

Expecting the big Secretary to visit the cabin, I had just spent several hours arranging the interior of the "coop" and testing and tuning so that there should be no flaws when Mr. Taft visited the "house." He came on the second day out.

### Mr. Taft Appears.

Several messages for the captain had reached me, four of them giving descriptions of persons "wanted" by Scotland Yard. I was ready to ring the steward's bell when a shadow fell across the door. I had heard that Secretary Taft was one of the biggest men in the United States and instantly guessed that, like other great events, he was casting his shadow before him. I was casting his shadow before him, I arose, stepped quickly to the door, and, sure enough, there he was, smiling a greeting with the wire-wireless man, aren't you?"

"Good morning, sir; you're the wireless man, aren't you?" I bowed, replied that I was, and invited him into the "cage." He squeezed through the door. Then he looked at me sort of puzzled, and I confess I was facing an enigma, too. There were no chairs about sufficiently built to accommodate him.

He saw my discomfiture, opened wide his mouth in a hearty laugh, and squatted down almost instantly on the side of my bunk. I waited for an accompanying crash, but it didn't come. Then I made myself comfortable again. I sent two messages for him.

### Gets a Message for Taft.

As he sat there discussing the distance the ship's system would carry, I got the boat's call. It was a message relayed from New York and came very faintly. The sparks began to fly as I gave the return flash and the Secretary sat there, his eyes glued to the receiver about my ear. The message was for him. As I began to write, I said:

"This is for you, Mr. Secretary."

"Well, well, you don't say. And from whom? What is the matter now?" There was some irritation in his voice. He spoke as if he had expected to receive advice to go into some corner of the world and scatter the dreams of love and good will toward mankind. And he patiently waited until I had written.

His severe mien at once vanished, and in its place the sun seemed to come. New York news service asking for a statement on the Philippines. He folded the message and placed it in his pocket, murmuring:

"Can't escape 'em. There used to be a place where a fellow could get away from the wireless links that deep blue sea with the devil, and there's no betwixt any more."

### Taft Learns the Code.

Then he laughed again, and finally remarked that the "boys" are a good set, anyhow, and went on to say that we had plenty of time to chat. I explained the Continental code system and the meaning of the new "C. Q. D." I told him of a "C. Q. D." joke which acted like a ruler's kick on the perpetrator, who was myself. It was like this:

Operator Describes How President-Elect Taft Learned the Mysteries of "C. Q. D." and the Wireless Wonders.

His smile was so contagious that I quite frequently found myself laughing with him. He's a bulky gentleman and I often wonder whether Americans may look to with pride. His dignity, democracy and a rare understanding of man well combined in his make-up. The trip to New York was without incident. We shook hands as he left.

Through Siasconset passed the first important messages that told the Baltic and La Lorraine, both outside the wounded Republic's wireless range, of the danger of the 700

and more souls on board the White Star liner. The world did not know then, and learned only through the wireless some hours later, that the Italian steamer Florida, which had caused the disaster, was standing by.

### THE MAGICAL PART.

In the drama of the sea thus begun, which lasted 40 hours and ended

Siasconset, the faithful and hard-working operators of this farthest seaward station on the American coast, through whose vigilance the first faint word from the Republic was plucked from the air and repeated, to shift the helms of a dozen rescuing craft and later to ease the anxiety of thousands who had friends among the passengers on the Republic.

For the first time the wireless had shown on a scale that could not be ignored its possibilities for humanity.

### "BINNS," HE SAYS.

"You will excuse me," said Gianna. "If I don't tell you a very clear story; but you see I haven't slept for about two days and nights, and I think I need a nap."

He had left the station at Siasconset and was in a Boston hotel, due to sail today to England, his native country, for a holiday. Mrs. Gianna and their little were with him.

"I'm sorry my vacation begins now," said the man who had charge of the wireless that saves lives. "I'd like to have staid at the station until it was all cleaned up."

"Jack Binns of the Republic is the man you want to write up," insisted modest Gianna.

But Gianna was persuaded to tell what happened at Siasconset between 6:00 Saturday morning and 10:30 Sunday night.

"I have never heard of anything like this," he said, "in the wireless game, either in the amount of work done, the rapidity with which it was done or the importance of it. Between 7:00 Saturday morning and 10:30 Sunday night we must have handled a good deal more than 20,000 words. There were dozens and dozens of regular messages besides all the talking going on between ships and shore, and the radio-phones we did between ships that couldn't reach each other direct."

"You see we were nearer the Republic than any of the ships that went to her help. She was about 47 miles from us. When she first sent out her distress call the Baltic was about 89 miles from her, to the west, and the Lorraine 120 miles to the east."

### What Happens at Siasconset.

The station at Siasconset stands on the moor about a quarter of a mile from the stirring of summer cottages that line the beach, on the southeast tip of the island.

There are two wood stabs, 180 feet high, and near them is a house in which are three rooms, operating, engine and traffic or clerical room. Some distance away is the house in which the operators, four in winter and five in summer, have their residence.

There is always some one on duty in Ocracoke, and the public telephone receiver over his head, adjusted to each ear, so that the faintest tick from the hertzian waves can be "picked up."

"I was at home and asleep Saturday morning," continued Gianna, "when J. R. Irwin, who had the last night watch, came to my door and called me. He came off the boat little after 6."

"We've got 'C. Q. D.' from the Republic," Irwin said. "She's been down and wants help. Guess their juice is pretty low; I could barely hear them."

It should be here stated that the letters "C. Q. D." form the distress signal at sea, whether by flag or wireless.

"The call had come at the dullest time of night, when we got hardly any time to get the boat out and an occasional message from the ship passing east and west on the European lines. We had heard the Republic in our zone, to the westward, about 10 o'clock Friday evening, but had made no particular note of her."

### Messages for Republic.

In his first message Saturday morning all the operator on the Republic sent over "C. Q. D." repeated over and over, with his position, and the ship's signature, M. K. 28.

"Irwin had answered, 'O K will rush help,' adding S C, which is our code signature. This showed the operator on the Republic that he had a land station. In about 10 minutes this message came out of the air from the Republic."

"We have been struck by an unknown steamer, engine room full, passengers gone. 28 C."

"Irwin knew the cutter Aspinwall was at Woods Hole. We have a direct wire there, and he put a message on it before calling me."

"We then got the White Star office, and they and the navy people, who were reached through Woods Hole, started up the cutters at various ports, like the Gresham at Provincetown, the cutter

## Operator Ginman Tells How He Does It.

## "But," He Says, "Jack Binns is The One to Write Up."



A. H. GINMAN,  
Head Operator of the Wireless Station at Siasconset.

## Republic's Man Through All Kept Accord Perfect And Also Saved His Juice!"

The greatest hour in my eight years of wireless service was between 6 and 7 last Saturday morning, when we were trying to get messages through the air to ships that also had been called to her aid by wireless, the greatest chapter in the history of a modern marvel shaped itself.

In this chapter important characters were Ginman and his mates of

Mohawk at New Bedford, the Seneca at New York, and boats we didn't think of, like the collier Lebanon.

"As you know, the Gresham and Seneca finally got lines to the steamer."

"Beside this land service we began sending for steamer, we knew were due in our zone. The weather was so thick we were in doubt about some of them being on time, but we knew that we should pick up soon, or in a few hours, the Baltic, La Lorraine, the Furnessia, the New York and the Lu-

cana, all bound west.

"The Baltic had passed west in the night, and was about off the east end of Long Island. La Lorraine was eastward of the lightship, about 100 miles or so, we thought."

#### In Touch With Steamers.

"When we began sending out the distress call we didn't know who we would get first. In about 15 or 20 minutes we got La Lorraine. Her signature is LL."

"When we picked up that, we sent this message:

"Republic wrecked and wants assistance. Latitude 41 degrees 17 minutes north, longitude 70 west."

"La Lorraine gave us 'O K' and reported our message to the Lucania, about 20 miles astern of her and out of our zone."

"Our message to La Lorraine had been overheard by the Baltic, although we didn't know that at first, and she had at once turned back."

"La Lorraine tried to get the Republic, but couldn't, and at 7:30 we heard her again. She said, 'Tell Republic we are 12 miles astern of her and shall reach her about 1 p.m.'

"Not long after that La Lorraine got the Republic, and we had no more to do with her for awhile, as the Baltic had also got her, and they were exchanging messages."

"Both were racing for the Republic, in opposite directions. La Lorraine was coming along 22 knots an hour, and her captain was sending frequent messages to the Republic."

"The Baltic was doing the same thing, but very often the ships had to work through us, as the weak sending on the Republic made it difficult for them to get what she said."

#### Binns Saves His "Juice."

"We repeated a great many messages between the three ships, was very brief, saving his 'juice' against the time when he might need it more."

"All day we were hearing the call 'LL' from the Lorraine and 'BC' from the Baltic, and occasionally the weaker 'MKC' from the Republic."

"For several hours we acted as relay between La Lorraine and the Baltic, keeping each informed of the position of the other. Samples of these messages would be like this:

"'LL is steering so and so. What is your position and how are you steering?'

"From La Lorraine we also got this message:

"Find out from M K C what depth of water he is in and on what kind of bottom."

"That was how the French captain was guiding himself."

"The captains on the Baltic and La Lorraine could tell pretty well the distance from the Republic—whether it was increasing or diminishing—but the public and public's messages. If its strength increased they knew they were heading toward her."

"From time to time the Baltic would send a message like this:

"Our position is so and so—we are steering to a scene of disaster with all speed. B.C."

#### Siasconset Power Unlimited.

"Whenever or either the French or British liner failed to hear the other we repeated the message. Of course it was as heard by the Republic."

"As we had unlimited power and we filled the gap. Binns was nursing his power well, and we could hear him most of the time, for he was sending direct to us. We had some difficulties that he worked from when the engine room went out of business were growing less and less powerful for it took him longer to tick off the dots and dashes."

#### Republic Temporarily Silent.

"The Republic's wireless went out of commission temporarily about 6 in the evening Saturday, when all hands left the ship because they thought she was going down. They didn't get her after that until 8 Sunday morning, when Binns was aboard again."

"The Florida, which rammed her and took off her people, had no wireless and that accounted for long gaps that occurred in the news of the wreck until the Baltic got alongside the Florida and the transfer of passengers to her began Sunday."

"We kept close tabs on that, and forwarded the messages. We also received 200 plain messages from relatives of the Republic's passengers, and these reached them on the Baltic. We

also received 88 from them.

"At the same time we were keeping tabs on La Lorraine. The last message we got from her was:

"We are proceeding to New York under orders from Baltic to convoy the Florida."

"La Lorraine couldn't find the Florida in the fog, and so kept on to New York."

"By that time we were talking with the Anchor liner Furnessia.

"The Lucania and New York were also now in our zone, making their best speed toward Nantucket, and a little later Sunday we picked up the Atlantic transport liner Minneapolis."

#### The Republic's End.

"Then we got a message from the cutter Seneca, saying she was 40 miles from the wreck. Next we heard from her saying she had reached the Republic and the Gresham had a line aboard, with the Furnessia acting as a drag, to steer her."

"The last message we got from the Seneca told the story of the Republic's end. It came in private conversation between our operator, E. T. Edwards, and the operator on the Seneca."

"Fifteen minutes later the official notice of the sinking of the Republic came from the Seneca, for transmission to Washington."

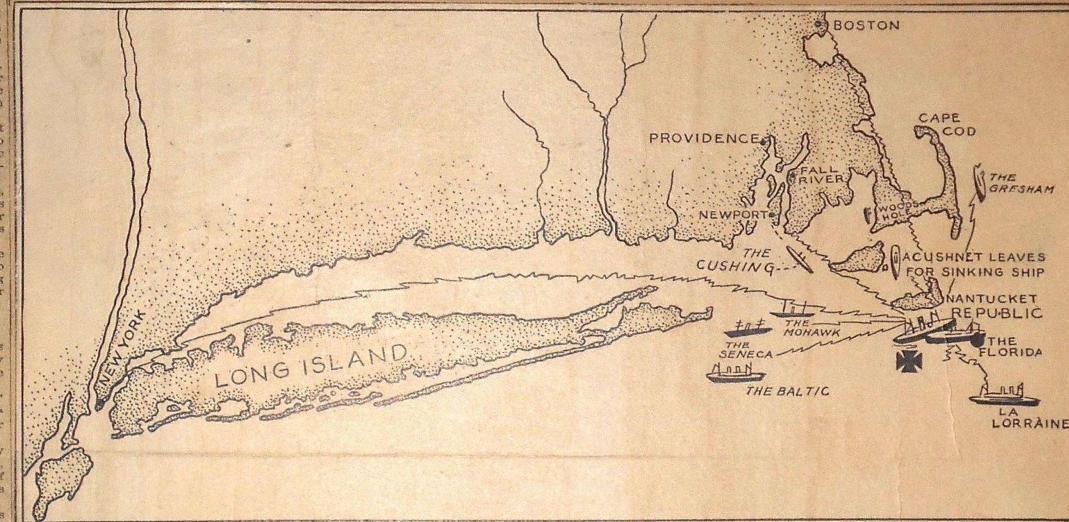
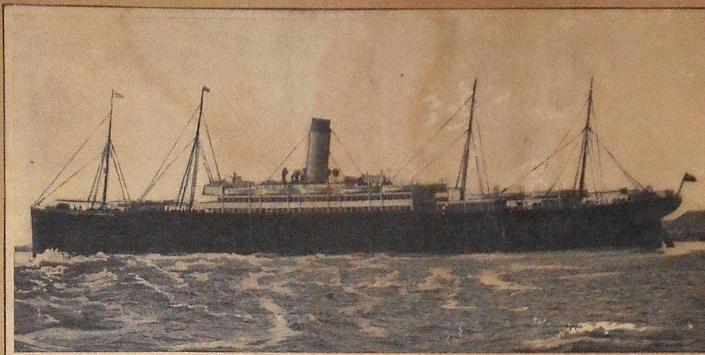


Diagram showing the scene of the collision, and the manner in which the aid of other vessels was brought to the stricken steamship by the use of wireless

UNDERNEATH a mesh of wires from which the electric flames spouted in streaks and flashes, Gimman, who operates the wireless station at Siasconset, a village on the south shore of Nantucket Island, sat at his work on the morning of January 23d, waiting for the dawn to break. From time to time the gossip and chatter of the big ocean liners came drifting over a radius of hundreds of miles of fog-bound sea.

It was quiet in the little sulk upon the spit of sand that runs out into the Atlantic. Nothing broke the monotony of the night but the distant pounding of the breakers, the wind that sang through the wires overhead, and the steady, uninteresting click, clack of the chattering ships. Then, suddenly and unexpectedly,

through the air came the three letters C. Q. D., the signal made by some ship in distress at sea. (C. Q. stands for "all ships." D. means "distress.") It was a notification to transmit the distress signal to every vessel within two hundred miles of Siasconset.

Gimman waited. The chatter of distant ships clicked on meant nothing more now than the noise of the wind or the pounding of the sea. A few seconds afterward the message came:

"We were struck by an unknown boat; engine-room filled; passengers all safe; can stay afloat; latitude 40.17, longitude 70. Republic."

It was the big, four-year-old White Star ocean liner that was in distress. She had sailed from New York on Friday, carrying a full complement of passengers for the Mediterranean—wealthy Americans upon their way to their winter residences, and returning immigrants. She was rammed amidships in the thick fog on Saturday morning, by the Italian Lloyd's emigrant ship Florida, heading for New York. On the two ships one woman and five men were killed and two men injured. They were those whose staterooms or sleeping-berths were at the point of the collision. The Florida stood by, in spite of a smashed bow, and received on board the 700 passengers of the Republic; later, her own condition being precarious, the sixteen hundred souls aboard her were transferred to the Baltic, which carried them to New York in safety. After heroic but fruitless efforts had been made to save the Republic she sank.

That these sixteen hundred odd lives were saved is due entirely to the marvels of wireless telegraphy. It has robed accident by sea of half of its terrors. No longer need the passengers of a wrecked ship scan the horizon helplessly while the sea pours into the hold

and, inch by inch, Death gains his footing. For in communication was shortened by half. People were waiting in New York, waiting through a deep, impermeable silence that had wrapped itself around the Republic. She had ceased to signal. Had she gone down, or were her storage batteries too weak to carry to Siasconset?

Soon after noon the tension was relieved. A message came through from the Baltic, via Siasconset, where Gimman still sat waiting in his shack. The Baltic was almost at hand; the Republic was still afloat, and her passengers had been transferred in safety aboard the Florida during the middle of the forenoon. Through the dense fog as she came, forging her way as swiftly as she dared over a dead calm stretch of water. Even when near enough to hear the deep, measured booming of the Republic's submerged hull she could see nothing; only the messages of Gimman that came from the transmitting room kept the rescuers informed. At eight o'clock in the evening Captain Ransom, of the Baltic, sent a message directly to New York. The damaged vessels were still afloat.

Now the veil had been lifted. All were aware that through the power of wireless telegraphy—and, of course, the heroism of Gimman in staying at his post—some seven hundred passengers had been saved from death. At nine o'clock word came that the Republic had been abandoned. When she went under, Captain Seally and an attendant officer, who had refused to leave, flung themselves into the sea and managed to keep afloat on a rail until picked up.

On Monday evening, sixty hours after the collision, the Florida arrived under her own steam at this port. One of her holds was filled with water, but her watertight compartment system had kept her afloat. It is believed that it will be impossible to save the Republic, which is sunk in thirty-eight fathoms of water.

"Sixty-five miles east of Nantucket. Hope to reach Republic at 4 P.M."

"Would the rescuers reach the sinking vessel in time?" "Power off; have to use storage batteries" was the last message that had come through from Gimman. With the flooding of the engine-room area, cutting off of the power that drove the dynamos, an necessary substitution of the reserve storage batteries for the transmission of wireless messages, the radius of

